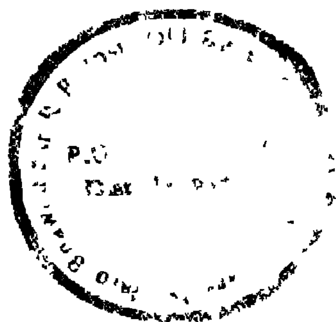
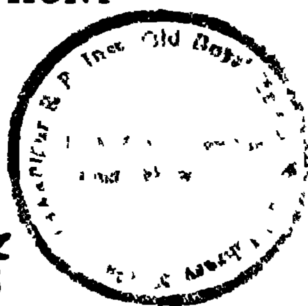


THE BEST NEWS STORIES OF 1923

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EDITED BY

JOSEPH ANTHONY





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INTRODUCTION

Some day the Skeptics' Society may investigate Kipling's statement that there are exactly nine and sixty ways of writing tribal lays. Off-hand, it seems an underestimate. As for how many correct ways there are of telling news stories, the only way to learn that would be to discover first how many city editors there are on the job.

There are, however, certain generally accepted principles of good news-writing, principles not essentially different from those that apply to a well-written novel or short story.

Accuracy is the first consideration with a news story; and, in the broad sense, it is equally important in the main stream of literature—the accuracy of true psychology, of convincing character drawing, of the right word.

According to Joseph Pulitzer, terseness was the second consideration. As for the third, it was—accuracy, again.

If Joseph Pulitzer had been asked to name a hundred points of good news-writing, instead of three, he would probably have listed accuracy ninety-seven times more. And it would be easy to name ninety-seven different ways in which accuracy is of tremendous importance to any writer, in any field, for slip-shod writing of any kind is a form of inaccuracy—the use of the wrong adjective, or of any adjective at all where none is required, a false appeal to the emotions, an emphasis on uninteresting or unimportant details, any form of literary sloppiness that can be named.

Having cited a newspaperman's view of news-writing, I'm going to quote a poet's view of literature. The poet is Robert Frost, and the statement, which I'm taking from a three-year-old letter, is: "It's all sight, plus insight."

It is on the belief that Pulitzer's criterion for the newspaper and Frost's for literature are each true and each applicable to the other, and that the difference between journ-

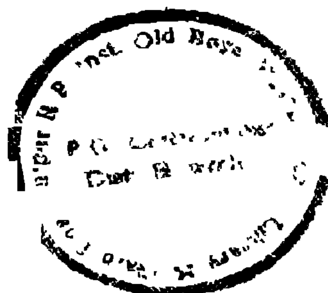
alism and literature is only a matter of classification, that this book is based.

In preparation for the issuance of THE BEST NEWS STORIES OF 1923, invitations were sent to about four hundred newspaper editors to submit each from three to fifteen of his best news stories of the year, and hundreds of papers more were reached by published notices and editorial notes sent out on news wires. In addition, I went through the files of many papers, and followed up all outside recommendations and suggestions

Obviously, it cannot be claimed that every story published in an American newspaper in 1923 was considered for inclusion in this book But every reporter and every editor had full opportunity to make his entries, and every story submitted, as well as hundreds that were not, was given careful consideration In some cases, a very good story had to be left out because another one on the same happening came along that seemed to me to be better Neither the reputation of the writer nor the importance of the newspaper was taken into consideration

J. A.

THE BEST NEWS STORIES OF 1923



STRAIGHT REPORTING IN VARIED FIELDS

The Best News Stories of 1923

WRECK OF THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED

BY ROBERT M LEE IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

(Dec. 10, under the headline "2 Sections of Century Crash in Midst of Fog" Mr Lee, city editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, was a passenger on the wrecked train)

Forsythe, N. Y , Dec 9—[Special]—Nine were killed and nearly forty were injured at 1 30 this morning when a section of the Twentieth Century limited leaped out of a dripping fog and crushed the rear sleeping cars of another section like eggshells

In the latest examination of the list of wounded it is reported that five are so badly hurt they may die. The less seriously injured have all been removed to hospitals in neighboring towns

The family of Richard Sullivan, a political leader of distinction in Springfield, Ill , was obliterated in the snap of a finger Mr Sullivan, Mrs Sullivan, and Mr. and Mrs Robert V Stureman, son-in-law and daughter of the Sullivans, were among the first dead to be taken from the wreckage

The hasty inspection of the first physician to reach the wreck indicated that their slumbers had not even been disturbed, they died peacefully asleep

Another whose life was whisked away as she slept was Mrs Carl D Kinsey, whose husband is head of the Chicago Musical college. When the injured were being taken from a train at Erie a half hour later, Mr Kin-

sey's face appeared in a billow of bandages. His leg had been broken and he had suffered serious bruises, probably internal injuries He painfully inquired after his wife None answered him Her body was being removed to a morgue in Fredonia, N. Y

Still another to lose his life was William B. Donovan, known nationally in baseball as "Wild Bill" He was on his way from New Haven, Conn, to a baseball meeting in Chicago

For the purposes of narrative, the three distinct trains composing the Twentieth Century limited, which left New York yesterday at 2 45 p m, are known as the first, second and third sections After a stop at Buffalo, however, the original order was disturbed, due to engine trouble developed by the first section.

Thus the first section became the second and vice versa, and it is easiest to consider them in the relation in which they ran thereafter—that is, as first, second and third, disregarding the original designations

West of Buffalo fog and rain developed The cab windows in the engines were opaque with the incessant drive of moisture as the three trains plunged, ghostlike, through the gloom

At the dreary little hamlet of Ripley, N Y, some dark thing rose up on a grade crossing The engineer slowed down, but not soon enough to avoid crushing an automobile.

Whether this car had been intentionally placed on the tracks or had been abandoned when it refused to function, has not been determined Three men were found at the crossing when the first section slowed down and stopped They said their engine had died as the car centered the crossing and that they had leaped for their lives None of the three was hurt They were turned over to the police of Erie, Pa, for investigation.

The picture now is of a gloomy cross roads and a twelve coach train dimly silhouetted against a sinister fog bank Red flares burned spookily in the hands of a couple of brakemen The remains of the automobile burst into a bright blaze.

A brakeman ran back and, with a flare, halted section 2. For not more than two minutes the two trains lay there, sunk in the fog, their engines panting as if with the exertions of their sixty mile pace A brakeman of the second section ran up to the conductor of the first.

"You're losing time," he shouted, his voice sounding hollow and far off in the fog. "Go ahead, we'll throw this automobile out of the way"

For answer the conductor's lantern swung a signal By the side of section 2 stood the conductor, brakeman, and two or three porters. Another brakeman was just returning from the rear, whence he had gone to light a flare to warn Engineer Charles Patterson of the third section.

The rain was falling in a swift drizzle. At sixty miles an hour it swirled against Patterson's cab window in a torrent It was such a fury of rain against the mile a minute speed as to blind the eyes of a man projecting his head from the cab. The fog had deepened.

Farmhouses rose up in the distance, assuming distorted and ridiculous shapes The headlight of the third section shot suddenly up like some fantastic blur There was a shout from one of the train crew:

"O, good God!" and he clasped his hands to his eyes and turned from the inevitable

There was a low, swiftly regular hiss that occupied no more time than the count of one-two The engine of section 3 fairly sprang up out of the fog drip like some horrifying monster of the fairy tales, and with the celerity of lightning tore its way through wood and steel as if they had been paper and toothpicks.

It was a night of the silences There were the silences of fog, rain-drizzle, and swift death The rending of steel coaches, the crash of glass, and the swift transition from comfort de luxe to misery and disaster were sounds swallowed up in the monotony of the impenetrable fog

There was a woman's voice, a scream to curdle the blood, and it died there at high pitch in a piteous half-note that made men turn away and groan

A man walked, half-clad, stumbling along the pitch dark side track, sobbing like some child whose heart is breaking.

The engine of the third section—Patterson's engine—smashed head-on into the observation platform The observation car was driven, with the swiftness of a rifle bullet, under the sleeper just ahead The trucks of the observation car were found there, but the superstructure, with nine occupied compartments and the library-observation space, was demolished, was obliterated almost as completely as if it had been crunched to powder and blown to the winds

The car next to the observation was hoisted high in air and dropped on its side And, miracle, the third car was flipped out of its place as neatly as if a gigantic thumb and forefinger had plucked it out and stood it right side up alongside the wreck

The collision catapulted the whole second section a car length down the track The heads of passengers cracked against the headboards Bags and boots, watches and collars, toilet articles and money flew about the interiors of the sleepers, the clatter punctuated by men's drowsy curses and the staccato shrieks of women

Then, in most of the coaches, silence fell again Few could assemble their dulled wits in the midst of slumber The tramp of heavy feet and the swish of raincoats against the sleeper curtains became monotonously regular

One by one the passengers were startled to a sense of frightened wakefulness One by one they dropped from the rain dripping coaches to the muddy ground and added their whispered comments to the sum of melancholy.

"I'll give a prayer for the Pullman porters when we get out of this," vowed one

The porters were in the thick of the wreckage. They had taken no wink of sleep Their only illumination was candles, and they flitted silently and efficiently to and from the coaches, bringing out the dead, the wounded, they brought blankets and water, all silently.

Emma Washingotn, the maid from section two, strove

like a veritable Florence Nightingale; a whole Red Cross personified in that night of fog and its flitting, ghostly tallow dips

A relief train with doctors and nurses was on the scene in just forty minutes. In the meantime Dr O C Thoren, a Chicago woman, had bandaged and administered until she was near exhaustion.

Relief physicians began work Robert Pannel, porter of the observation car, was caught deep in the wreckage A suppressed groan came from him A physician ran over He peered anxiously into the twisted steel, shook his head

"No use," he said. "He'll be gone in three minutes." He was A happy grin had been Pannel's chief asset His comrades heard the verdict, stared at the ground in silence.

Now the dead had all been put aboard the third section Engineer Charles J Patterson fumbled about his engine as one in a trance Then he stood gazing at the havoc, heedless of the drizzle, his shoulders drooping

"I don't know how I did it," he repeated over and over "I don't know, I don't know I caught the warning signal and shut off The rails must have been greasy. The wheels wouldn't hold"

He stumbled back to his cabin steps An old conductor spoke for him. "Patterson's been on the road twenty-five or thirty years," he said "He's one of the best But this is railroading Some time or other they come together, and once in twenty-five years breaks a whole life."

The third section, with its dead, returned to Fredonia, where Coroner Blood of Chautauqua County is to open an inquiry Tomorrow all train crews are to appear for questioning before the district attorney at Dunkirk

Section one passed on to Chicago Section two carried the injured to Erie and then went on to Chicago, arriving at 12 30. The third section was five hours late

The wreck was the second big one to the Century since

it has been in existence, and while not as grave from the point of fatalities as the previous one, it will go down as one of the most terrible in the New York Central's history Veteran railroad men and physicians, used to wreck scenes, said it was the first time in their lives they had been sickened from the sight of bodies.

The other Century wreck was at Cleveland, O, in 1916 Twenty-six were killed and two score injured This wreck also was caused by the failure of the engineer on a train going at record speed to see a danger signal through a heavy fog In each case the tracks were protected by automatic signals, but these were of no avail

The railroad, in a statement issued tonight, placed the responsibility for the wreck squarely on the shoulders of Engineer Patterson

"Our information, at this time," said the statement, "indicates that the accident was due to the failure of Patterson of the train that ran into the train ahead to obey the caution signal one and one-quarter miles east, and the stop signal approximately one mile east of the point of the accident, and also the flagman and the signal flare of the train ahead"

Scores of railroad detectives were rushed to the scene and they did everything possible to handicap the newspaper reporters Attempts to make photographs resulted in fist fights between the photographers and detectives, the latter threatening to break the cameras if any pictures were taken

The crossing where the wreck occurred already had been the scene of fourteen deaths through trains hitting automobiles It is considered the most dangerous crossing on the New York Central, the highway running diagonally across six tracks—four belonging to the New York Central and two to the Nickel Plate.

THE MER ROUGE CASE

BY LEONARD L CLINE IN THE BALTIMORE SUN

(January 7, under the headline. "Torture Engine Ground Victims, Physicians Say")

Bastrop, La, Jan 6—Evidence that Watt Daniels and Thomas F. Richards, believed to have been victims of the Morehouse Parish Ku Klux Klan, were slowly crushed to death in a specially designed engine of torture was introduced here today in the open hearing before Judge Frederick M Odom

It was testified also that before death gave him surcease Daniels was mutilated "with a penknife, a razor or some such instrument"

This evidence was given by Dr. Charles W Duval, professor of bacteriology and pathology at Tulane University, and his associate, Dr John A Lanford

Details of the torture to which Daniels and Richards had evidently been subjected were brought out by the two physicians on examination by A V. Coco, Attorney-General of Louisiana, and his assistants.

They agreed that the hands and feet of the two men had been "chopped or mashed off" and the heads, arms, legs and chests had been crushed while life still persisted. Bones taken from the bodies were exhibited to substantiate the theory that the fractures were caused by an engine such as might have graced the torture chambers of the Inquisition in its most cruel and sanguinary days

Dr. Langford's testimony was largely corroborative of Dr Duval's Dr Duval was the first to take the stand. He is another in this melodramatic trial in whom Maryland may take an especial interest. Born and reared

in Annapolis, Dr. Duval studied at St. John's College before going into medicine. In 1901 and 1902 Dr Duval was in Baltimore. He studied at Johns Hopkins Medical School under Dr William H Welch and Dr Simon Flexner At the same time he did research work at the Thomas Wilson Sanatorium.

"I have made more than 6,000 autopsies, many of them in important criminal cases," said Dr Duval. "In all these I have never seen anything to compare with this for horrible inhumanity I have never read or heard of anything like it There is nothing like it in all the annals of forensic medicine"

Dr. Duval and Dr Langford were rushed to Mer Rouge from New Orleans two weeks ago, just after the discovery of the mangled bodies of Daniels and Richards in the water of gloomy Lake La Fourche, to make an autopsy Their report, delivered to A V Coco, Attorney-General of Louisiana, has been kept secret until now

This afternoon the first testimony tending to implicate the Morehouse klan in the murder was taken J L. Daniels, father of one of the victims, and W C Andrews, a planter of Mer Rouge, told about the kidnapping of themselves and the two murdered men by a company of masked men with black hoods Five men were taken out of their cars on the Bastrop-Mer Rouge highway about sundown that August day as they were returning from a ball game at Bastrop. Blindfolded, the five were driven some distance to a pine woods.

"What do you know about the attempted assassination of Dr. McKoin?" the captors inquired. "We'll hang you unless you tell us"

Old Daniels, nearing 70 years old, was whipped when he protested he knew nothing. Andrews, a young man, was beaten to the verge of senselessness, stoutly refusing to admit that he knew what his captors desired to find out

"I couldn't identify the men," said Andrews, "but I believe they were members of the 'Ku Klux Klan.'"

Dr M. B. McKoin, arrested in Baltimore and sent

back here, was named as a klansman by the elder Mr. Daniels. Watt Daniels, held up on the road one time before the final kidnapping, recognized Dr. McKoin as well as Capt. J. K Skipwith and Laurie Calhoun among the hooded riders, according to Mr Daniels' testimony.

Calhoun is the deputy sheriff that went to Baltimore to bring Dr McKoin back.

Court adjourned tonight until Tuesday. Monday, anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, is a holiday in Louisiana.

Dr. Duval described his autopsy calmly and coldly He illustrated the location of bones and of fractures with gestures of his own body, striving to put his explanations into plain words, rounding off his periods with a little smile, like a professor on an extension lecture revealing simple wonders to an audience of shop clerks and stenographers

"We began on what we called body number 1, alleged to be the body of Daniels," he said "There were no hands and no feet on it and the head was crushed

"The skin was in a fair state of preservation It was attached normally to the underlying flesh We could readily see that it was the skin of a human

"At the stumps of the arms and legs the skin was torn and ragged and the ligaments, tendons and bones protruded It was apparent that the hands and feet were either chopped or mashed off

"The striking injuries to the long bones of the arms and legs were the fractures and the location of them Each of the 12 bones was broken in three places, at the middle and at either end"

Dr Duval held up his arm and pointed to the places where the arm of Daniels was crushed Daniels' father, sitting inside the bar, roused out of his lethargy and gazed with tormented interest. All of Dr Duval's testimony seemed to fascinate him, and when at last the bones themselves were held up for the court to observe Mr. Daniels rose to his feet for a moment in order to see better

"The breaks are always three in number," Dr. Duval

continued. "They are approximately equidistant. The nature of the breaks is remarkable Undoubtedly they were caused by some forces coming in more than one direction. It would be impossible to cause such fractures with one direct force, as by a blow"

"In other words," said Judge Coco, "the bones were crushed?"

"The fractures are what we call crush fractures," Dr. Duval replied

"We found distinct evidence that the fractures were caused before death. The soft parts and muscles around them were bloody and lacerated, a condition that could only be brought about in living flesh It is quite evident that the breaks were produced ante-mortem" Dr Duval paused for a second

"Going on to our further examination, we found practically every rib fractured From the character and location of these fractures it was indicated that they, too, were caused by forces applied in more than one direction.

"The forces were evidently applied on the breast and on the spine and were carried on until the front of the chest was crushed in against the backbone.

"The internal organs were in good condition, although, of course, considerably decomposed We found, however, evidence of external mutilation, a part of the body having been cut off by some sharp instrument, a penknife or razor or something of that kind"

Judge Coco interposed a question. "At what time do you believe this operation was performed?"

"During life, while the blood was still circulating," said Dr Duval

"The head of Daniels we found like a loose sack, like a big bag with a few stones rattling around in it The loose part was the skin and flesh and the pieces that rattled inside were a few fragments of bone The brains were all gone, presumably decomposed Portions of the bones forming the base of the skull we found in their proper position It was quite easily determined that these were of the human species.

"The skin was lacerated, indicating that the head had been crushed in by more than one force, exerted from more than one direction, as though the head had been crushed in a vise"

"Would it be possible to cause such a condition by beating or striking?" Judge Coco asked

"I do not think it would," Dr Duval said "Surely you could not have caused the injuries to the bones of the legs and arms by blows Of course, it would be possible, with a club or a piece of iron, to beat the head to a jelly. In my opinion, however, it was crushed by some crushing instrument"

"And this was produced during life?"

"Most positively All the injuries I have described were produced during life or very shortly thereafter. All of them could have been produced simultaneously, or they could have been produced at different times It is impossible to say which"

"Well, what is your idea?" insisted Judge Coco

Dr. Duval hesitated a moment, then he spoke firmly and rapidly.

"I believe that the men were most inhumanly tortured, and, consequently, that the lesser injuries were produced first. That is, of course, only my idea"

Dr. Duval then told of the autopsy on the body of Richards He described the same fractures, similarly located, and with similar indications of having been produced during life. The only important difference in the condition of the two bodies was that of Richards, who had been emasculated

"Now, doctor, is it impossible," demanded Judge Coco, addressing the witness like some triumphant ogre, brandishing one big, knotty hand, "that these injuries could have been caused by anything but some vise or machine, in which a crank turned slowly brought more and more pressure to bear, until all the fractures occurred simultaneously?"

"The same method was used on both bodies certainly," Dr. Duval agreed. "It was done with the same sort of thing, whatever it may have been"

"Well, could you have produced these almost mathematical fractures without a machine?"

"It must have been some special device, but of just what kind we could hardly say Of course, I could think up one that would do it."

"Give us your idea of what that device must have been," Judge Coco said "It would have been necessary, would it not, to have the arms spread out from the body, like this?"

Judge Coco raised his ponderous bulk to his feet and stood there, holding his arms out straight from the shoulders, cross-wise

"Yes," said the doctor. "And then you might have them held in boxes with clamps that screw down and impinge the flesh and bones in certain areas as where these fractures occurred"

"Now, I think you had better show the court the bones that you took from the bodies," said Judge Coco, concluding his interrogation

A flutter of shocked excitement went through all the courtroom

Dr Duval bent over the press table, untying a large bundle that he had brought Mr Daniels, father of Watt, rose tremulously to his feet, peering intently as the bones were revealed, mounted on cardboard

Not until this morning, perhaps, has the real enormity of the killing of Watt Daniels and Richards been brought home to Morehouse parish. Not until the two disfigured bodies were found in dismal Lake La Fourche was it positive the two had been killed.

Pathologists might have written a volume after glancing at the faces of the men and women of Morehouse, straining toward the gruesome display A girl's face, rigid almost as if in epilepsy; an older woman, pale as wax, her handkerchief fluttering about her face, two girls grinning with that meaningless smile that means nervous shock almost intolerable, and not amusement; the bronzed faces of men, with hard lines around the mouth and jaws set, and in their eyes and on their brows

the sign of doubt, of bewilderment, of swiftly mounting horror

The thigh bones of Daniels and the arm bones of Richards were shown. There were the three crushed areas, as Dr Duval had described them At each point the bones were splintered and even pulverized, for a space of some two inches, where it seemed the vises had gripped them

Dr Duval's voice, calm with the passionless equanimity of the scientific investigator, the professional man with more than 6,000 autopsies on his record, sounded piercingly in the silence of the little courtroom under the dome with its green decorations and skylight flooded with sun There was in it even a little touch of triumph, as of the scientist who can show, by physical demonstration, the truth of his statements

"So you'll see," he was saying, touching his own arm in the place where the bones were ground to dust, "it's one, two, three, one, two, three, for every one of 24 long bones in the two bodies"

In the written statement prepared by the two physicians only one point is suggested that was not elaborated by Dr Duval, orally, on the stand today.

It comes at the end of the report, as a pertinent observation

"The striking symmetry and character of the bone fractures and their relationship to the injuries of the surrounding soft tissues suggest that the bodies were subjected to some specially constructed device, designed for inflicting punishment"

A sentimental crisis was reached this late afternoon when the elder Daniels, the most pathetic figure in Morehouse parish, broken and enfeebled by terror and the bereavement of the last six months, was called to the stand Mr. Daniels could hardly get through the ordeal. There were times when his voice would quaver and break, and when his words came one at a time, at intervals, with obviously a great strain to speak at all.

Mr. Daniels told how the night riders whipped him

but an hour or two before Watt's captors put the son on the rack.

"It was the morning of the baseball game at Bastrop that I last saw Watt alive," the old man said "He went over to see the game in his car and I went over in mine."

"I was coming home after the game about sundown, when we ran up against a car stalled across the road When we stopped a bunch of men, wearing black hoods, jumped out from the woods Two of them came up to my car and one of them pointed a pistol, I think it was a .45, at me and the other a shotgun, and they ordered me to get out. They blindfolded me with a red bandanna handkerchief and tied my hands and led me off to one side of the road, in the woods a little way, and made me sit down

"There were a lot of cars on the road when they got us Forty or 50 other cars were stopped. A little while after I sat down, I heard a commotion over on the road I heard a little girl screaming and I recognized it as the voice of my little granddaughter. She was crying, 'Oh Watt, Oh Watt, Watt'

"But I didn't know that they had caught Watt and Richards until after they let me go.

"Well, they put us all in cars again and took us somewhere I know they drove us back toward Bastrop, because the smell of the pulp mill got so strong. We drove for about an hour, and then they made us get out We must have been in a pine woods.

"They told me they wanted to find out what I knew about the shooting at Dr. McKoin, and I told them I did not know anything about it They said they'd hang me if I couldn't tell them anything about it So they took my pants down and made me lie down and they whipped me. Now I don't think they took more than four or five licks at me, maybe only three. It must have been a leather strap that they hit me with When I got home my legs were black as my coat.

"They did not hit me so hard, but they hit W. C. (referring to Andrews) until he could hardly grunt.

We were lying about five or ten feet apart, I guess. They whipped him until he was so weak from exhaustion he couldn't cry any more"

"Did you recognize any of the men that made you get out of your car and blindfolded you?" Mr. Daniels was asked

"No, only that the man that had charge of me until they took us over to Colliston and let us go was at least a head taller than I am"

"How tall are you, Mr Daniels?"

"I'm—" the old man hesitated drearily "I really don't know," he said "About 5 feet 6 inches After they whipped me I said to this man, 'My friend, my eyes feel as if they were burning up, this blindfold is too tight' After that he loosened it a little for me. I don't suspicion who that man was"

Asked about his relations with Dr McKoin, Mr Daniels said he always had been friendly with him He had paid Dr McKoin about $2,000 in fees, he said

"About two weeks before the two men shot at Dr. McKoin Watt drove up toward Gallion one night with W. C and another young man," Mr Daniels continued "The boys ran into a bunch of hooded men, who stopped them Watt came home and told me about it He told me that the night riders had searched his car and then had let him come back to Mer Rouge He said that he recognized among them Dr. McKoin, Captain Skipwith and Laurie Calhoun

"Well, it was just a few days after that I said to Watt: 'Watt, I'm a Mason and so is Dr McKoin and I'm going to him as a Mason and ask him about this business.' So I went to see him and he told me he didn't have anything to do with the klan.

"Then, I think it was the morning after the two men shot at him, I met the doctor. He was going in the post-office and I was coming out and he stopped and shook my hand very pleasantly. Nothing seemed to be the matter then"

Mr Daniels was hardly able to go further. He was excused, but will be recalled Tuesday.

W C. Andrews, the young planter who was whipped with Mr. Daniels, was called to the stand. He told the same story about the hold-up by the men hooded in black

"They took me back a little ways from the road and sat me down, said Andrews. Old Mr. Daniels was already there The next man they got was Richards 'That you, W C ?' he said, when he sat down. 'Yes.' 'Well it looks like they're going to get us all, doesn't it,' he said

"After Richards came Tot Davenport Davenport was the only one in the five who escaped without violence. Then Watt must have come I didn't know he was along until they let Daniels, Davenport and me go at Colliston Tot told me then that Watt had been with us.

"When we had been sitting awhile, they put us in cars and drove us to some woods A man came to me and said 'We know that you have some information about the men that shot at Dr McKoin. Tell us about it' I told them I didn't know anything I told them I had been out of town the night that occurred, at Gallion, but they said they'd make me give them the information they wanted They put me on the ground and whipped me. I got hit on the face, too, for my nose was bleeding, and the next day I had a lump as big as my fist on my side, where I suppose somebody hit me with the butt of a gun. I was hurt so that I had to see a doctor when I got back to Mer Rouge, and was in bed for two days.

"All the time I could hear them whipping old Mr Daniels, and heard him yelling

"When they got through with me they let me lie there for a while, and then came back and told me they were going to hang me if I didn't tell them about the shooting

"'Well, I can't die but once,' I said to them. 'I won't tell any lie to you, and I don't know anything about the shooting.'

"After that they let me alone When they turned us loose in Colliston, the man that took off the blindfold said to me, 'Now, you go home and be a good boy, and

don't say anything about this. Did you recognize any of us?' "

" 'No,' I said.

" 'It's a good thing for you that you didn't,' he said."

THE KLAN HOLDS A "KLAVERN"

BY LINDSAY DENISON IN THE NEW YORK EVENING WORLD

(May 3, under the headline "10,000 in Moonlit Field Face Klan's Mystic Circle Guarded by Armed Men")

The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Invisible Empire, held a "klavern" on the farm of John Hobbs, a half-mile east of Middlebush, a hamlet five miles out of New Brunswick, N. J, early this morning It couldn't have been earlier, for the proceedings which were supposed to be nearly over at midnight did not begin until then It was not until nearly half past 2 o'clock that the 62-foot cross flared up against the sky and faded out again and the small army of Klansmen from every county in New Jersey started streaming out over the roads toward home

With all the theatric effect of white robes and Alice-in-Wonderland terminology, the deepest impression of last night's ceremonies upon outsiders had to do with the numbers in which they turned out. The Klan estimate of members of the order present was 10,000. Unofficial observers guessed it as from 10,000 to 6,000

There was not a road in Somerset County that was not at some time after dark traversed by long trails of automobile headlights; sometimes one counted ten or fifteen cars; at other times there were fifty or sixty. There was never a time between 10 o'clock and midnight when the main streets of New Brunswick were not filled with the slow-moving processions. They blinked and glared their way through the lanes and highways, often losing their bearings so that columns passed each other on the same road They were in fine limousines,

in delivery trucks, in speed cars, in milk wagons, in touring cars and in great omnibuses.

Somewhere behind each car, on the end of the mudguard, on the license plate rack or on the spare tire case, hung a white streamer Sometimes it was a silken knotted ribbon like the decoration of a bridal car, more often it was merely a strip of cheesecloth, and frequently it was a bunch of cotton waste tied with string

On the brightly lighted business streets of New Brunswick the significance of the white streamer was quickly recognized. It put a stop for an hour or two to ordinary night activities of the town, while whispering groups gathered back from the curb in the comparative shadows of the curb line and store doors. Comment was not always friendly

The Klansmen had meant to keep their meeting secret No one except twelve invited guests "from the alien world," one *The Evening World* writer, who had been invited weeks ago with a pledge to hold their knowledge in confidence, were supposed to know there was to be a "klavern" But, after the attack of anti-Klansmen on a recruiting meeting at Bound Brook, ten miles from New Brunswick, night before last, there was not a taxicab driver, hotel clerk, bootlegger or night policeman in Somerset or Middlesex County who was not eager to be the first to tell strangers about the Middlebush meeting There are many Negroes in New Brunswick's population They vanished from the streets soon after 10 o'clock

But that didn't mean the strangers could see the show —other than the twelve—two from Washington, four from New York, one from Hoboken, four from Philadelphia and one from New Brunswick Many strangers went to Middlebush Some had intent to make trouble and others to tell the world about the "klavern" and such trouble as might develop But those who got into the Hobbs farm also got out again; from their language some of them indicated their feelings if not their persons had been treated with violence

The guests of the Publicity Committee were separated

in the traffic jam in front of the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New Brunswick Two of us, with a committeeman, found ourselves in a motorbus marked Long Branch and Red Bank, filled with men who were obviously fisherfolk, truck growers, garage keepers and workmen, and here and there an austere, thin-lipped person in a high collar who might have been a bank clerk or a rising young lawyer The lumbering bus got off the road three times and there was plenty of time to get acquainted

It was a good-natured company There were just two topics of conversation aside from neighborhood gossip that a stranger could not always get a drift of One was what each man's wife would say to him when he got home along about daylight—he having promised to be in about midnight. The other was the awe and horror which the gathering of the Klans must be producing at the roadsides upon which the travellers peered through the steam-coated windows

One thing was clear then and remained clear throughout the night The members of the Klan take themselves very seriously, even in their friendly chat It is no frolicsome lark for them They are quite sure that they "are getting this country on the right road at last." They keep saying it

"Where's Jim?" asked a man in a sheepskin coat, "thought he was coming"

"Why, say, I thought you knew," was the answer. "His wife wouldn't let him"

"Why, what's the matter with her?" asked the inquirer, "always thought she was a kinder sensible woman"

The other man whispered something

"Is that so? Well, now, do you know I never knew she follered the Pope What do you know about that!"

They let us out in a field overgrown with low underbrush through which the lights of hundreds of cars could be seen twinkling The road ahead was jammed with cars More were piling in behind. It was a little after 11 o'clock.

A man apparently having authority took the committee-

man off into the dark and whispered with him. They brought papers to the headlight of the bus and discussed them. The man of authority said he guessed he'd have to take us in We set out across the underbrush until we came to a woven wire fence On the other side of it, out of a stubble field, appeared eight or ten stocky-looking youths Some of them had handkerchiefs tied across the lower half of the face, others wore no concealment

Every one of them carried a club, a twisted weapon from three to four feet long, often knotted, twisted and gnarled with the bark on They shooed us down outside of the fence for half a mile until a gate was reached.

"Where is G-1?" shouted the voice of a club-man at the gate after the committeeman had whispered affectionately in his ear Like an echo, the call went out and over the farm "G-1?" "Is G-1 down there?" "Where did G-1 go?"

A group of figures in white robes, white capes with a figured circle on the left breast or on both breasts and high pointed caps with "N J" embroidered on the sides came flitting hurriedly down the farm lane Four of them indicated different directions in which "G-1" might be found The others said they didn't know.

One of the visitors, an infantry Captain in the A E F, said he was wondering if he were back where the figured G's indicated branches of the General Staff But he was soon to learn that G's run as high as automobile license numbers apparently A little further along, where the lane and farmhouse yard and the barnyard were crowded with white-robed figures, one heard all manner of plaintive inquiries

"Anybody seen G-37?"

"Who in hell's looking for G-1? I don't aim to stick around here looking for him all night"

The visitors were separated again Some were put under guard at a corner of the Hobbs cowshed Others of us were congregated in an emptied motorbus There were found some of the uninvited who had "crashed the

gate" and had insisted that they really had been invited. The committee examined A man called Gibson—but who was known to several of the guests by another name in a New York business office—invited two to step out to the ground. Then he called into the night

"Two guards"

Two white-robed figures appeared at his elbow

"Take 'em out," Gibson commanded the pair, who tucked their arms under the uninvited ones' elbows and walked away with them The uninvited were speaking in loud, shrill tones, they were also stepping high The crowd and the darkness swallowed them. In a few moments the two white-robed ones appeared again

"They are out!" they said, as one

"All right," said Gibson, pointing out two more. "Take 'em out" They also passed into the darkness beyond the farm gate

The sifted remainder was gathered together and conducted down a lane beside the cornfield At every tenth step white-robed and merely masked club-carriers stopped the party and there was whispering of passwords In a pocket formed by parked automobiles at the end of the lane stood a dignified elderly man with a marvellously pleasant voice of powerful carrying power He was dressed in a business suit of trim-cut gray. He was not masked He had a pleasant face

"I am G-1," he said. The Klansmen of the party stopped as if shot "Who are these men, aliens?"

"No, sir," said Gibson, "they are invited witnesses"

"Ah," commented G-1, with courteous gravity. "Authorized aliens but not to be naturalized"

Then, with the utmost kindliness but with definite command in every note of his voice, he told the visitors just when they could get off and where—or rather where they could not get off. He said he would blow a whistle three times when he wanted to see them again

"I may not permit you to see the opening work," he said. "But from the time the aliens are brought in until they rise from kneeling you may see and hear all that happens It is understood that you will use no names of any whom

you recognize; the photographers will take no pictures of uncovered faces or of automobile license plates"

A robed messenger dashed through the automobile line and whispered G-1 disappeared with him A moment later ten, fifteen, thirty youths appeared and galloped back toward the front gate, dragging clubs behind them There was some shouting back at the gate It was soon quieted. There was a wait of half an hour except for the droning voice over beyond the automobiles reciting a ritual A deep chorus of concerted replies and two verses of a hymn in which the words "Klansmen stand together . . . for ever and for aye" could be made out

A whistle sounded. A robed man stepped out and said, "G-1 says 'bring 'em in'"

On the other side of the automobile screen was a circle of white-robed figures inclosing a space of perhaps three or four acres To the east of it rose against the moonlit sky the poles of a cross, the upright apparently sixty feet high Beneath it was a rostrum On it stood an imposing white-robed figure

Standing or kneeling on one knee in a row at his feet were twenty closely-guarded, robed men Many had red-lined capes turned back The invited visitors were led in behind the rostrum and the cross They could make out, back of the robed men, triple and quadruple lines of men in dark clothes with handkerchief masks All along the woods at the edge of the cornfield stalked clubmen.

We were told the person on the rostrum was the Exalted Cyclops It was explained that he was the master of ceremonies He had a tiny electric droplight over the desk by which he read the ritual His voice was strong and more penetrating than that of G-1, but was also impressive

In the centre of the great ring was an altar at which another robed figure stood The Exalted Cyclops addressed him as "Night-Hawk," if one's ears served right, and told him to look into the matter of the "aliens" who were to be naturalized

"I have your orders, sir," said Night-Hawk, and with arms folded on his breast he stalked out to the rear.

There followed a sonorous colloquy between the Exalted Cyclops and one he addressed as Kotop, who appeared at the altar The wording of the mutual expressions of patriotism, devotion to clean living and to mutual adherence sprinkled along the way of this antiphony was remarkable in its musical cadence and the clear simplicity of its diction

In the midst of it a little man in a gray overcoat raced across the circle, climbed on the rostrum and whispered into the ear of the Exalted Cyclops He broke off from the ritual

"Fifteen guards are needed at the gate, they're getting too strong for the boys up there," he said "Only men in civilian clothes to go Robed men hold their places Assemble behind me"

Fifteen men gathered around a red-cloaked man who led them toward the farm entrance at a gallop Apparently another messenger had arrived The Exalted Cyclops called for fifteen more and then ten more, who raced in the same direction

From that time on there were constant calls for guards to go to various boundaries of the farm. Once there was a heavy crackling in the brush back of the great cross There was a spontaneous rush of robed and unrobed Klansmen into the brush, beyond which the little bonfires of the outer guards were sending up drifting smoke columns

They came back saying they had beaten off "about twenty-five of the Bound Brook crowd"

A little later there was a similar disturbance and another rush Again the Exalted Cyclops warned, "Robed men, stand fast" A short, stubby man ripped off his robe and threw it into my arms, saying

"Hell, feller, hold this for me I just got to get into one of these scraps," and disappeared into the brambles.

He came back five minutes later, reached for the robe and started off. He looked downcast

"What was it?" I asked.

"Nothing but a darned cow," he replied, and lost himself among the brethren

A gasoline lighted small torch appeared at the altar.

The Kotop was instructed to usher in the "aliens awaiting naturalization" The cross-bearer—they spoke of him, I think, as a "Klextor"—with an assistant carrying the tank of illuminating gas, marched over to the edge of the ring.

The unmistakable pipe organ tones of the voice of G-1 was heard reciting the lines of "God give us men," followed by some preliminary instructions

Then a dark column of men poured through a gap in the line From a distance of 300 feet they looked like a huddled flock of frightened herded prisoners They were in columns of fours The committeemen told us there were 2,000 of them The A E F man said he wouldn't know how to pack many more than 800 men into the "road space" they filled

They were marched across the rear of the circle, which now became a square, and were lined up like soldiers at inspection, in widely separated ranks The Exalted Cyclops announced that they would be "subjected to the Eye of Scrutiny"

All the robed members marched in single file in and around them, putting the eyeholes in their hoods close to the faces of the "aliens."

After half an hour ten hapless persons whose features or speech or appearance of general intelligence seemed to have indicated that the Eye of Scrutiny did not like them were plucked out and escorted in a hollow square before the rostrum The Exalted Cyclops informed them that they had been found lacking in the essential qualities of Klansmen, he assured them a mistake might have been made and that they would be received into the order later if they were all right They were then escorted off the premises by an additional guard of clubmen

Facing east, north, south and west on the sides of the big square, addresses on the high purposes of the Invisible Empire were made to the "aliens" who marched from place to place stumbling through the corn stubble It was impressed upon them that only men of undoubted loyalty to the Government, to God, to their fellow Klansmen were desired They were invited, if they felt themselves unfit, to withdraw before it was too late, because if their unfit-

ness were discovered later they would, without fear or favor, be ejected from the order.

At the end of the instructions the "aliens" were massed across the altar from the cross and oaths and obligations were read to them to which they swore successively with their right hands on their hearts and their left hands uplifted Those who followed the reading of the pledges noted that they emphasized especially "white supremacy," adhesion to the law and Government of the community, State and Nation, unswerving and unquestioning, demanded the separation of church and state, free schools and free seats in schools, and that no prejudice of church or fraternal organization should stand between Klansman and his duty to the Government, the Invisible Empire and his fellow Klansmen

The words "white supremacy" were the nearest to a direct reference to the reputed object of the Klan, to combat in all things the Negro, the Catholic, the Jew and the foreign-born generally

At the end of a prayer the great cross was lighted A strong breeze was setting in to the south The upright and the arm to the south blazed up so they were seen, it was learned later, seven miles away The north arm merely smouldered

The lighting of the cross was apparently the signal for the last onslaught of those who wanted to get into the meeting without authority There were successive short whistle signals all along the north edge of the farm At least a thousand men with and without clubs dashed into the scrub pines The whistles blew again

"Klansmen!" cried the Exalted Cyclops sharply "Klansmen are calling for help Go in there"

Five hundred more dashed into the brush Two rather light revolver shots sounded One of the guests declared he saw a Klansman fire them at the sky They seemed to come from within the farm

The voice of G-1 announced that a few things were to be said to the newly naturalized citizens of the Invisible Empire in private The visitors were escorted out and back to New Brunswick, arriving there after 3 o'clock.

All the Klansmen from Southern, Northern and Western New Jersey were directed by G-1 to find their way home through Bound Brook, passing through its streets in silent protest against the assault on the Klan meeting there by aggrieved members of the community night before last. No robes were worn on this parade It was explained that no Klansman may wear a robe outside of a Klavern unless on a special mission to a funeral or a church or "something like that," and then only on authority from the State or the national organization

At half past 3 o'clock this morning automobiles were still going through New Brunswick like traffic at 42d Street and Broadway at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

THE WAR IN OKLAHOMA

BY D L HARTLEY IN THE KANSAS CITY STAR

(September 26, under the headline "'Hell of a War,' says Zach")

Oklahoma City, Sept 26—It's a great game of hide and seek—this "war" in Oklahoma One clique spying upon another, gumshoeing back and forth between the Skirvin hotel, headquarters of the legislators, and the Lee Huckins hotel, rendezvous for the military as well as a stamping ground for all factions, mostly the Waltonites—those are the stealthy moves that remind one of frontier Indian days

The weather was conducive to reconnoitering parties from both camps Cool and brilliant with sunshine, the day promised not to interfere with belligerent attitudes from both parties The downtown streets were filled early Many new faces were seen among the wide-hatted, bulging-hipped aggregations in front of the Huckins. Low, squat individuals, canopied under awning-like sombreros, stood about the lobby of the Huckins, apparently noticing everything going on, yet seemingly oblivious to the crowds that milled about them

There was a flurry among the onlookers when a legislator slipped into the lobby of the Huckins and sidled up to a friendly group He was stagey and dramatic in his whisper, which he guarded from spies by a cup of the hand

"Zach Mulhall and another big fellow just now came into our headquarters at the Skirvin See where they are going," he said.

Sure enough, Colonel Zach came plowing through the main door of the hotel shortly afterwards. He was accompanied by a tall man who must have weighed about 250 pounds They went to the parlor floor of the Huckins,

headquarters of the national guard They returned to the lobby later and Colonel Mulhall paused to wipe his brow

"Whew young fellow, this is a hell of a war It makes me warm to walk this way so often between the Skirvin and the Huckins"

Then the colonel gave his version of the visit he had paid to the legislators

"We went in up there, looked around Must have been about thirty-five or forty of them up there I think they're unlawfully assembled, and, by God, ought to be dispersed right now!"

The colonel gave a peculiar twist upward on the tops of his trousers and carefully pulled his knitted vest down again on the right side, where a "six-shooter" was thrust

"No, Colonel," a friend said "There isn't any use going up there and dispersing the legislators now It's too early, and, besides, they have already caucused and are merely waiting for 12 o'clock to hold their session"

"Maybe not," the colonel answered, "but I'm not going to stop going up to the Skirvin."

Colonel Mulhall, eager to disperse the legislators as an unlawful assembly, went to the suite occupied by the legislators after his early visit He walked inside, stood in the middle of the group, and said

"Now, you boys had better go on, now Why don't you get behind Jack Walton and help him, instead of hindering him?"

"We don't like certain things about him," one of the legislators said

"He's a good man He don't raise hell, nor drink, nor do anything wrong. He's a good man," the colonel said as he stalked out.

Last minute reports from the legislators were that they had chosen all their officers and were merely awaiting the official hour of the call—12 o'clock, which is slowly approaching There were many reports that the legislators would use ruses to hold their meetings when dispersed at the state house as the governor has ordered

One report was that the legislators had chartered a railroad locomotive and two coaches Report had it that the

legislators would meet in the coaches and that the locomotive could shunt the coaches about the yards or possibly to some other place in the county or state when the call was completed at 12 o'clock.

The early part of the day found guards pacing their posts all around the Oklahoma state house. They apparently were men who had experience in soldiering. They had no rifles, but wore side arms They were in a cordon around the massive stone structure, where the state legislators sought to enter for their meeting

On the outskirts of the grounds several motor cars were parked, probably machines owned by persons employed in the state house The east entrance to the state house was the only way of entering the building At that entrance guards, also wearing side arms, stopped all who sought to enter. Employees of the state were permitted to go inside, but others were required to show passes issued by the military or the governor. Those without passes were turned away.

Individual members of the legislature went to the state house today. They were not denied admittance, but a close watch was kept upon them Those legislators strolled about the building, chatting with friends.

Inside the building guards paced each floor. They walked back and forth, the length of the low ceilinged, marble finished corridors. It was noticeable the guardsmen were courteous.

The same detail of guards still was stationed in front of the senate and house chambers. The doors of the house, through which the legislators will seek to pass, still were locked However, on the door was placed a notice from B H Markham, adjutant general, similar to the notices given to each house member yesterday, warning them not to attempt a meeting

At the rotunda on the first floor, where marbled corridors converge, a group of officers and guards were stationed. Rifles were stacked nearby At the east door, guards were waiting with rifles.

General Markham was at the statehouse early today to arrange all details of his troops. He would not say how

many men were under his command at the state house, yet it was easy to see they were formidable, in view of the peaceable preparations by the legislators

General Markham would not say how far he would go in carrying out the orders of the governor to disperse the legislators

"It is going to be a tea party without any tea," General Markham predicted

One official of the state reduced the "battle" scheduled for today into an algebraic equation "Four thousand two hundred and eighty-one troops is to sixty legislators as X is to what?"

RUM-RUNNING—BOSTON

BY C. K. MCCALEB (KEN MACK) IN THE BOSTON TELEGRAM

(The second and third of a series of three stories published Dec 19, 20, and 21)

Salem, Dec 20—This is the story of the late holiday price-cutting war of New England's rum fleet.

It is also the story of Capt Tom Joralsen of the Canadian schooner *Arcola*, one of the vessels now supplying Boston and nearby cities with their Christmas and New Year liquor

I visited this rum-runner while she was anchored off Salem, making the trip in a small power boat, accompanying a bootlegger who for obvious reasons will remain anonymous in this story

I watched while the two-man "crew" of the little power boat unloaded 40 cases of John Dewar's Scotch whiskey from the deck of the booze ship in exchange for 18 new $100 bills I talked with Capt Joralsen and was told of his difficulties, his reasons for cutting his prices and his constant fear of the hi-jackers of the seas, a fear far exceeding that felt for the Coast Guard patrol

The story of the modern rum-runner is being written by men of Capt Joralsen's ilk as an equally romantic if less glorious chapter in the history of seamanship off the New England coast.

Capt Joralsen was born in Sweden and is a naturalized American, although commanding a Canadian ship He makes no secret of the fact that he is in the game for the money. The bootlegger with whom I made the trip to the *Arcola* states frankly that the cash element is likewise his principal consideration After the journey to the *Arcola* I am ready to admit the conviction that both of them earn every dollar they make

Eighteen hundred dollars for 40 cases is cheap for good Scotch. It figures out at $45 a case or $3 75 a quart. Split with alcohol and distilled water, with perhaps a dash of creosote to retain the "smoky" flavor, it will be sold in Boston for $7 to $9 a quart.

Some of it may find its way to special customers at a slightly higher price without being "cut" But the profits are there

The schooner we visited had only Scotch

"Easier to get rid of," was Capt Joralsen's explanation.

Lower prices, according to this same authority, are not limited to the vessel we visited They have become general following the desire of the rum-runners for a quick turnover, the great competition and the difficulty small boats experience in reaching the cargo-laden vessels in the heavy seas of the last few days and now that the Coast Guard is enforcing the 12-mile limit law

These difficulties are not being exaggerated. With only such lights as to enable the man at the wheel to steer a straight course, the power boat made the trip through a sea running as high as six feet and returned in the teeth of a wind that beat the tiny craft back almost as rapidly as she could proceed and that drenched it with icy spray that froze solid almost as it was torn from the crests of the waves.

The trip was not to the 12-mile limit. Like the other rum-runners, the *Arcola* had anchored outside that zone during the daylight hours; then under cover of darkness had crept toward shore Our boat traversed seven miles of wind-tossed water to the side of the rum-runner in a little less than three-quarters of an hour. The return trip took nearly twice as long

From the porthole of a miniature cabin, crowded by the bootlegger, myself and the two oilskin-clad members of the "crew," I have little more than a picture of a ghost-like prow ploughing its way through waves that no doubt looked far higher than they were

"Hello!" was the potential buyer's salute as we came alongside the schooner Apparently the more nautical "Ahoy!" has fallen from general use.

"Who are you?" came back the reply.

"So-and-so of Salem," cried our bootlegger-skipper. "I want 40 cases"

Obviously our bootlegger was known We were allowed to board the rum-runner, a privilege, it was explained, not given to everyone, because of the fear of the rum pirate, successor to the more romantic Capt Kidds of other days.

The deck of the schooner, like those I have seen while aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Tampa,* was piled with cases of whiskey. The vessel carries probably between 200 and 300 cases, a valuable cargo even at the "f o b gunwhale" prices

"It wasn't very far from here that they got one of us last summer," was Capt Joralsen's comment on the rum-pirate menace. "Boarded her and shot the captain and the mate. Got $3,000 cash and a lot of booze.

"Twelve-mile limit? Yeah, it bothers us, all right Takes longer to unload a cargo Not so many boats want to come out as far as this as used to come when we could anchor three miles out In this game you have to unload quick or it don't pay"

The problem facing the Coast Guard in preventing the landing of liquor, I am convinced after this trip, is a matter of mathematics There are four cutters covering the coast of New England Fighting rum-runners is only part of their work. In addition to these, there are several smaller boats Obviously it is impossible for them to stop the flow of liquor onto American shores.

The Coast Guard gets its percentage and I say this after having acquired a high regard for the work of the officers and men of this branch of Uncle Sam's service.

The officers admit they can do only so much. They know the amount of liquor they capture is a tumblerful to a hogshead when compared to that which is landed.

"The only way is a very largely increased number of small boats," one Coast Guard officer told me. "The *Pioneer,* working out of Gloucester, gets quite a number of small boats carrying rum from the bigger rum-runners. If we had enough the size of the *Pioneer* we might make it

sufficiently hazardous for the rum-runners to scare some of them off and cut down the supply. I don't know, and I don't think anybody else does, how we can ever stop it altogether."

The first battle in the war of the twelve-mile limit has been fought.

The new slogan of the United States Coast Guard, "We have more and bigger guns," has been demonstrated. The first shot has been fired, both literally and figuratively. The Coast Guard has come out victorious

With five small boats in tow and a dozen men under arrest, the Coast Guard cutter *Tampa* is back in Boston harbour today

I have just completed a three-day trip aboard the *Tampa,* accompanied part of the time by another *Telegram* reporter. By one of the streaks of luck that comes sometimes to prayerful newspaper men, I have seen the *Tampa* do battle with a section of the New England Christmas rum fleet and emerge the victor by superior force of arms.

Eight small boats, part of that unit of the rum fleet that plies between the 12-mile limit and the New England shore, were sighted by the *Tampa.* Three escaped; the five others were captured

All were loading liquor from the British steamer *Arwyco* of Liverpool or standing by waiting to receive their cargoes. The *Arwyco* was riding at anchor in a light sea just outside the 12-mile limit about 20 miles east of Gloucester

The boats the *Tampa* took in tow after firing shots across them were the *Angelo Padre,* the *Lorena, C1769, 958-C* and *817-C.*

Capt William Wheeler, on the bridge of the *Tampa,* called me from below when the *Arwyco* was sighted far off on the horizon At increased speed the *Tampa* forged ahead with an occasional sharp order from the man who today is fighting the rum fleet, and who only a few years ago was commanding the *Seneca* in that historic campaign

of convoying cargo-laden vessels from Gibraltar to the British Isles

Apparently, though life aboard the rum-runner may not be all beer and skittles, there are moments of enjoyment As we neared the *Arwyco* strains of music could be heard. No women were in evidence, but, according to reports of what others have seen, many of the rum-runners are not entirely devoid of feminine companionship

Hoved to beside the *Arwyco* was the power boat *Lorena,* one of those captured Over the side of the British steamer cases of liquor were lowered In big canvas slings, holding perhaps 20 cases, the "Christmas cheer" was lowered to the smaller craft. Nearby, four other boats of about the same size as the *Lorena* were riding, manifestly awaiting their turn to be loaded.

Out came Capt Wheeler's megaphone

"Heave to and be searched!" he commanded

The order was ignored The loading of the *Lorena* continued

Meanwhile, aboard the *Tampa,* all hands had been called on deck The opportunity that the crew of hard-handed, virile youngsters had awaited was at last at hand

"Heave to and be searched!" Capt Wheeler commanded again Again there was no evidence that the rum-runners had heard

Then the *Tampa's* gun crew came into action. Capt. Wheeler's statement of the day before, made to my associate reporter and me, was to be demonstrated "We will search them," the captain had said "We have more and bigger guns"

There was no attempt to hit the boat The *Tampa* was merely showing she meant business Across the smaller boats and far to one side the guns of the cutter were trained. There was a report, a puff of smoke from the big guns. Then silence

In the rum fleet section the effect was instantaneous The canvas sling that had been used to load the *Lorena* was lowered again, this time empty. The cases were reloaded from the smaller boat

"They're outside the 12-mile limit," Capt Wheeler ex-

plained, "but there's plenty of evidence that they're all rum-runners We can't touch the British steamer, of course, out here But the small boats are American."

Boats were lowered from the *Tampa* They were drawing up alongside the small boats Then the five small boats were strung astern and the *Tampa* set its course for Boston.

Only one small can of alcohol was found on one of the boats. The *Lorena* had unloaded again when taken and the other boats had not yet taken on their supply. Coast Guard officers declare the fact they were found near the *Arwyco* is sufficient evidence against them.

Delivering the boats and the men taken aboard them to the appraiser's dock today, Capt Wheeler expressed impatience to be out again

Three high-powered small boats, apparently of the same fleet as those taken, had escaped after being sighted on our return trip

"We'll be back with more before long," he told me as I came ashore "There are lots more out there"

RUM-RUNNING—NEW YORK

BY ARTHUR N CHAMBERLIN IN THE NEW YORK WORLD

(March 8, under the caption "Sea Battle Impends as Rum Ships Arm.")

Out in the Atlantic Ocean, ten miles beyond the three-mile limit and between Block Island, off the Rhode Island coast at the extremity of Long Island Sound, and No Man's Land, there has been lying for the last three weeks a liquor-bearing armada of fourteen or sixteen vessels which has been flooding New York and New England with 20,000 cases of liquor weekly

More than half the vessels in this fleet are part of the international system of two rival New York syndicates. Both of these organizations ship their liquor directly from England and Scotland in tramp steamships to St Pierre, Miquelon. Here it is transshipped to three-masted Gloucester fishing smacks, carrying 2,000 cases each, which make up the armada off Block Island

These schooners are operated by a skipper and crews of nine or ten deep-sea fishermen, strong, hardy and courageous. They are all armed with automatic pistols and sawed-off shotguns, although an ordinary strong man, even armed with a club, would hesitate to attack one of these fishermen who had only his bare fists for defence.

The one thing these men fear and in which apparently is the one hope of ending rum-running on this coast, is a liquor pirate nicknamed the *Gray Ghost* This ship, a big steel trawler painted a battleship gray, is armed with a one-pounder in her bow and carries machine guns aft on both starboard and port

The crew consists of sixty as reckless ruffians as ever sailed with Capt Kidd. As the *Gray Ghost,* looming out of a fog like an apparition, appears suddenly alongside a

schooner at night, these men board their prey with pistols in their hands instead of cutlasses Almost before the schooner's sleepy crew are awake, her cargo has been transferred to the pirate, which disappears in the darkness.

The *Gray Ghost's* home port is Boston, where it is alleged she is owned by three men ostensibly insurance brokers, with offices on a prominent business street She seems reasonably safe so long as she confines her depredations to liquor-bearing ships, for these vessels dare not appeal to the United States Government nor to the British authorities whose flag they fly.

But the residents of Newport and the vicinity are looking forward to a naval battle off the coast and are hoping it may not take place until the summer people have arrived For the bootleggers, who are not the men to take losses calmly, are now planning to arm their vessels with one-pounders and machine guns and to augment the crews with experts in the handling of these arms.

Until this takes place the armada is basing its protection on a system of signals and general alertness. Thus it was that yesterday when a reporter and a photographer for *The World* sought to visit the fleet, they found the vessels with sails up and tacking and veering like a flock of frightened gulls instead of tugging at fathoms of anchor chain.

The *Gray Ghost* had visited the fleet as it lay at anchor two nights before, and had boarded a vessel and looted it of 1,700 cases of liquor, all it had on board The pirate evidently had made a haul elsewhere, for it departed after this, but its moral effect was effective and enduring

The signals are arranged between the Captain of the vessel and its agent on shore These financial men, as they are called, make their headquarters in one of the newest and largest hotels of Providence, R. I. Here the purchaser makes his payment and receives a note calling for so much liquor and also gets the station of the vessel and its code

The purchase is not quite as simple a matter as this, of course. Even if you know that Mr. Smith stopping at the hotel is an agent for one of these vessels you can't call

him on the telephone and make a deal. Mr. Smith will instruct the prospective buyer to come to a certain room, and to come alone except for his bank roll

When you arrive you will find that Mr. Smith is not alone, but has his gunman with him, and seeing this, you will not, if you are wise, argue with him or attempt to carry on the interview after the agent has announced it is closed That is, not unless you happen to be a gunman yourself

Not but what the prices will make you feel like arguing The vessels are mostly laden with Lewis Hunter rye at $54 a case, Peter Dawson Scotch whiskey at $45 a case and White Horse Scotch at $45 a case They occasionally have some wines and champagnes, and the Transatlantic always will bring these on order

The boat in which *The World* men made their trip is a nameless forty-foot craft which makes a steady ten knots an hour and is skippered by one of the men with a power boat on the surrounding shores who is not a rum-runner. This skipper specializes in carrying agents to and from the fleet, and reports it as more profitable and less dangerous

A twenty-five mile run from Newport, R I, brought us to Block Island, a noted summer resort which this winter has been turned into a bootleggers' paradise The four or five hundred fishermen who with their families comprise the island's population are all members of either one or both of two great fraternal organizations, whose emblems may be seen painted on their boats

Not only is Block Island a storehouse for much of the liquor from the fleet but virtually all of its men residents are engaged in running the whiskey, either to Rhode Island ports or to points on the Connecticut and Long Island shores of the Sound Their clannishness long has been proverbial, but now it is doubtful if a stranger who did not promptly state his business and prove said business to be connected with this liquor trade, would be permitted to land

The skipper did the talking and represented *The World* men as buyers seeking only 100 cases. This order could

have been promptly filled there, but the guide said his passengers had a price of $45 a case out of Newport, which, as it would leave no profit for carrying the booze, was rejected with sneers

A friend did volunteer the location and signal of one of few general sellers of the fleet and the power boat departed The only thing *The World* men received was an invitation to lose some money in one of the big crap games with which the Captains and crews of the fleet entertain themselves on their infrequent visits ashore

Now the signal might have been two white flags, one white flag or a black one, or even a red one or any combination of these, which are all in use, but it cannot be revealed But whatever it was, it was not what the large converted yacht which was first picked up, ten miles beyond Block Island, itself the inner edge of the three-mile limit, was expecting

The former yacht promptly displayed a pretty pair of heels as the reporters' boat picked it up and the look-out picked up the news boat simultaneously through field glasses None of the three schooners which soon were sighted responded to the signal, but tacked out to sea to avoid an approach and judging from their speed used their auxiliary engines along with their sails

The skipper spat disgustedly and cursed the *Gray Ghost* as he swung about There was no better luck with the three remaining members of the fleet sighted before the increasing roughness of the ocean and approaching darkness forced a return homeward The general seller evidently had sold out his cargo or else he was the one the *Gray Ghost* looted The others simply weren't taking chances

But from a man in a Connecticut city alleged to handle the rum traffic through that locality, *The World* reporter had learned the procedure of those who did the buying from the general selling ships. This will be told tomorrow.

Bargain day on Rum Row off New Jersey's three-mile limit, came to a sharp halt at dusk last evening when customs men and Coast Guards swooped down on return-

ing rum buyers trying to make the home coast through the gathering murk

The morning had been a pleasant one, and a comparatively calm sea lured a dozen buyers in power boats and tugs past Sandy Hook, according to the Associated Press. The liquor-carrying fleet had been increased to sixteen vessels—a huge and rusty old tanker, two nondescript steamers, twelve two-masted schooners and a battered three-masted bark

It was just at dusk when the Government men got into action The old Army tug, *Lexington,* now used by the customs guards, saw a large auxiliary sloop making for the Long Island coast after visiting Rum Row. The *Lexington* intercepted the sloop off Rockaway Point A Government man was placed aboard and then the *Lexington* went after other prey The *Porpoise,* a high-powered boat also used by the customs men, drove several vessels back to sea

Coast Guard men commandeered a powerful rum runner in the Shrewsbury River and started toward the row. One vessel was stopped by the guards and others made for the open sea again

When night came the liquor armada blazed with light Huge anchor lights, of the type used in lighthouses, were hanging from each vessel This action was believed to be in reply to reports of incoming steamship commanders that the armada is a menace to navigation

Three small rum-runners were stopped by customs guards, but were found to have no liquor aboard.

"TINY DEPUTY TAKES GIANT"

BY O. R TAVINER IN THE LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

(January 31, under this headline.)

He stalked into the Sheriff's office last night—a short, slender figure surmounted by a wide, black sombrero. In his eyes was the dull, far-away light of open spaces; from his upper lip drooped weird mustaches, generously streaked with grey and so large as to seem actually broader than his shoulders

The night crew, listening to the rain spattering upon the pavement below, looked up

"Pardon me, gents," the newcomer saluted them, pausing in the doorway "I'm Jeff Healy from New Mexico, an' I was wonderin' if I could use yore jail overnight"

He jerked sharply his left hand and there came into view a flannel-shirted, blue-jowled individual who stood, chin down, a veritable giant beside his captor. The glint of an encircling steel flashed from a massive wrist as he gazed furtively at the floor

"Who've you got?" asked Walter Hotz, captain of the watch

"Oh," drawled the little deputy, "he's just a pussonal matter down where I come from. This here dude is a no account hombre we've been wantin' purty bad, so I took th' liberty of comin' after him myself instead of askin' you-all to git him for us We're pullin' out in th' mawnin'"

Hotz detailed two stalwarts to take the prisoner to the County Jail for the night, and invited the visiting officer to join the group behind the counter The man with the huge mustaches divined that explanations were in order.

"That 'bo," he said, "left New Mexico 'bout a year ago, after beatin' up a gal purty bad. Then he pulled a couple

of stick-ups, and they caught him in th' No'th. But he done got away, so I thought I'd jest bring him back myself this time."

Ray Conley, Hotz' right hand bower, uncrossed his legs.

"Don't let him stretch his arms," he cautioned, "or he'll lift you right off your feet He's a powerful big guy"

The little deputy looked up surprised He appeared to ponder for a minute or two, and then slapped his thigh The butt of a .45 frontier Colt slipped from beneath his coat

"I guess I'd have to tickle his ribs with this," he announced "I'd sure hate to do it, though I like to take 'em back whole, y' see"

Conley, himself the possessor of a collection of guns and utterly unable at any time to resist an examination of a new weapon, extended his hand The visitor emptied his holster and Conley spun the cylinder of the 45 A puzzled frown appeared on his brow

"Say," he asked, returning the revolver, "why don't you load that gat? You've only got one shell in it now."

The little deputy stared at him blankly

"Well," he demanded in amazement, "I've only got one prisoner, ain't I?"

IN THE DOCK

BY GENEVIEVE FORBES IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

(March 7, under the headline "Arsenic Cousins Go on Trial with Air of Peasants")

Two squat, middle aged, rather wistful Polish women, with scrubbed faces and "decent black" from the neighborhood store, play hooky from their housekeeping duties, and drop in to a vaudeville show They don't understand some of the acts, but they find a bewildered pleasure in staying until it is all over

And that might be a picture of the two cousins, Mrs. Tillie Klimek and Mrs Nellie Sturmer Koulik, as they went on trial yesterday before Judge Marcus Kavanagh in the Criminal court, charged with murder by arsenical poisoning of Mrs. Klimek's third husband, Frank Kupczyk, who died April 20, 1921

The women are escorted to their two seats on the aisle Near them is Lieut Willard L Malone, West Chicago avenue station It is Lieut Malone's investigations that are largely responsible for the presence of the cousins in the courtroom

As the curtain raiser there is the selection of the jury. The women in black are bored and confused by the legal phraseology. But every now and then they understand a phrase, a sinister, recurrent phrase They squirm in their seats as Assistant State's Attorney William F McLaughlin repeats to the prospective jurymen

"You would punish a woman as severely as you would a man, if she were guilty, wouldn't you?"

And always the terrifying refrain, "Yes, certainly, if she were guilty." It seems to disquiet the matinée goers.

The cousins with the alleged penchant for adding arsenic to the "good" food which they are reported to

have served Kupczyk, and more than a dozen other friends, relatives, and husbands, have created a new rôle for "ladies charged with murder"

They are without guile or the aid of hairdresser, manicure, modiste or diary. They carry no vanity box, rouge or lipstick The upturned brims of their plain black hats are uncompromising and refuse to cast kind shadows over their faces. They don't bite their lips when in distress They mop their brows with plain cotton handkerchiefs held in capacious hands.

Mrs Klimek, in her black near seal coat, black skirt and rigid brimmed sailor hat, is pleasant, almost cheerful, as she exchanges words with her attorney, John Prystalski, former assistant state's attorney, who is defending the women through an appointment by the court

Her unyielding lips curve into a smile that verges on a giggle as an occasional impromptu act on the legal stage amuses her. For instance, it is amusing, she finds, to hear Assistant State's Attorney Thomas Peden, assisting in the prosecution, struggle with the pronunciation of some of the Polish names

In the less diverting moments of the day, when there is implication of the death penalty being asked, Mrs. Klimek taps the sensible square toe of her soft black shoe up and down with monotonous precision

Mrs. Koulik, for the first time since her arrest, is less jovial than her cousin The pathetically coquettish pearl dangling pin in her hat seems a sardonic joke on the lined face beneath the hat

The show goes on Four jurors are accepted. F E Ward, 60 West 15th street, Chicago Heights, a machine shop foreman; Frank W Czeck, 846 Lorel avenue, a printer, Otto Junghans, 5024 West 23d street, Cicero, tool and die maker, William S Schroll, 1023 North Hoyne avenue, office work.

The acts for the day are over The two women with seats on the aisle are led out, making some trivial remark about "it's too hot in here"

The cousins will be led back again today. The curtain

raiser will continue until all the jurors are picked By tomorrow morning it is expected that Mrs. Klimek and Mrs. Koulik will begin to see the headliner in which they are scheduled to take prominent rôles

THE FUNERAL TRAIN AT HONEY CREEK

BY LORENA A. HICKOK IN THE MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

(August 7, under the headline. "Iowa Village Waits All Night for Glimpse at Fleeting Train")

Honey Creek, Iowa, Aug 6—Hurling itself into the dawn at 50 miles an hour, the President's funeral train roared past Honey Creek at 4 A M. today

A blurred, agonizing glimpse into the dimly lighted observation car heaped to the ceiling with wreaths and flowers was all that Honey Creek got—and for this her 76 inhabitants had shivered on the dreary station platform for hours

But in the words of H L Ham, station agent, postmaster and notary public, as he stared dazedly after the red tail lights dwindling away in the shadows, "Well, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

It was worth it The long moaning whistle around the bend—the blinding shaft of light down the glittering rails—the roar and wind and trembling of the earth—the breathless wait for the rear car—the flashing vision of wreaths and flags and rigid figures in khaki—the red tail lights vanishing like pin points in the dark—yes, it was worth waiting for.

There was no pomp or ceremony in Honey Creek's tribute to the nation's dead leader No lines of veterans in uniform, no flowers, no spoken prayers Honey Creek is not given to fluency and high-sounding phrases

People went down to see that train for two reasons—to show their respect for the President of the United States and to take their children In Honey Creek it was deemed highly important that the children should see that train, so that they might tell their children and their children's children.

And so it was that fathers, who had served in the nation's armies during the World war, held their little babies high over their shoulders as the train leaped past Honey Creek this morning. And small boys in overalls gazed in wonder from the top of the fence adjoining the station The chief concern of the adults was in seeing to it that the children got a good view of the train.

Honey Creek, Iowa, used to be on the Lincoln highway until they moved the highway Until a year or two ago, it was known from coast to coast among automobile tourists as "the place where you strike that awful hill" Finally, to get away from the hill, they moved the highway out of Honey Creek—and now Honey Creek is slowly dying.

"It used to have a population of 90 when the highway went through here," Fremont Hansen, the garage owner, said last night. "But now—I guess it's not much over 75

"Before they moved the highway we had two stores and a bank and a Commercial club But one of the stores burned down, and the bank went out of business, and the Commercial club busted up So Honey Creek isn't much of a town any more"

It is a straggling village, Honey Creek is—houses scattered about at the bases of the wide sweeping hills that mark the boundaries of the Missouri valley A garage, a filling station, one store—most of the people are farmers. There isn't any mayor, or council.

"Oh, we manage to worry along without much government," one of the inhabitants remarked last night

Wherefore Honey Creek's reception of the President's funeral train was bound to be informal. At dusk last night, the town's telephone operator called everybody up and passed out the information that the train would pass Honey Creek at 3 o'clock in the morning That was all the preparation that preceded Honey Creek's demonstration

Sitting on their porches, the residents talked it over, porch to porch

"Well, a thing like this won't happen to Honey Creek again in 100 years," said H French, who was president of the bank that went out of business.

"It will be something for our children to tell their grandchildren about, all right."

"Sure, I'm going down," announced Mace Hansen, who operated the filling station and who served overseas in the world war. "The President of the United States has got coming to him all the respect I can pay him, hasn't he?"

Alarm clocks were set for 1.45 A. M One woman announced she would ring her dinner bell to wake up the neighborhood Dr J W Frazier, physician, farmer and justice of the peace, who lives across the road from the station, said he guessed he would sit up and read. "Might as well," he said "For I don't think I'd get much sleep anyhow"

I stayed at the home of Mr French, the former banker. It was agreed that we were to get up at 1 45 A M At 1 15 A M Mr and Mrs French and their two small boys and I were en route to the station

"Did you sleep?" was the query with which each newcomer was greeted

"Not much," was the answer over and over. "Every time I heard a train I'd jump out of bed"

Incidentally, Honey Creek is on the main line of the Chicago & North Western railway across Iowa, and 60 trains a day pass through there—most of them, it would seem, in the night.

By 2 30 A M the whole population of Honey Creek apparently was out on that station platform, or sitting in cars parked below. There was a great play of pocket flashlights, much tramping up and down and hunting for seats. In low, queerly hushed voices, the people discussed the time, crops, the time, their children, the time again, the probable size of the crowd in Omaha, and again the time

The song of the crickets from Dr Frazier's cornfield, on the other side of the tracks, made a sort of orchestral background for the conversation

At 3 A M. Mr. Ham came out of the ticket office and announced that the train was an hour late There had been an accident somewhere over in Nebraska—an

accident by which the train would certainly have gone in the ditch had it been traveling rapidly.

"Oh, what a mess that would be—with Pershing and Hoover and all those big fellows aboard," groaned Mace Hansen

The talk drifted to Mrs Harding "They say she's left pretty well fixed," some one remarked. "The paper said he left near a million dollars" "I know," Mrs. Fench interrupted. "But think how lonely she'll be, how she'd rather have him back than a hundred million dollars."

"If only she had some sons or daughters to be with her," another woman sighed, running her fingers through her little boy's shock of yellow hair

At 3 45 a light came around the bend—the pilot train, a locomotive, day coach and observation car—plunged past the crowd and on into the darkness.

Honey Creek climbed out of its Fords and got in line on the station platform Two fathers with babies were given places in the front rank The small boys hopped up on top of the fence Miss Agnes Young, gray-haired spinster and owner of a large farm at Honey Creek, climbed up on her stepladder which she had carried half a mile to the station, slipping and sliding over muddy roads on foot in the dark

A light shining up behind the trees around the bend, a mile away. That long, moaning whistle—

"Here she comes!" shrieked a small boy from his post on the signal tower.

The blinding shaft of light down the glittering rails—

"Don't look at it, Ward—it'll blind you!"

Again the whistle, imperious now, deafening—

"Now—watch for the last car, Junior—that lighted one—way back"

Roar and wind and trembling earth. A breathless, agonizing wait for that last car—

There it is! Yes, but dimly lighted Now, look—quick—wreaths, flowers, a huge American flag Swift realization that the casket must lie beneath that flag. A

frenzied search for the guards Red tail lights half a mile down the track—

"Well, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

"It was"

THE COBURN CASE

BY PARKS RUSK IN THE ATLANTIC CONSTITUTION

(Nov 6, under the headline "W S Coburn, Attorney for Simmons Faction, killed by Editor of Official Organ of Klan")

William S Coburn, attorney for the Simmons faction of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and prominent figure in a series of sensational events involving that organization, was shot four times and almost instantly killed while he sat in his office in the Atlanta Trust company building at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon by Phillip E Fox, publicity representative for the imperial palace and editor of "The Nighthawk," official organ of the Evans faction

After hurling his revolver to the floor of the attorney's office, Fox ran to the floor below, where he was caught by George W Allen, insurance man, and held until Officer C. O Cochran arrived from his beat on the street below to take him in custody

According to Officer Cochran, Fox declared that he was glad Coburn was dead "I may hang for this, but he was planning to ruin me, and I had just as soon be hanged as for him to have ruined me"

Fox was held at the police station until 7 30 o'clock, when, after he had steadfastly refused to make a statement to the officers assigned to the investigation, he was transferred to the Fulton tower under heavy guard

Working with city detectives, attaches of Solicitor Boykin's office late Monday night completed a preliminary investigation of the shooting and announced that the Fulton county grand jury Tuesday will be asked to indict Fox on a charge of murder

Fox was held incommunicado at Fulton tower. Sheriff

Lowry stated that Judge John D. Humphries had requested him to deny anyone admission to see Fox and had stated over the telephone that if necessary he would send a written order to the jail forbidding visitors On the promise of the sheriff that such an order would not be necessary, he stated, the written order was not furnished.

Mrs. Phillip E Fox, wife of the slayer, was in Atlanta Monday night but could not be found. Attaches of the imperial palace admitted that they knew where she was but refused to say where It could not be learned whether she knew anything of the shooting or of incidents leading up to it

Officers closely questioned Mrs M A. Holbrook, of 326 Stewart avenue, stenographer for Coburn, and Mrs Oscar Heyman, of Cleveland, Ohio, a client of Coburn, who were eye-witnesses to the shooting.

"Fox came to Mr. Coburn's office shortly before 4 o'clock and found Mr Coburn engaged in a telephone conversation," Mrs Holbrook said. "W. T Rogers, who I think is connected with the office of Henry J Norton, head of Atlanta Klan No 1, was sitting by Mr. Coburn's desk After waiting a few minutes, Fox arose and left the office, stating as he did so that he would return in about an hour, when he could talk business with Mr. Coburn privately

"He had just had time to go a short distance down the hall and come back when he reentered the office, and, without a word, began firing at Mr. Coburn, who sat at his desk.

"I was so excited I didn't look around until the firing ceased There were four or five shots fired Mr Coburn screamed after each shot. After the last shot was fired, Fox left the office, throwing his gun to the floor as he passed through the door

"When I looked at Mr. Coburn he was lying on the floor, screaming, and blood was spurting from a wound in his face. Mrs. Heyman and myself ran down the hall to the office of the Fulton Finance Company"

According to Mrs Heyman, she had just entered

Mr. Coburn's office and taken a seat when Fox entered and began firing at the attorney. Fox made no statement, either before or after the shooting, she said

As Fox reached the floor beneath, George W. Allen, insurance agency supervisor for W. B Hawkins, manager for the Aetna Life Insurance Company, heard a woman screaming "Catch that man," Allen told the police Allen halted Fox as the latter was continuing his flight to the seventh floor, he said

According to Allen, he ordered Fox to hold up his hands Searching him, he said, he found a large hunting knife, open, concealed on Fox. After removing the knife, he said, he took Fox into an office and awaited the arrival of officers.

While waiting, Allen said, he asked the publicity man why he had shot Coburn, to which Fox is said to have replied:

"He was going to publish some reports about me that would have ruined me, and if I hadn't shot him he would have ruined me." Allen said that Fox declared he was "sorry and yet glad" when informed that Coburn was dead.

Officer Cochran, patrolman on the beat, took Fox to police barracks, after Call Officers H D Donehoo and Ed Arthur arrived and took charge of the body and locked the door to keep the throng of curious, which had gathered, out of the law office

W T Rogers, who was in Coburn's office when Fox first entered, told the police that Fox asked to speak to Coburn, saying.

"I am through with it all, and I am going home tonight"

Rogers said that Coburn was busy on the telephone, so he wrote him a note, saying "Talk to him," indicating Fox. On the same scrap of paper, Rogers said, Coburn wrote this reply "I will. You wait outside"

Rogers said he went into the adjoining office, occupied by A. E Wilson, Coburn's law partner, and shortly five pistol shots rang out. Opening the door, he said, he saw

Fox leave Coburn's office by the door to the hall and throw a pistol back into the office Fox ran down the steps to the next floor, Rogers following

At headquarters Fox was placed in an isolated cell and held without bond A number of men recognized by newspaper men as being klansmen, some representing the Simmons faction and others the Evans faction, now in control, called and tried to see him, but admission was denied them W. H. Mills, said to be an employee of the imperial palace associated with Fox, was among those seeking to visit the cell

Opinion that the shooting was the result of a personal affair between Coburn and Fox was expressed in a written, unsigned statement purporting to have been issued at the imperial palace Monday night

After repeated efforts to reach imperial officers for a statement had failed, a Constitution reporter was presented at his office with the following typewritten memorandum·

"An official of the imperial palace, when asked for a statement, said

"'A most deplorable affair We regret more than words can express It must have been a personal matter between participants. The unfortunate affair was a great and most regrettable surprise to us

"'Mr Fox had not been in his office for two days'"

Fox became prominent in klan activities when, upon assumption of the duties of imperial wizard by Dr Evans, he was made editor of "The Nighthawk," a publication established by Dr Evans in opposition to "The Searchlight," until recently an avowed supporter of Colonel Simmons

Coburn had been one of the prominent attorneys in various suits against the Evans faction He was chief counsel for the David Rittenhouse faction, of Philadelphia, which last week unsuccessfully sought to have a receiver appointed for the klan. As attorney for W J. Simmons, emperor and founder of the klan, Coburn Monday filed suit in Fulton superior court asking for an injunction to prevent organization of a woman's order of Ku Klux Klan by the Evans faction, now in control.

BURNING OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY W H PORTERFIELD IN THE AKRON PRESS

(October 18)

Ravenna, Oct 18—The grinning ghost of a murdered hunchback tin peddler who, the old folk say, drove his bony white horse over the country roads near Edinburg many years ago, is now without a shelter in the daytime and his horse no longer has a stall

The famous and historic old Edinburg Inn which stood for nearly 80 years as a landmark on the Edinburg-rd burned to the ground early Thursday morning and with it went the old cobweb latticed stable which stood nearby.

The fire is believed to have been incendiary

Farmers and their wives speculated Thursday as to whether the old peddler's spirit finally took revenge on the building in which he is said to have met a mysterious death or whether persons of the neighborhood who have been frightened by the "ghost's" reported recent appearance, burned the house, thinking he would leave the district.

According to reports, a party of 30 young people visited the grounds of the old house which has been deserted in the lonely countryside for the last 15 years and enjoyed a wiener roast They built a large bonfire confident that its radiance would keep safely back in the shadows any hovering figure of the stooping ghost figure

It was several hours after the young folk left, however, that a late motorist found flames bursting from all sides of the house. A second flame was darting from the dusty stable only a few feet away

The motorist fled through the night for fear he would be a lonely eyewitness to a gleeful death dance executed by the revengeful ghost. If this legendary wanderer rattled

his wagonload of tinware around the flaming structure, there was none to see him

The fire takes away Portage-co's most noted old building It was built early in the 19th century, shortly after Edmund Bostwick Sr, gained the land from the Connecticut Land Co The country was a wilderness and paths through the virgin forest served as roads for the hardy pioneers.

It was an imposing structure in those days and soon became a tavern where weary travelers to the west stabled their horses and rested over night

Much of the community's early history centered around the inn and it was during this period on a blustry winter night when an old peddler drove up with his white horse and asked for lodging

As was the custom, he lounged in front of the fire for an hour after supper before being shown to the only vacant room, one over the kitchen in the rear. The storm cleared during the night but the hunchback did not appear in the brisk cold air to feed his hungry horse

Becoming alarmed at his failure to appear, others at the inn went to the room where they found his body.

His throat had been cut during the night.

The story and discussion of how this queer man had met death became a popular topic for discussion at the inn and subsequent travelers shivered through the horror of its recital

By the time Squire Willsey took possession of the farm and tavern in 1871, there were many rumors that the hunchback had returned in spirit form to linger around the building at night and to hunt for his horse.

The hospitable squire and his wife, however, appeared undisturbed by the reports and refused to be frightened by the stories which visitors often brought in.

On windy nights in the winter time, shutters rattled, doors creaked and eerie noises were heard in the halls. Some of these were attributed to the peddler's ghost but if his shade flitted through the building, it never brought harm to anyone

After the squire's death, his wife remained for many

years and refused to listen to the entreaties of friends that she leave the place for a better and less "ghostly" home.

About 15 years ago, however, the old house was abandoned and became the decaying habitat for wasps, spiders and the ghostly peddler Several persons who have stopped under the roof during storms in recent years have vowed they heard a horse's hoofs beating on the upper hall floors and so the place became the "Edinburg ghost house."

Hundreds of recent visitors and curious persons during the last few weeks had almost dismantled the building in their search for souvenirs

Heirs of the property have been charging an admission of 10 cents from everyone who wished to look for the ghost within the shaky walls

Perhaps, say the Edinburg residents, the tin peddler did not approve of this commerce Certainly it was not in keeping with the hospitality for which the tavern was noted

Who will be able to say whether his ghost came forth after the young people left last night and fanned the sparks of a dying fire so he could scatter them over the dust powdered floors of the house and then dance crazily in the flickering light while the flames roared?

THE RETURN OF JOE VESLEY

BY JOHN GUNTHER IN THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

(Dec. 27, under the headline "Heroic Deeds Many at Dunning Blaze")

Insanity stalked through the red gloom hovering over Dunning last night, playing queer tricks with human minds and human bodies through the chaos of horror and heroism and despair

Take the case of "Joe" Vesley, for instance In the old days Joe was a fireman with engine company No 31. Ten years ago, mentally wandering, Joe left the department and was sent to Dunning. During the last few years his condition grew steadily worse Joe was one of the "incurables"

Last night Joe was sitting in his little room, twitching his hands Suddenly he heard a series of thrilling sounds which washed him back all the way through the years He heard the clanging of fire engines, the scream of the motor sirens, the swish of hundreds of tons of swirling water, the crackle and sputter of fire

Joe sat up, dazed. He rushed out through the dancing sea of flames And then he saw some faces—faces he remembered They were faces of firemen he remembered—cronies back in the years

The rest of the night saw old Joe Vesley a fireman once again. He dropped his madness like a shroud. All night long he was in the van of the fire fighters, working furiously with neither rubber coat nor helmet, taking part smoothly in the old discipline and routine.

"Who's that?" a battalion chief muttered, his eyes on the old man, streaming with water.

Suddenly these old cronies recognized Joe. Time was brief for welcome, but one "buddy" came up, slapped

Joe on the shoulder, wrenched his hand, and helped him as he dragged hose through the mud, placed ladders against the blazing walls, working like a Trojan.

An engine was stuck in the heavy, greasy ground. A squad of firemen were attempting to loosen the jammed wheels. Joe came up, took charge with no surplus words, and freed the heavy apparatus. And Joe's old cronies stared at him, wondering at the vacancy in his eyes.

To-day Joe sits and tries to recapture the crowded hour last night. He didn't want to leave his old friends. When a guard came up to put him back in his little room, Joe turned away, mutely protesting. But nothing could be done, except a few hearty hand shakes from the cronies. Joe had lived his night. And to-day was another day. . .

Sam Lawrence and Steve Gyda fled in panic from the blaze. They were arm in arm as they broke through the hoop of flame at the door and clinging to one another as they hobbled past hurrying attendants on their way across the grounds. They found themselves back in the world after more than ten years of institutional life—a world that had somehow got all cluttered up with automobiles and fire engines. The misty air was filled with the wailing of sirens and for miles eastward along Irving Park boulevard strange lights were flashing. The two old men said nothing, but hurried on with a single automatic purpose to get out of the turmoil. No one paid any attention to them.

Sam and Steve had been friends for many years, drawn to one another by some peculiar sympathy of mental affliction. They had occupied adjoining cots in the ward, they had demanded—and in the cause of peace had obtained—adjoining seats at the dinner table. Where one had been during the entire period of their stay at Dunning, the attendants had always known that the other would be also. Now, in the ecstasy of their terror they were seen closer. . . .

They did not think to turn off Irving Park boulevard. Having started eastward they continued eastward. Toward midnight, wet to the skin but still borne up by ex-

citement they escaped from a posse of guards sent out to gather in the refugees That was the last seen of them until they walked into a saloon in Milwaukee avenue early this morning and began to fight An astonished bartender stood back to watch the strangest battle he had witnessed in some thirty years' experience with such things

"You are my good old friend," said Steve as he landed a full arm right on Sam's jaw "And you will!"

Sam staggered, lunged and caught Steve with a left on the nose.

"You are the best pal in the world," he observed solemnly. "But you'll come with me or I'll break your face."

At this point the bartender intervened

"What's the cause of this row?" he demanded Steve took him aside and whispered in his ear.

"It's my pal," he said "He's not all right in his mind. I've been taking care of him for fifteen years out at Dunning and I'm trying to get him to come back, but he won't come with me" Sam motioned to the barkeeper from another corner

"I should have warned you," Sam whispered. "Steve, there, is my pal, but he's daft, see? I took him to Dunning years and years ago I've been taking care of him for years, see? And now I'm trying to get him to go back and he won't go"

"We'll all go," said the bartender

Steve and Sam sat side by side in their accustomed places at the breakfast table this morning.

Then, too, there is the case of Hugo Hugo, let it be said, is the terror of Dunning—the great, brawny-armed Hugo, who tore iron bars asunder with his bare hands, who ran amuck like a Malay murderer. Hugo was the kind of inmate known as "violent" in the precise terminology of the institution

"Hugo!" muttered patients who knew and dreaded him. "Where is Hugo? Oh, God, Hugo will kill us! Where is Hugo? Look out for Hugo!"

They sat and cowered Hugo at any moment might come upon them, crazed additionally by fire, wielding heavy bars of iron.

Then some one found Hugo The burly giant was sitting with his face to a wall in the corner, shuddering with terror. Some one gingerly approached and tapped his shoulder. Hugo turned And they saw that his face was streaming with tears

There is John Giza He, too, is an old man, worn with years After the fire he was marshaled back to his little room But "Old Gize" refused to go to bed The red flare was dancing in his eyes still and his thoughts were carried back to former years when he lived with a son

"My son!" muttered Gize "My son! I must see my son I saw him once to-night and I must see him again."

Inmate officials looked up the records, seeking to quiet the old man. They found that "Old Gize" did in fact have a son—a son who had been killed in a fire many years before

There was another old man who wouldn't go to bed It was because he had been carried out of the blazing pyre undressed, and, as a makeshift costume, attendants had dressed him again—in a woman's things, flaring petticoat and bodice and long stockings The old man, shamed, cried and cried He refused to go to bed in such attire. And all night long, waiting for a new costume, he sat, shivering, in his door.

In the institution Pat was always known for his love of Christmas Pat, whose last name was not learned, is a simple soul, vaguely like a child, and he always had loved yuletide and all it stood for—especially, curiously enough, Christmas trees When the fire burst in red flame about him Pat had only one thought

He rushed back through the seething inferno to the dining room, where the flames soared highest He dashed inside, picked up the Christmas tree standing there, lugged it on his shoulder and carried it out He was not seriously burned

The two men who got out of the building first gave their names later as Laurie Hoff and Otto Brand Far ahead of a straggling stream of frightened maniacs and epileptics, they reached haven and sank on the wet ground. Both of them have wooden legs

One phase of the search changed from Dunning proper to a taxicab roaming over the city According to half a dozen witnesses one madman, after an early escape from the pyre, hailed a Yellow cab and has been driving around ever since

Guards feared a general stampede of all the inmates more than any other single thing When the fire started they dreaded any loud shouts from the madmen—shouts which might awaken hundreds to panic and riot. Then, at about midnight, one burly man started to scream

A guard rushed up, trying to hush the screams. The man kept on yelling and panic seemed near Thereupon the guard had an inspiration, took the screaming maniac aside and gave him a cigarette Everything was quiet then.

In another incident cigarettes played a part in the tragedy An orderly came out of the building to inhale some nicotine shortly before the alarm He was in shirt sleeves, far from his room. When he got back everything he owned was in ashes—the price, perhaps, of that one smoke

Other Christmas gifts figured in the story One charred body was found with an arm bent over the burned head of a doll The doll was easily recognizable as a holiday remembrance

One man was found sitting stoically in his chair in the dining room He sat erect and straight, with an air almost of proudness over his blackened features. Evidently he had never moved.

DEATH OF THE *IOWA*

BY W. H. PORTERFIELD IN THE AKRON PRESS

(March 23)

Aboard Battleship *Maryland,* March 23—Seventy-five fathoms deep in Panama Bay, the old American warship *Iowa* lies in her grave today, destroyed by the salvos of the dreadnaught *Mississippi.*

The *Iowa,* on which Fighting Bob Evans sailed into the battle of Santiago, was made a target for her sisters of the new navy

There were cheers from the *Maryland, Arizona, California* and *Pennsylvania* as the *Mississippi's* gunners drove shell after shell into the old warship, at a range of nine miles

Controlled by wireless, with radio waves twisting her rudder and regulating her speed, the *Iowa* dodged and doubled, zig-zagged and turned like a living ship with living men aboard, as the explosives rained around

So maneuvered was she that it seemed uncanny—almost as if the ghost of Fightin' Bob might be on her bridge, and the spirits of those who manned her at Santiago standing at their battle stations.

At last a shell smashed her wireless control and after that the *Iowa* was a derelict. Slowly she keeled over to port, and water cascaded from her decks Forty hits had been scored out of 38 salvos from the *Mississippi*

"There she goes," went the word around the decks of the watching dreadnaughts

The echoes of the *Mississippi's* big guns died away and there was silence It could be seen that she was a hulk. Over and over she heeled Fifteen thousand officers and men, and a large party of congressmen and other official guests watched her die

Then from the *Maryland* came the sound of "The Star Spangled Banner" played very slowly Hats came off, hands stopped to salute—every man stood at attention. A moment later the music, which sounded almost like a dirge, was punctuated by the boom of a gun on the *Maryland*, the first of a salute of 21, the last honor to the sinking ship

The *Iowa* turned turtle Her battered superstructure was hidden under the twinkling blue waters of the bay. The last strains of the anthem died and the men on the bridge of the *Maryland* looked at each other.

Admiral Hilary Jones wiped his eyes as the rusty old bilge keels of the *Iowa* came into view for a moment and then disappeared as the veteran fighting craft took her last plunge

"She was a good ship," he said—"and that was good shooting."

A JAIL DELIVERY

BY HUGH HARLEY IN THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

(Nov 6, under the headline "Four Convicts Break from Penitentiary, One Killed and Another is Recaptured"

One convict was shot dead in a sensational escape from the Eastern Penitentiary last night Three others got away, but one was caught after a chase of several blocks The other two are still at liberty.

Wielding heavy wrenches and brandishing revolvers smuggled in to them, the four convicts made their dash for freedom shortly after 10 25 last night

Firing as they ran, the men encountered very little opposition until they neared the main gate

There Joseph Gilbert jumped at the desperadoes Met with a heavy blow over the head, the plucky guard slumped down in a heap However, he revived for a moment as Joseph Larrimer, a long-term burglar, bent over him to reach for the keys that would unlock the gate

Gilbert summoned his waning strength and snatched for the revolver that hung at his waist Blood was streaming from a wound in his head, but he managed to clutch the weapon There was a sharp report and Larrimer stumbled back with a bullet in his head He died almost instantly

Injured guard and convict toppled in a heap The three remaining fugitives managed to grab the keys

The sensational break for liberty followed as the three escaping convicts fled down Fairmount avenue, waving revolvers, holding up autoists in a futile attempt to gain speedy escape and terrorizing citizens

One of the men, George Duback, a youthful burglar serving a ten-year sentence in "Cherry Hill," was recaptured a short time later near the Shanahan Ice Cream

Company plant at Twentieth and North streets. Crouching in the shadow of the machinery, Duback toppled back screaming in fright when the heavily armed prison guards invaded his refuge. He was quickly battered into unconsciousness and carried back into the prison that he just fled

Two other convicts, Francis Joseph Flynn, alias "Porky," a burglar with a ten-year term, and Emil Bradlem, serving a twenty-five-year burglary sentence, were the men who succeeded in eluding the combined prison and police posses that scoured the houses near the penitentiary in an effort to recapture the two convicts.

Police have thrown a cordon of steel about the entire section and they believe that the two men who have thus far eluded their search are hiding in the cellar of one of the homes. Eventually, they say the men will make a break for liberty and certain death, for the police and prison guards have been ordered to "shoot to kill" the instant they sight the familiar blue uniform of the penitentiary convicts

The break for liberty came when the members of the Board of Prison Inspectors were meeting in the board room The members of that body rushed from the meeting room in time to receive the news that for the second time within four months, a convict band had managed to elude the vigilance of the prison guard detail

The attempted escape was one of the most daring ever conceived by a jail-weary prisoner Larrimer, Flynn, Bradlem and Duback were members of a carpenter detail working on the remodeling of the administration building. That structure is located near the main entrance gate and the convicts were supposed to have been heavily guarded because of the danger of a getaway

Tom O'Neill, a prison guard, was watching the men from a second floor balcony when the break came As if by pre-arrangement, the four convict carpenters started a loud argument and made threatening gestures at each other.

O'Neill leaned over to yell a warning at the men He was met by a fusillade of bullets from the weapons wielded

by two of the men O'Neill dropped to the floor of the balcony as the bullets sped over his head He is the smallest guard at the prison, standing five feet in his stockings

At the first sound of the shots, Gilbert, who was on duty at the main gate, rushed from his booth to learn the cause of the disturbance As he stepped from the iron enclosure, Larrimer brought a heavy chisel down on the skull of the unsuspecting guard

There was a loud groan as Gilbert dropped to the cement walk Larrimer eagerly bent over him to grab the ring of keys that hung to the guard's waist and his very eagerness cost him his life Gilbert made his superhuman effort to reach his revolver, succeeded and killed his convict assailant

With scarcely a glance backward at their stricken comrade, the three other men stepped over his body and grabbed the keys from the unconscious Gilbert

It was the work of a moment to fit a large iron key to the small gap in the great prison door The door swung open and the men stepped into the outer world.

A taxicab approached, the driver, William Simons, of 1317 Hollywood street, moving slowly westward on Fairmount avenue The convicts having in mind the successful dash that six of their former fellow convicts made in a pilfered automobile last July, streaked toward Simons, pointing their revolvers as they ran

Simons, terrified at the sudden appearance of the convicts, attempted to apply the brakes Even as one of the convicts dug the revolver into his back with a command to "Drive like hell if you want to live," the machine skidded along the wet street and slid to the sidewalk.

The taxi smashed into a telegraph pole and with loud imprecations, the three escaping convicts again dashed away.

The three paused at the approach of a touring car driven by L M Howard of 3000 North Broad street. Again they attempted their hold-up scheme and again it failed when Howard recognized them as convicts and bellowed "Murder, police," at the top of his voice.

The fugitives glanced behind them, apparently terrified. They saw guards with shotguns streaming from the prison gate, and abandoned the attempt to steal Howard's car, fleeing east on Fairmount avenue

Down into the darkened Twenty-first street they fled, Duback, heavy of foot and out of breath, decided that his one chance for escape was strategy rather than speed. He turned quickly into North street and fled eastward Several guards spotted him, however, and they were close on his heels

The pattering footsteps behind him struck terror into Duback and he dodged into the ice cream plant of the Shanahan Company Up a side alleyway he fled seeking for some passageway by which he could escape

He ran into a blank wall and, cornered, he dropped to his knees moaning, "Don't hurt me, don't hurt me," as the guards descended upon him The angry prison men, however, were taking no chances on another ruse and they battered the hapless convict, who now had abandoned all thoughts of escape, into unconsciousness Duback was then carried back to the prison hospital.

In the meantime, a general alarm had been sent throughout the city Police of the Twentieth and Buttonwood streets station sped to the penitentiary and hurried southward in an effort to join in the pursuit They soon caught up with the prison guards who were feverishly searching for Flynn and Bradlem

Pedestrians hurried up to the armed posse and told them that the men had fled down Twenty-first street to Mount Vernon and then had turned eastward There all trace of them was lost. Lieutenant Smith, in command of the police, immediately called every available policeman to his aid and posted guards about that section

A woman hurried up to the police head and cried excitedly, "I think they just went into a house on Wallace street near Twenty-first I just heard a man moving about in the backyard"

Smith led the detail of police that surrounded the place. Hundreds of persons streamed after the speeding police, and men and women grabbed every available brick, club

or other weapon that came to hand as they joined in the exciting man hunt

Smith, revolver in hand, climbed over the back fence of the house, while Sergeant Boland forced his way into the cellar window. The two policemen searched the place from cellar to garret, but could discover no trace of the two convicts

When it became apparent that the two men had made good at least a temporary escape, police fliers were sent throughout the city calling upon the police of every district to be on the watch for the fleeing men. Bandit-chasing automobiles filled with detectives ranged the city streets until early morning without any apparent success

Word of the sensational break spread like wildfire throughout the city Nervous householders in the vicinity of the prison refused to go to bed and walked the streets all night rather than take a chance of being surprised by the desperadoes at liberty

The nervousness of the populace in the vicinity of "Cherry Hill" gave rise to many false rumors Women who were afraid to go into their homes as the chill of the early morning air descended upon them, telephoned the police that they thought they had seen a man in the cellar of their homes The police dashed up to the place, searched every available hiding place and then returned, disappointed and disgusted, while the housewife walked into her home secure in the knowledge that no convict lurked in her home, anyhow

Early this morning, the prison authorities received a tip that the two escaped men had made their way to the freight yards of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway at Broad and Callowhill streets The informant said that he had seen two men slinking about freight cars in the yard. Police suspecting that the two convicts might secrete themselves on an outbound milk train, hurried to the spot They found a couple of vagabonds but no escaped convicts Another report arose that the men were secreted in houses on North street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets Two hundred armed men were thrown about the suspected area. Householders fled to

the street in terror, many mothers carrying tiny infants from their homes Every house was searched in a hunt that consumed more than an hour without any success.

Following a report received at the Electrical Bureau from a woman in the vicinity of Twenty-first and Mount Vernon streets that she had seen one of the convicts in an alley, policemen and detectives were rushed to that point

A cordon was drawn about the houses bounded by Mount Vernon and Wallace streets and Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets and every house within that district searched According to the story told by the woman, who was highly excited when she delivered her message over the telephone, she had seen a man in the blue denim prison garb run up an alley and vault the fence into the yard of a house at 2109 Mount Vernon street

She did not wait to see whether he entered the house, but immediately called the police Policemen not only routed every family in the neighborhood from their beds but made a thorough search of every house in the neighborhood They ascended to the roofs as well The searchers broke down the front and rear doors of the vacant dwelling at 2117 Mount Vernon street after neighbors said they had heard a noise in the house

When the armed men reached the top floor they found a trap door outlet to the roof opened, and cautiously passed through the opening, but no trace of the fugitives was found on or about the buildings

HO NIM AND THE BANDIT

BY ROBERT BORDNER IN THE CLEVELAND PRESS

(Nov. 1)

Ho Nim and Fong Tang had just finished their supper in the tiny kitchen behind the laundry of Jim Fong, 2006 Chester-ave, Wednesday night

Then Ho Nim came front to resume his ironing.

He sat down by the little stove for a moment and pondered the "funny place" that America is

A youthful bandit and a "big bang" rose to view over the edge of the counter

"Hurry up, Chink. I'm poor and I got to have money. Hurry up!" was the explanation offered by the youth behind the gun

"Gotta see boss," Ho told him

Fong Tang stuck his head in from the kitchen. The "big bang" startled him so that he squealed and dove under the table where he had been washing dishes

"Snap out of it, Chink, I'm in a hurry," and the gun grew a size larger.

"The boss come tomorrow; see him," said Ho with his eyes on the "big bang"

"I'll blow you up if you don't hurry"

"No bang—DAMN NO BANG! What I care for money!" Ho Nim emptied the cash register of about $12, and handed it to the impatient bandit.

. . . .

Fong Tang came out from under his table after the bandits had gone and put the important question

"What will the boss say now?"

"What I care? No bang all I care," and Ho Nim went back to his ironing.

OIL

BY MATTHEW F BOYD IN THE WASHINGTON HERALD

(October 13, under the headline "Oil Reserves Loss Imperils Security of U S")

That the entire naval oil reserve lands of the United States and not only the Teapot Dome Reserve have been alienated to private interests for exploitation, imperilling the political and national future and independence of America, will be the outstanding fact revealed by the probe into the leasing of Teapot Dome when the Senate Committee on Public Lands opens its hearings scheduled to begin Monday, the Washington *Herald* learned yesterday

That the alienation of the navy's oil lands, to preserve which national leaders have fought the great oil interests since 1913, was planned by the interests and was arranged before President Harding took office is also expected to be revealed, the *Herald* learns

That the alienation of the navy's oil lands, made under cover of more adequately preserving and protecting them when the lands were transferred from the navy to the Interior Department was facilitated and made possible by an executive order dated May 31, 1921, will be brought out, the *Herald* learns

That the alienation of the navy's oil lands, facilitated by the Executive order, may be illegal in addition to being a menace to national security, is a further phase of the probe to be developed, the *Herald* learns.

That Secretary of the Navy Denby and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt were ignorant of the real motive for the transfer of the oil lands from the control of the navy and the control of the Interior Department, although Roosevelt was warned of its real

meaning, will also be revealed by the hearings, the *Herald* learns

That practically every expert on naval affairs opposed the transfer of control of the oil lands and opposed their alienation under color of leasing, is another phase that the committee will develop, the *Herald* learns

Following is a summary of the main points that the committee will bring out, according to information in possession of the *Herald*

During the Republican National Convention of 1920 the statement was made by a prominent political figure that plans were laid for loosening the hold of the navy on its great oil reserves

These oil reserve lands were five in number·

1. Elk Hills, Cal, 38,969 acres, withdrawn from entry September 2, 1912

2 Buena Vista Hills, Cal, 29,341 acres, withdrawn from entry December 13, 1912

3 Teapot Dome, 9,481 acres, withdrawn from entry April 13, 1915

4 and 5 Shale oil reserves

The oil lands, since the dates of their withdrawal from public entry, had been withheld from exploitation as a reserve supply of oil for use in the United States navy, which, in 1913, inaugurated the policy of using oil to drive war vessels in place of coal, the hearings will develop

Immediately following the announcement of the new navy policy calling for great amounts of oil, the great interests headed by Harry Sinclair, William B. Thompson, Harry Payne Whitney, Doheney and Standard Oil started a campaign to take reserves 1 and 2 from the control of the navy and to prevent the navy obtaining other reserves The inside story of this fight between national leaders and naval experts on the one hand and the great oil interests on the other will be disclosed during the hearings

From 1913 to 1920 the struggle between the Nation and the interests was fought out through the White House, the departments and on the floors of Congress, testimony will show In the course of the struggle a Secretary of one of the departments seemed to be weakening, and President

Wilson informed him by a letter that if he yielded to the oil group his resignation from the Cabinet would be demanded instantly This letter may be produced during the course of the committee hearings

During the fight, it will be revealed, fraud of various kinds was perpetrated, but exposed after prolonged battles in the courts. Part of the story of the great land fraud cases will be revealed in the course of the hearing

On June 30, 1920, the Nation seemed to have won its fight to preserve its oil lands, in the interest of naval power and the protection of the coasts, when the Navy Department obtained an amendment to the naval appropriation bill of that date providing a fund of about $300,000 for the use by the department in maintaining the lands intact from the invasion in various forms of oil interests

It will be shown, during the committee hearings, the passage of this amendment was followed by general congratulations being exchanged between the friends of conservation in the interest of national security

But, the hearings will disclose, even while these men felt that at last the long battle was won, the Republican party's control had fallen largely under the domination of the oil interests, so that it was stated during the party's convention that the navy's oil lands were to fall to the oil interests

President Harding took office March 4, 1921. Ex-Senator Fall took office as Secretary of the Interior March 5, and on the same date Edwin Denby became Secretary of the Navy

May 31, 1921, less than two months after taking office, control of the naval oil reserve lands was transferred from the navy to the Interior Department, by Executive order. Protests were made immediately, to which Secretary Denby replied that the transfer was made merely in accordance with President Harding's plan to reallocate Government bureaus in the interest of government efficiency Secretary Fall explained the transfer was made merely to protect and conserve the navy oil lands more fully than the Navy Department could protect them,

and in this "explanation" Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt concurred

March 4 1923, Secretary Fall resigned from the Interior Department, after having alienated the whole of the naval oil lands and given away for a questionable consideration even the navy's oil royalties, the hearings will disclose

Teapot Dome was the immediate cause of the resignation of former Secretary Fall On April 7, 1922, the committee will show, he had made a secret transfer of the oil reserve to Harry Sinclair, who was the sole owner of the entire stock issue of the Mammoth Oil Company of New Jersey, which Sinclair had organized as his agent to take the lease from the hands of Secretary Fall

No bid was asked for the lease No bid was made for it. This, it will be shown, is almost without precedent in Government records Sinclair told the Senate committee, in hearings before Congress adjourned, he estimated the value of Teapot Dome at over $100,000,000 His lease was good for twenty years and gave him at the end of that period a preferential lease for a further twenty years Long before that time, it will be shown, Teapot Dome oil will have been exhausted

The reserve at Elk Hills, Cal, was leased by Secretary Fall largely to the Doheney and Standard Oil interests.

The reserve at Buena Vista Hills, Cal, was leased to Standard Oil, while claims upon some sections of it made by the Southern Pacific Railroad and other interests were declared to be valid by Secretary Fall

The Shale Oil reserves, not immediately profitable, but the value of which will increase with the decrease in the production from other fields, have been alienated to several other interests who filed claims declared to be valid by Secretary Fall

These are the high spots of the story of the alienation of the navy's oil reserve lands that will be developed, beginning Monday, by the Senate Committee on Public Lands The hearing is the result of a fight made in the Senate by Senators Kendrick and La Follette.

THE PASSING OF KID DROPPER

BY LOUIS WEITZENKORN IN THE NEW YORK WORLD

(August 31)

Nathan Kaplan, "Kid Dropper" to the underworld, finally got away from the police yesterday afternoon They covered Kid Dropper's waxen face that had masked so many dark secrets of Manhattan's east side, they screwed the lid of his cheap coffin over him and buried the monarch of Madison Street gunmen in Mount Hebron Cemetery, Flushing

When the Dropper, or all that was mortal of him, left the asphalt of New York and passed over the Queensboro Bridge he passed over Welfare Island (Blackwell's Island to the Dropper) with his back turned It was the first time in the Kid's history that he missed seeing a prison, and this time the automobile hearse of Saul Rothschild, "the iron undertaker," of No 159 West 120th Street, sped thirty miles an hour to carry the dead gangster from his pavements to the clipped hedge and the hanging cypresses of Mount Hebron

Kid Dropper's funeral and burial, once it got into the hands of the police, at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, was speedy beyond decorum Fifty detectives of the Third Division, under Acting Capt Lyons, circulated through 2,000 persons who jammed and pushed along the street and out to Seventh Avenue

A score of uniformed men guarded corners and house fronts and a motorcycle patrol circulated the blocks. They guarded in vain Kid Dropper's Essex Street enemies were absent—their chief, "Little Augie," in the Tombs, their little hero, Louis Cohen, whose bullets last Tuesday brought about this funeral, was indicted for the murder of Kid Dropper almost at the very moment the last shovelful of earth was dropped upon the grave.

It was a strange cavalcade that started from the ancient

headquarters of the Dropper, the Z. & N. Dairy Restaurant, No 202 Madison Street Irene Kaplan, the Kid's widow, was helped into a highbouncing touring car by "Chemyeh"—just Chemyeh, hackman of gangdom's elite. With Irene, who wept silently at first, were her brothers-in-law, Louis, Izzy and Adolph and Adolph's wife

Two taxis and another of Chemyeh's highbouncers were then crammed by fifty of Kid Dropper's old subjects—Whitey Friedman, Jack Noyer, Tom Zommel, Max Schocki, ad infinitum—morose, silent boys barely out of their teens. In one of these taxis rode Louis Toberman, one bullet-pierced foot encased in a tennis shoe

The last of Chemyeh's cars held two more brothers of Kid Dropper, Harry and Hymie Kaplan, and Yossel Cohen, friend and adviser

There was silence in the cab of Hymie and Harry Kaplan at first Hymie, despite the fact that he is held in bail for possessing a weapon, is known throughout the East Side as a "straight guy" Even the police know it, and there are strong rumors that the raid at No 1493 Broadway last week was only to get one man—Kid Dropper—to get him at all costs

"They's one thing the reporters didn't get about my brother," Hyman Kaplan said suddenly "I see where that guy Cotter said he squealed in a Government case Well, tell 'em to ask Thomas Mott Osborne what kind of squealer Kid Dropper was They offered my brother Jack his freedom if he'd perjure himself to dirty Mr Osborne They beat him up, they bulldozed him, but Jack stuck. Ask Thomas Mott Osborne"

The car reached 120th Street, skirted Mount Morris Park and slowed up as the first fringe of the milling crowd before the undertakers fell back to give room

Irene Kaplan got out first and was led quickly into the cellar entrance. Following her came Kid Dropper's aunts—his father's sisters. Adolph, Izzy and Louis went in just as a group of detectives spotted Louie Taberman and six others in a taxi There was a quick frisking, but among all the men from Madison Street no guns came to Dropper's funeral. The code and dignity of the name

forbade Louis and his mates were carried off and held until the services ended.

Saul Rothschild, "the iron undertaker," came forth from beneath the steps of his funeral parlor and surveyed the forty odd men silently standing in line for admission Saul was visibly nervous under his iron and irritable. At his side stood an assistant, a man with a withered arm who chewed gum as if for a living

"Hold off," shouted Saul, barring Hymie Kaplan, Harry and Yossel Cohen "Nobody gets in here until Dan comes down"

"I'm the Dropper's brother," said Hymie

"You ain't to me," said Saul, shifting away from the glances of Madison Street

Daniel Kaplan, physical director for the Board of Education, emerged and waved the staunch forty in They trooped silently up the stairs and passed one by one in front of the coffin where Kid Dropper's pale, white face gleamed under two waving candlelights Then the Kid's wife came up and with a scream reached for her husband's face.

"They killed my darling, they killed my darling May God hear me, he didn't know the man who killed him. You're taking my Jack to his grave, to his grave. Oh, why did they kill that good man!"

There came the low keening answer of the Dropper's aunts sitting on a bench against the wall of the little chapel

"Oomschooldiger korbin, oomschooldiger korbin!"

"A mensch tzuvishen menschen!"

"Why did they kill my man!"

There was a long delay, feet shuffling nervously, Madison Street in its best stiff clothes restlessly pushing in and out of pews and over all the keening of the women At last the tension broke as Rabbi Grossman of Harlem stood up.

"Control yourselves," he began with evident nervousness "Control yourselves."

Then as rapidly as possible he recited Tefilla La Mosha, a prayer to Moses and the 23rd Psalm of David.

Mrs. Kaplan's voice had died to a croon, the rabbi finished and every one stood up. There was a quick herding out, into the automobiles and cabs and with a motorcycle patrolman setting the pace, with detectives riding back and forward. The Dropper's body raced toward the cemetery.

There was no stopping. Traffic was held up—three leisurely funerals were passed—four little girls in white, riding to their first communion, were a speck of light that was flashed by and then the rear tire of Hymie and Harry Kaplan's limousine blew out with a pistol-like report.

The brothers went white, clutching the seats as if waiting for a fusillade of shots. A horde of detectives drove around, the car slid to a halt and the ironic panic was over. A few minutes to change the tire and the cortege went flying along Roosevelt Avenue, turning and winding until it passed beneath the stone archway of Mount Hebron.

White, Friedman, Jack Noyer, Yossel Cohen, Max Schocki, Tom Zommel and Harry Kaplan, a cousin, were honorary pallbearers that walked beside The Dropper's casket as it was hurried to the open grave in a row of ten new graves.

There was no stage wait. Rabbi Grossman recited the Koddisch and Mrs. Kaplan, choking and weeping, recited it word for word behind him. A spadeful of earth was dropped upon the coffin, four of the dead gunman's old pals picked up shovels and covered him with the damp earth.

There were no flowers to adorn this orthodox Jewish funeral except wild ones, blooming profusely, regardless of death—and a potted plant carried by a detective heavily disguised as a mourner. It was another slight error by the police, but the police—and the Essex Street enemies of Kid Dropper—had called a truce for the day.

"The Lord giveth," said Rabbi Grossman, "and the Lord taketh away. Blessed is the name of the Lord."

"Somewhere here," said Hymie Kaplan, "our mother is buried. I don't know just where, now."

266 MILES AN HOUR

BY C. B ALLEN IN THE NEW YORK WORLD

(Under the headline "Air Speed Record Smashed 3 Times in 2 Hours in Navy Fliers' Rivalry")

World records are nothing between friends

Thus it happened yesterday at Mitchel Field that Lieuts. Alford J Williams and Harold J. Brow, pilots of the twin Navy Curtiss racers, with which they finished first and second respectively in the Pulitzer Trophy race last month at St. Louis, bandied the air speed championship back and forth in official tests until it was broken three times in less than two hours. The two men are boon companions and have engaged in a friendly rivalry ever since it was known they were to fly the Navy's entries in the St Louis meet

Williams, eager to retrieve the honors which slipped from him Friday, when Brow established a new world's record by flying at 259 16 miles an hour over the same three kilometre course took the air at 2 P M, and came down with a new record of 263 3 miles an hour

He was champion of the world half an hour

For in that time, Brow, who had been "waiting around" with his blue and gold racer tuned up to defend his laurels, had swept with bullet-like accuracy four times across the course for an average speed of 265 69 miles an hour

It was a thrilling moment for the 2,000 persons who had gathered to watch the tests. Lieut Williams, former Giant pitcher and Fordham football star, already had doffed his sweater for a coat and was waiting to climb into a Vought biplane He was almost due in Van Cortlandt Park, where 20,000 of his fellow-Bronxites were waiting to honor the winner of the Pulitzer Trophy.

"Congratulations, Hal," Williams exclaimed heartily as he clasped Brow's hand, and the crowd closed around them and the still rumbling blue racer "You beat me, all right, but I'll go up after you again to-morrow"

The big ex-pitcher turned and strode toward the waiting Vought. Then he hesitated and turned a calculating eye toward the smiling autumn heavens The flying conditions were as nearly ideal as flying conditions ever are, and to-morrow—

"I guess the boys in the Bronx won't mind waiting if I take them a world's record," said Williams to himself, "and I never played a game yet that was lost till it was over

"Get the old bus ready, boys," he said, turning to the crew of his ship with sudden decision "I'm going up again."

This time, as before, he took the air with his motor roaring deafeningly and the exhausts shooting vicious spurts of flame High and far back of the starting pylon he rose until the little ship was only a glistening speck in the sky Then from 5,000 feet he sent the little racer into a dizzy dive for the spot—500 metres back of the starting line—at which he must level out and maintain a 50-metre altitude until he had reached the pylon at the opposite end of the course

No one, perhaps, will ever know how fast Williams and his ship were traveling in that daring downward swoop, but there were many who held their breath until they saw that the sturdy craft had survived it without disaster The pilot had an air speed indicator on his instrument board, but he had no eyes for that Every nerve and muscle was tensed for the supreme effort of pulling out of the dive just in time, and Williams did it flawlessly

The crowd had time for one admiring gasp and then the blue-air demon had flashed above their heads like a thing in torture to the other end of the course

But the thrills were not done

Five Martin bombers, arriving in formation from the army proving grounds at Aberdeen, Md, for the big air carnival to be held at Mitchel Field to-morrow, flew out

of the horizon. They knew nothing of the speed tests and crept up over the field with ponderous grace to negotiate landings

Unaware they were crossing Williams's course at the flying level he must maintain or be disqualified, they swung across the airdrome with their twin Liberty motors throttled down and droning A mechanic in the gun turret of one smiled and waved an arm in greeting

Through the din raised by the visitors the crowd heard the spitting roar of Williams's plane returning across the hangars, and cursed the blundering ignorance of the bombers And it was then that Williams showed his mettle by holding his course without a quiver and driving through between the big air freighters like a flash of light and with only feet to spare

He came down and got the timers' report He had averaged 266 6 miles an hour in two round trips over the course, they told him, and had bettered Brow's performance by 91 of a mile And the loser was there to clasp his hand and murmur, "Good stuff, Al," while Williams grinned at him understandingly and declared it had been "a lot of fun" for them both

"Did you think you would win it back again?" some one asked him

"Certainly," said the new world's champion, "that's what I went up for"

"How about the bombers, didn't they worry you?"

"They sure did," Williams replied "Didn't you hear me yelling for you people to get them out of the way? But I figured I might as well hit 'em at 270 as at 170

"That dive? Yep, pretty near straight down, I guess; she sure was a-hummin'"

And then the crowd found out what a champion speed airman thinks about just after he has hung up a new world record Williams was in frantic haste to get his feet in the Vought and "find out what the home town boys are doing"

"Where's my necktie?" he howled suddenly "I can't go over there without that" He rumpled his blond hair

savagely and it was apparent to all that his concern over the neckgear had obscured all thoughts of his victory. For a moment it looked as if the Bronx would have to celebrate without its hero, but a woman found the missing piece of haberdashery and handed it to the smudgy and dishevelled flier

"I guess I'm just a little nervous," he confessed, shamefacedly, after the four-in-hand had been knotted with trembling fingers and he was climbing into the Vought It was his only expression of how keen he had been to win the race Two minutes later he was in the air for an eleven-minute flight to his beloved Bronx, where he put the plane through stunts for a half hour before landing

Brow, shy and diffident, in contrast to Williams's free and easy manner, made only one remark after he had taken the record temporarily away from his friend

"There weren't any features to the flight," he said, "everything went O K"

Yet Brow flew the course with astounding precision and skill, taking the championship away from his partner in the bare four flights required between the pylons. Williams, on the other hand, was somewhat erratic, being disqualified on two of his trips across the course for losing altitude On one of these legs, flowing with the wind, he attained a speed of 272 2 miles an hour, but Brow eclipsed this on the same leg by an even two miles

On one of his turns, Lieut Williams narrowly missed crashing when he cut his margins too close and succeeded in getting his plane to "pick up her nose" only ten feet from the ground

The tests were directed by Major William N Hensley Jr, Commandant of Mitchel Field, who was appointed by the National Aeronautic Association as an "Army Neutral." Other observers were Major Junius W. Jones, Operations Officer at the post, Kenneth Lane, official timer for the Federation Aeronautique Internationale, and C F Schlory, Secretary of the Contest Committee of the National Aeronautical Association. The records have not

yet been certified as official, but it was said they would probably be a shade higher when all calculations have been made

It is probable the two flyers will compete again to-day in an effort to eclipse their records before participating in the Air Carnival to-morrow for the benefit of the Army Relief Fund.

THROST'S PARTY

A UNITED PRESS DISPATCH

Fort Madison, Ia, March 9—A few hours before he went to the gallows to-day, Earl Throst, murderer, entertained all the other inmates of the condemned cells in Iowa State prison at a farewell banquet

"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," was the slogan, as each one is doomed to be hanged

The guests at this grim feast, which started at midnight while guards were preparing the gallows for the host, were William Olander, Joe Williams, Roy Maupin and Archie Burns

The dinner was arranged at the request of Throst, who was informed his last wish would be granted

During the dinner as the hour ticked away the minutes, each bringing the host nearer his execution, he presided graciously He told jokes and betrayed no fear of his fate.

When the meal was over, Throst said good-night to all, and they returned to their cells

At sunrise he walked out into the rain and before a little group of drenched witnesses paid the penalty for murdering Inga Magnusson, a school-teacher.

BURIAL OF TWO KILLERS

BY W. POWELL LEE IN THE LOUISVILLE (KY.) TIMES

Eddyville, Ky, Oct 8—A farm wagon drawn by a pair of mules guided by a negro "trusty" rumbled over the cobblestones of the prison yard at Eddyville to the east gate shortly before noon Sunday On the bed of the wagon, in a plain pine box, the body of Monte ("Tex") Walters, man-killer, was borne A guard opened the gate to the road leading to the burying lot on "Vinegar Hill"

Two holes had been dug six feet deep Prisoners had dug them. Prisoners put down the box and shoveled in the dirt. Sorrow was not there, neither was levity No tears were shed A killer had killed and had been killed and had gone as The Nazarene had said, "He who taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword"

The mules and the negro made another trip Ferland's body, boxed, was lowered into the excavation next to his companion in death

The mules went slowly down the hill. The wagon freed of its burden creaked A kindly breeze scattered petals from a withering wildflower close by over the cloddy mounds, writing finis to a chapter of bad men's lives.

THE PRESIDENT GETS THE FARMER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY GEORGE R. HOLMES FOR THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Hutchinson, Kan, June 23—President Harding parked his dignity along with his plug hat in his private car today and went out into the ripening wheat fields of Kansas as a harvest hand to learn for himself some of the reasons for the widespread agricultural discontent which he has heard so much of in Washington during the last two years

Under a broiling hot Kansas sun, which beat down mercilessly and left him dripping with grimy perspiration, the president drove a binder around a ninety acre wheat field in Reno county under the critical eyes of "real dirt farmers" while they explained to him their grievances and their problems.

Later he addressed an audience of 10,000 farmers at the Fair grounds, a few miles from Hutchinson, and there told them what the administration at Washington has done to aid them He recounted at great length the legislative relief provided by the last congress and declared, with a bit of a challenge in his voice, that no government in the world has done so much for its farmers as has the administration at Washington in the last two years.

The Kansans lost no time in hustling the president into the wheat fields upon his arrival in Hutchinson They have grievances aplenty out in this section, and they were fairly itching for an opportunity to tell the chief executive about them

Chester O'Neal, a six foot Kansas wheat grower who owned the field wherein the president cut and shocked the first wheat he had actually come in contact with in years, was the president's principal informant, along with Senator Arthur Capper (Republican) of Kansas, the leader of the

farm bloc in the Senate and Gov. Jonathan M. Davis (Democrat) the "dirt farmer," executive of Kansas.

"What will you get for that wheat?" asked Mr Harding, indicating the 90-acre field of waving gold

"About 90 cents a bushel," responded O'Neal laconically "It cost me one dollar a bushel to raise it."

"Ninety cents a bushel!" exclaimed Mr Harding "Since when? It was a dollar and a quarter in Chicago only a short time ago."

"Yes, that is true—in Chicago," responded O'Neal. "But there is about 21 or 22 cents freight charges on a bushel of wheat, and then there is the profit taken by the local people to whom I sell my wheat

"That field there," he went on, "has cost me about fifteen dollars an acre to raise, counting labor, taxes, seed, etc. It will make 10, possibly 12 bushels to the acre. You see, sir, I must get a dollar a bushel or more before I can break even"

The president was inclined to doubt O'Neal's estimate of fifteen dollars an acre cost of production

"Let's figure it out," he said to the sunburned Kansan, as he got out pencil and paper. And there in the middle of the golden field they put their heads together and figured

The computation of the cost, when they finally completed it, read like this

"Interest on capital value of land $5 00

"Plowing, $1 50

"Harrowing .25

"Drilling 33

"Harvesting 2 50

"Threshing 2 50

"Hauling 72

"Seed and seeding .85

"Total $13 40

"And," said O'Neal, "that is not including taxes, which on this land run about $1 80 an acre."

The president was impressed

There in a nutshell was the gist of complaints and dissatisfaction that exists all through the great Western grain

belt through which the president passed today—high freight rates, high taxes and middle man's profits. The farmers are distinctly dissatisfied and they saw to it that the president was informed of their condition

The wheat field experience of the president was the high light of the most strenuous day he has engaged upon since leaving the capital and the president thoroughly enjoyed it Mrs Harding's enjoyment was no less keen

From the train, the president and Mrs Harding and members of their party were taken in machines for a drive through the waving golden fields of Reno county At Chester O'Neal's farm they stopped

An audience of about a hundred farmers, their wives and children and "hired hands" had gathered there in anticipation of their coming For half an hour the Hardings mingled democratically in the stubblefield, exchanging gossip and "farm talk"

The president had his picture taken with little Mary Jane Dyson, 11 months old, and they both seemed to enjoy it Mary Jane was unafraid and clung tightly onto the lapel of the president's coat for some time after the photographers had finished shooting

When somebody commented upon the fact that Mary Jane seemed to be bearing her honors with dignity and courage, her proud father exclaimed

"Aw, she ain't afraid of anything"

The president was a little reluctant to demonstrate his wheat cutting abilities before so critical an audience, but under the insistence of Gov Davis, Senator Capper and the farmers themselves, he consented to try it. He explained first, however, that his wheat cutting experience had been with a team of horses, or going still further back, with the scythe, when the sheaves were bound and shocked by hand. The snorting tractor was something new

He finally mounted the seat, however, remarking to the driver, whom he replaced

"I'm afraid these people are trying to get me in good with Henry Ford."

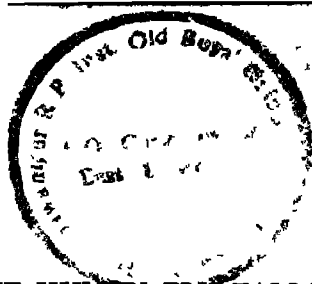
The president proved a very efficient driver. He was

straight as an arrow down the long, clean line of the wheat and his only mistake was being a bit skiddish on the turns. He did it so well, however, that it merited the congratulations from the real farmers who made up his audience and he got down from his perch, brushing off the grasshoppers and apparently well pleased.

From the wheat field, the president went to a luncheon at which many leading Kansans were present and they further impressed on him the dissatisfaction of the farmers of this section.

The president's long speech at the Fair Grounds was, for the most part, received with respectful attention The greatest outburst of applause came when Mr. Harding observed that "the farmer has received nothing more than was coming to him" They liked that and applauded

From the Fair Grounds with its perspiring, shirt-sleeved crowd, the president was taken to the local golf course for a few holes and late in the afternoon departed for Denver, where he is due to arrive tomorrow morning for a Monday speech on law enforcement.



THE HUMAN FLY FALLS

IN THE NEW YORK TIMES

(March 6, under the headline: "'Human Fly' Falls 10 Stories to Death.")

The astonishment of a large crowd of men and women turned to dismay yesterday when, ten stories up the sheer wall of the Martinique Hotel, Harry F. Young, steeplejack, or "human fly," missed his grip by a fraction of an inch or so and fell. He died a few moments later

Young was scaling the Broadway side of the Martinique as a publicity stunt for Harold Lloyd's latest screen comedy, "Safety Last," and Greeley Square was jammed with thousands of men and women tense in the anticipation of a successful climb

Young began his climb during the noon hour, when the Thirty-fourth Street shopping district was most crowded, for the Pathé Exchange, which releases Lloyd's pictures, wanted the greatest possible number of persons in the picture Painted in large letters on the back of Young's shirt were the words, "Safety Last"

Most anxious in the crowd was Young's wife of two months, a pretty bobbed-hair girl of about 20

Frequently, in order to give the crowd, which by this time filled the street below, an extra thrill, Young seemed purposely to let his foot slip, holding tightly to the coping, however There was gasps below, and Young climbed on Up, up he climbed, resembling a giant moth, but his figure growing less and less conspicuous as it faded into perpendicular distance

In his ascent Young walked along the fourth-floor ledge from the north end of the hotel to the middle and commenced climbing diagonally south from that point.

Hundreds more could see him there who couldn't be-

fore. Three cameramen were on the fourteenth floor, and a motion-picture cameraman was on the roof. The machines clicked repeatedly as he went higher and higher It was their chance to get photographs of what Lloyd was called upon to do in his newest release

Finally, Young reached the ledge of the tenth floor. Necks were craning and Greeley Square seemed strangely silent He made the eleventh story People stood thrilled, their heads thrown further and further backward. Young's foot slipped They thought he was again making believe, but in an instant they learned their mistake For an incredible moment Young seemed to stand in space, then his white form came crashing down onto a coping and went in a quick plunge to the sidewalk A prolonged "Ah!" went up from the crowd

Police Sergeant Gross, who was trying to get the spectators to "move on" from the sidewalk to which Young was falling, pushed several women out of the way just in time to save them from probable serious injury or death. An ambulance call was sent in, but when the ambulance arrived from Bellevue a half hour later Young had performed his last stunt

Just before the climb, Young and his wife had luncheon at the Martinique Jack Walsh, house detective of the Martinique, with whom Young had inspected the building last Friday for pitfalls, asked him, he said later, if he should have a room and bath ready so the steeplejack might wash up after completing the climb

"If I do it, have the bath ready," was Young's reply. "If I don't, get a shovel"

Walsh also revealed that Young was to have scaled the wall on Saturday, but the police refused him permission on account of Saturday's traffic congestion

Before starting the climb, Young signed a paper releasing the Pathé Exchange, Inc, "from any claim for personal injury to or death of the undersigned in connection with the climbing of the outside walls of the Hotel Martinique"

Walsh said that Young was to have received $100 for his services.

In Young's pocket was found a card which gave his name and address and added. "Work guaranteed on flagstaffs, church steeples, water tanks and impossible places to reach. America's unique and original steeplejack and stuntist" He and Mrs Young lived at 415 East 145th Street, having moved there last Saturday. He was 32 years old

A FUGITIVE COMES HOME

BY BRUCE CATTON IN THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

(March 5, under the headline "Hunted for Murder 30 years, Wanderer Steals Home to Die")

Elyria, O, March 4—In the center of the downtown business district, at 576 W. Broad street, is a two-story brick business building known to residents as the "Old Hulf Homestead"

Until thirty years ago John Hulf, college graduate and rising young railroad man, lived there But in December, 1893, he disappeared—disappeared on the day following the murder of his wife in Cleveland, a murder that police have always ascribed to him

Search for Hulf failed, despite his easily recognizable appearance Hulf's left arm was missing above the wrist, his left eye was gone But he was never found, although his description was sent broadcast

Of late years the old homestead has been occupied by his sister, Miss Julia Hulf, who lives alone. And to her, through seven long days and nights, the dead past last week spoke a story—that she says she will never reveal.

Into this building, on a dark night eight days ago, came a sick, helpless cripple The wind that rattled the shutters and sent snow flurries eddying about the door whipped his tattered garments close to his shivering figure as he leaned on a companion for support

The companion rang the doorbell long and repeatedly, for the hour was late The two men, waiting, heard old stairs creak inside the building Then the door opened, just a crack, and a middle-aged woman peered out apprehensively.

"Have you got a brother?" asked the companion of the cripple.

The woman looked at him closely.

"I had," she said "He's been away for years—I might not know him "

"Well, here he is," said the stranger. "Take care of him—the doctor says he's just got one week to live "

Then he thrust the cripple into the doorway, grasped his hand, and remarked

"Goodby, John."

The cripple murmured Then the woman drew him inside The stranger went away The door slammed shut.

This was the homecoming of John Hulf, after a generation of wandering

Miss Hulf took him upstairs and helped him to bed. John was weak, slightly delirious, she thought.

"I've got just a week to live, sister," he kept repeating.

Miss Hulf wanted to get a doctor. Her brother, coughing and emaciated, protested

"No doctor," he kept insisting She acceded to his wishes

During the man's long absence his name had never been mentioned in his family's house. His father, John Hulf, who conducted a café in the old days in the first floor of the "homestead," never spoke of him, nor did his mother. His brothers and sisters were given to understand that silence must always cover him and his fate.

Whether John knew of this is doubtful. But at any rate, during the week that elapsed while he lay on the bed in the upstairs room, waiting for the death he was sure seven days would bring, he accorded his relatives the silence that had been his.

Not once during his illness, said Miss Hulf, did he ask for his mother, his father or any others of the family The father and mother are dead, as are a sister and brother of his boyhood But Hulf never mentioned them.

And while he waited for death, Hulf preserved the same silence concerning himself No mention of the crime he was alleged to have committed came from his lips, no word of the wanderings he had had in the last thirty years

"He never told me, and I never asked him," said Miss Hulf.

Yesterday, when news of the matter became public, Chief of Police E. J Stankard pressed her for details of their conversation She replied

"He can't tell, now, and I won't"

Once during the week neighbors heard groans in the upstairs room They telephoned to the chief, who communicated with relatives They said Miss Hulf had a cold, but that there was no need of outside interference. The chief let the matter rest there

The week passed Brother and sister remained alone in the old house. No physician came, there was no medicine; Hulf wanted none He would not even let his sister remove his travel worn clothing

Saturday came, and she told him, "I wish you could get well and clear this thing up"

To which he replied only·

"I'm dying now, sister"

She repeated her question There was no answer

Three hours later John Hulf died The week he had allowed himself had expired. His expectation was fulfilled

Miss Hulf notified Coroner Miles Perry, who told Chief Stankard

The officials notified Cleveland police As far as the authorities are concerned, Hulf's death closed the case There will be no action

Hulf was married some thirty-two or thirty-three years ago. Early in 1893 he and his wife separated, and she obtained employment as a domestic in a home on Franklin avenue, Cleveland

Jealousy made the husband suspicious, it was said, and when Mrs Hulf's body was found stabbed to death near her employer's home, a search for him began

Her dying words were said to be an accusation of him as her slayer

On the following day, Hulf's coat was found on the ice at Rocky river Open water showed at an artificial hole beside it.

When the search for him failed, police came to believe

he had drowned himself, although the river was repeatedly dragged in vain for his body.

Hulf was a graduate of Oberlin college He studied law in Toledo university after graduation, but turned to railroad work when a hunting accident deprived him of his left eye and forearm.

THE MURDER OF HELEN CHUN

BY ROBERT B PECK IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

(December 26, under the headline "Thief Slays White Wife of Chinese")

Yellow tragedy overtook Helen Chun yesterday in spite of her efforts to evade it Her Chinese husband, Harry Chun, found her dead in their apartment, 601 West 184th Street. Her throat had been slit and the black cord of her kimono was knotted so tightly about her neck that it had sunk almost from sight in the smooth white skin

Helen used to be a cloakroom girl at the Mandarin Restaurant, Broadway and Forty-ninth Street Her hair was golden, her eyes blue and her lips and cheeks did not need the color she applied according to the Broadway ritual

Harry Chun was a cook at the Mandarin Helen had admirers in plenty, but none so faithful and so humble in his adoration as Harry Chun It was a real pleasure for him to give jewels and strange bits of carved ivory to his idol, and he sought nothing in return The other girls kidded Helen sometimes about her Chinese wooer, but Helen, although only eighteen or nineteen years old, had seen enough of Broadway to know that worse might befall her than a Chinese husband

She agreed at last to marry Harry Chun With the terrible clarity of vision which is the chief protection of cloakroom girls, Helen insisted from the first, however, that she was not going to go Chinese. She was not going to live on Pell Street or Doyers—a condition at which Chun, who stands high in the On Leong Tong, smiled gravely—nor would she live, even at first, in a tenement.

She must have an elevator apartment, said Helen, with white-painted woodwork, old ivory walls and a tiled bath

and kitchen. Harry Chun granted all this as readily as he would have obtained for his white bride a necklace of jade

He got a four-room apartment with white woodwork and tiled bathroom and kitchen in an elevator house, 601 West 184th Street, and he furnished it with the sumptuousness of a Chinese who finds he can buy his life's desire with gold

They were married February 25, 1922, in the 2nd District Court, Newark, by Justice Pascal D'Alvarioa It became necessary recently for them to economize or find a new source of revenue, for Harry Chun would not permit his white wife to work, and his own earnings were insufficient to maintain the magnificent establishment in which he had installed his bride, let alone put by the savings which are a part of the Chun family's household economics

Two weeks ago Chun discovered the solution of the problem which had been vexing him He found two boarders One was George Hoy, a cook in a Bronx restaurant, whom Chun knew The other was Roy Manko, also a Chinese, but not so well known to Chun

There were tattoo marks on Roy's arm Chun did not like that The Chinese sailors with whom he had come in contact had learned wickedness in many ports, but Roy seemed quiet enough A week ago the suspicions aroused by the tattooing on Roy's arm became disquieting to Chun, his wife having told him Roy had tried to borrow money from her and had reviled her when she refused.

Chun had about reached the decision that Roy must go as he took the elevator to his apartment about 5 P M yesterday. He tapped lightly on the panel of his door as was his custom, but there was no answering tap of high heels hastening to admit him, no rustle of the silks his white bride loved to don for his home-coming. Behind the door was silence.

Chun opened the door with his key The apartment was dark Chun fumbled unaccustomedly for the wall button and flashed on the lights Still there was silence. He went to his wife's bedroom

A dress was laid out on the bed. The high-heeled slippers that every night but this had scurried down the hall to greet him, stood primly together beneath the hem of the dress. Then Chun saw the room was somewhat in confusion. There were stains on the floor.

Like little red buttons, cut from cherry wood and highly polished, they lay in a string on the floor. He followed them with his eye. They led toward the bathroom Chun stooped and rubbed one of the little buttons with his finger It left a smear on his finger and a faint ring on the hardwood floor

Chun's feet led him almost involuntarily along the trail of little round stains The bathroom door was open He entered All that remained of his wife was doubled up in the bathtub Only her hair was pretty now. The kimono she wore was stained with blood from the wound in her throat, which had severed the jugular vein Her features were contorted by a strangler's noose, made from the silken girdle she had worn

Chun left the body as it lay He went into each of the other rooms All were unoccupied and in confusion There had been a struggle in the bedroom and then that and the other rooms had been searched The household fund of $90 had been stolen A few articles of jewelry of little value were missing, too

Still stunned by grief, Chun went to the West 152nd Street police station and told his story Inspector Coughlin and Captain Arthur Carey, of the homicide squad, came up from headquarters

They learned that a parcel had come by mail for Mrs. Chun at 1 o'clock and that she had received it from the elevator boy. She had told him it was from her sister A Christmas card inscribed "To Sis, from Mildred," was found in the litter on the floor and the elevator operator remembered seeing it attached to the package.

At 2 o'clock a Chinese friend of Chun's had called The hallboy was unable to get Chun's apartment on the telephone and assumed Mrs Chun had gone out, although he had seen her The caller departed without going upstairs.

George Hoy, who had left the apartment at about 11 A. M. with Chun, was found at his place of employment in the Bronx and had been there throughout the day.

When they went out they had left Roy Manko in the apartment. He did not return last night

Police believe Mrs Chun's assailant first buried his knife in her throat and followed her to the bathroom when she fled from him, snatching the cord from her kimono and strangling her with it They found finger prints on the door of her bedroom and took the door to police Headquarters to photograph them They were unable to find the knife with which the woman had been stabbed.

Manko's last place of employment so far as detectives could learn, was at the Penn Post Hotel, where he was a cook

Mrs Chun's sister, Gladys Martin, lives at 39 Sanders Street, Philadelphia.

A SILK HOLD-UP

BY R. O. LOCKRIDGE IN THE NEW YORK SUN AND GLOBE

(July 17, under the headline "Bogus Cops Steal Load of Silk")

John Ranzman, 29 years old, 308 East 101st street, is in jail The brothers Lebonte—Leo and George—roll peacefully on their way on a truck loaded with $60,000 worth of unfinished silk, the property of William Skinner & Son, manufacturers, of Holyoke, Mass—even as they rolled at 6 o'clock this morning as they traveled toward New York But between—ah, there's the melodrama!

The brothers Lebonte, with Leo at the wheel and George as helper, made their way toward the wholesale storerooms of Skinner & Son, down the Boston Post road The sun shone brightly and all was at peace Up the road at 168th street, as to make the peace more peaceful, came the reassuring figure of a policeman in the front seat of a Cadillac motor car The police car, in which there were four other men, passed the truck

But having passed, the motor car turned The truck came along side The brothers Lebonte looked down and the policeman and his companions, two of whom displayed detectives' badges, looked up

"Let's see your bill of lading," the policeman commanded The brothers Lebonte had none They didn't know it was necessary

"Certainly it is What you got in there? Bootleg? Get down!" The brothers Lebonte got down

Ensuing events were puzzling The man in uniform ordered two of the others to get on the truck and drive it to headquarters. He ordered the brothers Lebonte—Leo and George—to get into the car. Whereupon the brothers Lebonte embarked on a strange ride through the Bronx,

which ended some hours later on River avenue, behind the Yankee Stadium. End of Act I.

The curtain of Act II rose on Patrolman John J. O'Connor of the Morrisania station, on duty at 165th street and the Boston road Bystanders told him of having seen the capture of a bootleggers' truck a few blocks up.

Patrolman O'Connor went to offer assistance He arrived just as the two detectives—it is about time to begin using quotation marks, "detectives"—were driving off in the truck But when they saw him they did a thing that seemed passing strange to Patrolman O'Connor They got out of the truck without bothering to stop it and went away—rapidly

Patrolman O'Connor leaped into the truck and hurriedly brought it to a stop Just before he managed to halt it, however, it smashed a water plug Act II ended with Patrolman O'Connor standing in the geyser getting set to dash after a man flitting down 168th street

As the curtain rose on Act III Patrolman O'Connor blew his police whistle for reserves The reserves arrived and surrounded a block on 166th street, where the man had been seen last After a long search Ranzman was pulled out of the basement of 506 East 166th street

Ranzman was taken to the Morrisania station and held on a robbery charge The brothers Lebonte, having been relayed by the first policeman, into whose ears they had poured their story, arrived to get back their truck.

The brothers Lebonte are seen rolling away as the curtain falls

PHOTOGRAPHING THE ATOM

BY EDWIN E. SLOSSON FOR SCIENCE SERVICE, (a syndicate)

(Dec 29)

Motion picture photographs of the tracks of the nucleus of the helium atom traveling at a rate fifteen thousand times greater than that of the fastest rifle bullet were exhibited this morning to the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Prof W D Harkins of the University of Chicago

One of the forty thousand photographs taken in the course of his investigations showed the collision of the nucleus of a helium atom moving at this speed with the nucleus of an argon atom which is much heavier The force of this blow was the most terrific ever recorded by any direct experimental means, for the energy of his helium projectile on account of its immense velocity was some two hundred and twenty-five million times that of a rifle bullet in proportion to its mass Yet the argon nucleus was not broken up by the shock, for its track beyond the site of the collision is not double but single The nucleus is the central sun around which the planetary electrons revolve at high speed Although the nucleus of an atom is so small that it would take a million times a million of them laid in a row to reach an inch, yet their motion can be made visible and photographed by passing them through damp air strongly lighted from the side. When the air is suddenly cooled by expansion the flying atomic fragments leave luminous tracks of condensed water vapor Ordinarily the path is straight but some of the photographs show that the helium nucleus has been deflected or forced to rebound by contact with the nucleus of one of the atoms of the gas

Equally spectacular experiments with atoms and electrons were exhibited by Dr Willis Rodney Whitney of the General Electric Company in his lecture on "The Vacuum,

There Is Something in It ” He laid a layer of thorium, one atom deep, on the surface of a tungsten wire in a lamp bulb and then drove it off by molecular bombardment, all in a few minutes before the audience He showed how a stream of electrons, the atoms of electricity, could be retarded, deflected and then repulsed by a simple charging of a grid with the same sort of electricity by pointing at the tube with a resinous rod rubbed by his hand He demonstrated the wireless transmission of electrical power through space Although a lamp bulb is supposed to be exhausted to a vacuum yet it still contains as many gas molecules as there are people in the world He charged toy balloons with electricity by rubbing them on his hair and then discharged them instantly by X-rays The X-rays are now used not only for photographing our bones but also for detecting synthetic silk from natural fiber and testing the strength of metals by revealing their crystal structure

The new conception of the atom as mostly empty space with a positive nucleus and rapidly moving negative electrons seems at first to be a less stable foundation for the material universe than our old fashioned notion of the atoms as little hard and solid balls Yet as Professor Harkins showed, they can stand incredible blows and as Professor T C Chamberlin of the University of Chicago explained in his lecture on the constitution of the earth the rapid rotation of the electrons in the atom give the stability and elasticity of a gyroscopic top, which is greater than any purely static and rigid structure could have The intense revolutions of the atom create powerful electric and magnetic fields and their polarities afford points of attachment to other atoms and so make up solid bodies. The rotational energy embodied in the earth seems to be many hundreds of thousands of times as great as the vibration energy of the internal heat of the earth, Prof Chamberlin said, and this new view of the constitution of matter profoundly reverses the idea of their relative value hitherto held by geologists. Heat is a disintegrating force while the revolving electrons on the contrary hold the world rigidly together.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

BY MAGNER WHITE IN THE SAN DIEGO SUN

(September 10)

The biggest shadow in the world—235,000 miles high, 105 miles wide and 75 miles thick in its densest part—fell across San Diego today, the shadow of the moon as it crossed the face of the sun

The heavenly appointment was carried out as predicted, 120 years since the last time, 120 years until the next time

One hundred and twenty years ago, scared Indians fled over the hills at the sight, or the more civilized ones knelt before shrines in the comparatively new San Diego mission and received the comfort of padres, wise in the mysteries of the heavens.

Today, white successors to the Indians gazed from housetops, landpoints and from airplanes at the sight Some, calm in the meager knowledge of science, were unafraid, others trembled like the Indians of old as the earth's satellite blotted out the sun, leaving only its pearly corona flashing through the blackness like a halo in the sky

Indian ceremonies of yesterday on the hills found their counterpart in a "Fête of the Sun" at Coronado, where 500 actors dramatized the awe of the multitude during the eventful moments of the midnight that came at noon.

Smoked glasses and exposed films by the thousands were turned toward the phenomenon. Scientists strained every eye nerve, keenly aware of the tremendous possibilities for discovery that attended the fleeting moments.

Clouds and fog of the early morning added 500 per cent. to the inky depth of the shadow Whatever was lost to science by the meanness of weather conditions was gained in impressiveness for the lay spectator.

Traveling 25 miles a minute, the shadow came.

The moon, which had been unseen in the morning fog, began to encroach on the sun's apparent rim The contact was signaled immediately by a sudden "turning down" of the sun's light, more sensed than visualized

Behind its prepared glasses, San Diego presented its composite face to the fiery convergence

Toward the gazing city, at the top of the 235,000 mile shadow, was the greatest mystery in the neighboring heavens, something the eye of mortal man has never looked upon—the "other side" of the moon, the coldest and deadest side of one of the solar system's coldest and deadest orbs

Steadily the moon moved on, obscuring more of the sun's face, and the shadows deepened ominously.

Nervous scientists twisted thumb screws and made final adjustments of their costly instruments all along the coast, from Point Loma to Ensenada

Airplanes laden with scientific instruments whirred overhead, exploring the outskirts of the speeding shadow, tiny spots that grew dimmer as the moon continued her encroachment on the sun's blazing rim

Sudden cool gusts of wind, released from the command of solar energy, swept in from the sea as darkness fell.

In the residential districts and on suburban farms chickens, puzzled by the abrupt night, took to their roosts; and cattle stirred restlessly in the yards, the routine of their lives distorted by the happening in the sky

Animals in Ringling Bros circus, waiting for the afternoon performance, paced their cages and roared and whined, disturbed by this sudden lighting up within a few hours of morning

Noon whistles sounded—the first time a noon whistle ever sounded in San Diego during an eclipse of the sun. Midnight at midday! Paradox of 120 years.

The black pattern weaves, from lacy dimness to deeper gloom Imaginative forebodings become deeper, shaking at the foundations of the security the human being feels in ordinary times, suggesting, in the thought which we hide

from each other through sheer bravado, that perhaps this time something may happen that never happened before, something disastrous, something gigantic and overwhelming that will take no account of mankind's limited past experience

And now still darker. The Mistress Moon moves on in her eternal path, prompt in her appointment Tiny humans on the globe below, the Earth—how inconsequential before this relentless, dogged power of the solar bodies moving in their orbits

Darker! The real shadow is coming! Incredible speed It bursts in from the sea, going 25 miles a minute

Night is upon us

What is this fear we can't keep down? The hint of the infinite night—a world with no sun!

Our friends give us ghastly smiles, pale lilies they are. Shadow bands stripe the earth, quivering crescents of light flit on the sides of buildings

The city glows in puny artificial light

The blot in the sky is now complete The sun is gone!

A tiny streak shoots out from behind the blot—a solar prominence A scientist tells us that "tiny streak" is 80,000 miles long! Blazing and glowing at a heat beyond human imagination It is a real hell fire. One lick of its tongue across this earth—!

Oh, war—thou feeble destructionist!

And yet this is a small demonstration we are witnessing The Indians of Pala in 1806 and we mental aborigines of 1923 are all together as much less than nothing before this sight of the heavens—and yet it is nothing in the universe The burning of vast stars, such as the giant sun that exploded last winter and consumed itself in a space thousands of times greater than our entire solar system, was a greater characteristic of the magnitude of the universe than is this temporary darkening of a small strip of our planet

But this terrible awe Children on the doorsteps catch it and cry out at the darkness

Why is everything else so still? We realize it all of a sudden—there is not a laugh in the city!

By telephone we get a picture of "quaint Tijuana" during these three minutes There is no wickedness there now.

The saloons have no customers during this sample of absolute night. Painted women stand in their doorways and look out on the heavens for the first time, perhaps, in years with wondering minds Before the spectacle they are moved inwardly with misgivings The background of childhood superstition and those years, long ago, of contact with churches comes to the front

Their poor souls, dormant and obscured by the fast life, begin to scratch inside their broken bodies—and the pain of that passing experience is sweet, because it is so rare.

"What makes it? What makes it?"

The universe has played a dark card—and that card is a trump card, for Tijuana, quick with arguments for worldly ways, has no answer to the riddle of the universe

Ah, it's lighter now The gloom is passing. It lifts, speeds by and again the shadows are lacy

The crescents are back on the sides of buildings

The sun shoots a glaring signal from around the edge of the moon The sun is escaping from the interloper. The inexorable laws of space that forced this illusion are now destroying it

Boundaries of the densest portions of the black night are fleeing eastward and to the south, across Mexico

Breezes slowly die as the sun's rays resume control of the terrestrial temperature

Soon it is morning of the "night that came in the day"

Puzzled chickens flock down from their roosts Cows go back to their grazing Street lights are turned off Frightened children are reassured

San Diego drifts back into its marts and households.

Tijuana shakes its languor.

The spell is gone, gone for 120 years.

When the shadow returns, we shall not see it. We shall be with the Pala Indians of 1806

And the event will be the all-absorbing topic then to those strange creatures whom we may never meet except in our imaginations—our children's grandchildren.

MAN-MADE LIGHTNING

BY ALEXANDER SMITH IN THE BERKSHIRE EVENING EAGLE, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

(June 6, under the headline "Man-Made Lightning Bolt Controlled by Mere Touch")

All records for thunder and lightning, for yesterday at least, go to the General Electric company research engineers, who produced, for the benefit of a group of newspapermen, bolts of lightning in the high voltage engineering laboratory at the plant, ranging in power from a mere million to just twice that amount

The fleecy clouds above these Berkshire hills have turned loose some real displays of Jovian humor, but they'll have to hustle, else they'll be lost in the mists It was only about two years ago that man made one million volts of electricity and turned it loose all at once He discovered that he had made lightning And now he is making two million volts and turning it loose and is finding out that he is making more lightning

At the rate of one million volts every two years, it won't be so very long before nature will be caught up with, that is if nature doesn't get peeved.

A rough estimate of the voltage of a bolt of natural lightning by some of the highest authorities on the subject places it conservatively at 100,000,000 and over. So the possibilities are evident

Considered entirely from the spectacular viewpoint, the demonstration far surpassed anything ever witnessed by a group of men, unless it be the terrific conflict of the World war. No other place on the face of the entire globe has ever had the distinction of having had loosed within its borders, 2,000,000 volts of electricity at one time. It is a distinction which belongs to Pittsfield alone. From the

scientific standpoint the demonstration was of untold value. Engineers the world over will study the results and calculate against the future Commercially the demonstration proved facts which may now come into use for many years, but man is ready to meet nature at least part of the way

The sheer beauty and terror of lightning can only be appreciated when studied at close range. By close range is meant a distance of 15 or 20 feet. In nature it is almost impossible to study lightning on account of the fact that one never knows where it is sure to strike. Through the efforts of F W. Peek, Jr, A D Hendricks, G. Faccioli and C. C Chesney, the engineers who made possible the equipment for the demonstrations, it is now possible to conduct an accurate study of the effects of lightning on a given number of objects and under any possible conditions. The value of yesterday's demonstrations is found in the fact that engineers can now plan power equipment, transmission lines, etc, in such a manner as to withstand, to a further degree, the destructive effects of natural lightning Lightning arrestors and other protecting devices are designed on the basis of these tests.

A description of the tests from the standpoint of the layman might prove interesting

To begin with, the party which witnessed the tests was made up of newspapermen, engineers and work officials. After a short conference period in General Manager Chesney's office, when pictures of previous experiments and technical data describing the experiments to take place were distributed, the party proceeded to the laboratory, located in building 12-A.

Building 12-A is a huge structure, the interior dimensions of which are 100 feet square by 60 feet high It is built of brick, concrete and steel. The interior walls are lined with steel sheets The windows are protected with steel curtains, moved by electric motors. During the experiments the steel window curtains were lowered so that the immense "auditorium of lightning" was as dark as the darkest Stygian night The first experiment was

simple, that is it was simple in the eyes of the engineers present. But to the eye of the uninitiated it was far from the childish notions of lightning After a brief trip amid the maze of huge transformers, condensers, spark gaps, lightning arrestors, switches, generators, and other highly technical electrical apparatus, the visitors were escorted to a steel balcony, hung on the side of the building about 50 feet from the floor

From this vantage point, which at times appeared to be far from the safest place in the world, the experiments were viewed Directly underneath this balcony was a huge pool of oil, containing 40,000 gallons This was merely one of the transformers "undressed" as it were which figured in the experiments There were three of them in use, each containing 40,000 gallons of oil and miles and miles of copper wire and copper bus bar

The first experiment—how those words will stay in the memory of the witnesses After reaching the balcony, with somewhat of a feeling that the next step would be the last, despite the repeated words of the engineers that everything was fool-proof, the guests ranged themselves along the steel hand rail and waited with bated breath Suddenly the lights were turned off and the vast room plunged in darkness A tiny red light glowed below somewhere in the maze of apparatus In the center of the balcony was the control board, itself a mass of wires and switches A small red lamp shed dim rays on several dials and instruments, and the operator of the death dealing power compelling lightning sat as motionless as the Sphinx, awaiting the order to start the test

The order was passed and a slight humming noise became noticeable, above the whir of generators and dynamos Presently faint streaks of bluish light appeared directly in front of the balcony which later resolved themselves into definite lines The lights, light halos around the wires, increased in their intensity as the current was fed through them, until they glowed brightly and even gave off little vicious spits of miniature lightning Gradually the noise increased and the bluish halo around the wires grew.

Below the balcony a huge oval of phosphorescent light began to appear and immediately the questions were forthcoming It looked like a piece of the moon on a foggy night and it glowed like a living thing The engineers explained that it was the oil in the "undressed" transformer and that the high voltage caused it to throw off phosphorus The situation grew decidedly uncomfortable as the intensity of the voltage was increased, until one felt that something certainly must happen soon So close was the party to the scene of action that the hair on the head and even on the back of the hand, rose in terrified obedience to the command of the great mystery—electricity

Then, all of a sudden, and with a terrific crashing noise, 1,000,000 volts of first quality lightning, guaranteed home-made, broke loose It jumped 10 feet from one point to another and then back again and then playfully cavorted around in the dim spaces just ahead of the party on the balcony It wouldn't have been so bad if the engineers hadn't warned everyone to keep back from the steel rail during the actual experiment for, they explained, the rail would act as a ground for the lightning and it might be safer to shrink against the wall. All the wall flowers in history were outdistanced by the shrinking violets who obeyed the instructions of the engineers

Almost as suddenly as it started, the test was over It showed the leakage of electricity from the wires and the leakage by spark over. The actual bolt of lightning was a beautiful thing to behold Almost pure white in color with sharply defined outlines, all surrounded by a delicate tracery of network which would have shamed the product of the industrious spider It dazzled the eye, to see, made the heart jump with its terror and caused the skin to creep

And so it went with gradually increasing voltages until the 2,000,000 volt maximum capacity was reached In test three a spark, 15 feet long carrying a power measured in 2,000,000 volts, jumped across space The spark, in reality a bolt of lightning, cut the air like a knife and for three seconds held the stage and attention of the spectators

as in a vise. More horsepower was discharged in this three seconds than has ever existed in all the electrical machinery of the world.

Test number five, in which the spark-over from an insulator built to carry a 220,000 volt line was subjected to 660,000 volts was easily, from the spectacular nature, the best of all. The 660,000 volt mark is called the margin of safety In other words, the insulator is built to carry a line of 220,000 volts and with a margin of 440,000 volts in the event of natural interference. The demonstration was arranged to show the effect of a spark-over, that is an excess load on the insulator in a rain storm.

A fine spray of water was played on the insulator while the party crossed from the first balcony to another, directly opposite The insulator swung from the ceiling to the level of the balcony and about 10 feet away At the word the "juice" was turned on The lines glowed and the corona, that is the halo, became clearer and clearer, until at last the spark jumped with a soul-stirring, horrendous whine, it increased in volume and came nearer and nearer to the fascinated watchers on the tiny balcony, until it seemed that it would jump and strike death with one clear, clean blow The passing of a World war shell, three-sixteenths of an inch from one's ear, certainly could not provide a thrill one bit keener Then as suddenly as it broke, the spark subsided

Three times this performance took place and three times the mere observers watched. It was a success. But as one of the observers said it was deadly in its spell. He later said that he could not have moved if the spark had actually reached out and touched him. Another facetiously remarked that it would have been true. At times the spark came within three feet of the balcony—just a yard from eternity.

Test five illustrated the control of lightning A miniature village, constructed to scale, was erected on the floor of the room There was the village church, the country store and a number of houses. On the buildings were lightning rods The lightning was released It struck the steeple, the village store and houses sometimes

splitting as it does in nature and going in two directions. Thus its characteristics can be studied. The photographers were busy at this stage. One of them strayed away for a moment from his camera while the lights were on and before he could return the lights were switched off. He lighted a match to guide his way back to the camera. How feeble the match seemed, how puny its light, beside one flash of another man-made article—lightning

The final test dealt directly with the two million volt lightning generator, a massive instrument, to the layman a terrifying maze of wire and metal This generator produces voltages starting at zero and reaching a maximum capacity of 50 million volts per second The discharge from this generator is distinctly explosive in character, differing in this respect from the power stored in the transformers. The noise is thunder and the flash is lightning, that's all there is to it. To demonstrate the power of a bolt of this lightning a stick of maple, two inches square and two and one half feet long was set up and the bolt directed squarely at it from the top It split it in a millionth of a second, as clean as with an axe

Through the center of the stick, a tiny groove was cut. A peculiar odor emanated from the wood after it was struck, which the engineers said was a gas formed by the combination of the electricity with the fibers of the wood The composition of the gas has not yet been determined.

At the conclusion of the experiments, the party adjourned to Mr. Chesney's office where explanations were in order by G. Faccioli and Mr Chesney of the various experiments performed. Mr Faccioli explained the possibilities of the wonderful substance at man's command and of how so much more could be accomplished in a short space of time in the world's work What once took ages through process of evolution can now be accomplished in an exceedingly brief space of time.

After the conference, dinner was served at the Wendell hotel and arrangements made for the return of the newspapermen from outside the city.

THE FAKE DOCTOR EXPOSÉ

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE IN THE ST LOUIS STAR

(The following two stories, the first of a series in the *St Louis Star* that exposed the "diploma mill," appeared Oct. 15 and Oct 16)

On the afternoon of August 6, 1923, I was summoned by the managing editor, who said "I have been told by Health Commissioner Starkloff of the existence of a 'diploma mill' which enables men who have no substantial knowledge of medicine or surgery to purchase credentials permitting them to practice

"The 'mill' has thrived for several years, but medical investigators and detectives have been unable to expose it Dr Robert Adcox of St. Louis is believed to be a member of the ring

"Here is your assignment Leave *The Star* and get a job as a salesman, calling on trade in and around St. Louis Drop your surname and use your given names, Harry Thompson After you have established yourself as Harry Thompson, ascertain where Dr Adcox lives and rent a room in a house next door to him, if possible The rest is up to you Use your wit, take your time, and get acquainted with him Don't come back to this office until you have gone through the 'mill.' "

Within a few hours I had called on Homer F McDonald, president of the Meteor Coal Company, 906 Boatmen's Bank Building, a friend, and explained that I was undertaking an investigation which made it advisable that I become figuratively someone else. He gave me a job as a coal salesman who had just come to St. Louis from Springfield, Mo

I soon learned that Dr Robert Adcox had resided at 1806 Coleman avenue, and, by asking questions in the 1800

block while soliciting orders for coal, I ascertained that he had removed to 4414 Delmar boulevard. Mrs. P. G. Pierce rented two light housekeeping rooms to me in her residence at 4422 Delmar—two doors west of the doctor. I moved to my new lodging on August 13.

Fate took a hand and dealt me a sore throat, which came as a boon Nursing the throat, I took a seat on the front porch of my new residence and watched a letter carrier coming up the street Dr Adcox was standing on his front porch as the letter carrier arrived

"Can you tell me where a doctor lives?" I inquired of the postman

"Right there," said the obliging mail man, pointing to the doctor who was looking toward us.

I walked over and introduced myself and said I had a sore throat

"I've retired from practice," Dr. Adcox said, "but I can send you to a friend—"

Right there I pictured the big opportunity fading, so I said to him, "I don't care whether you practice regularly—anybody can paint a sore throat"

Dr Adcox took me into his house and painted my throat. I paid him $3 in currency and he suggested I come in the following day, which I did

"Doctor," I said, when I arrived for the second day's treatment, "I certainly envy you your profession You fellows have it easy"

"Yes," he agreed, smiling. "It's a great business None better And by the way, since you live so close to me, drop in any time"

Next day as I walked down the street he called to me and asked me to come in He took up the conversation where we had left off the preceding day.

"So you envy me my profession?" he inquired

"I certainly do"

"And you would like to be a doctor?"

"You bet"

"Well, it is a great profession, a business with a world of opportunities Right now, for example, if you happened to be a doctor I could put you in soft for life. I

have a visitor here from California, a nurse who is an old pal of mine. She has charge of a middle-aged woman who is the widow of a doctor The woman isn't any too bright, but she's worth half a million dollars and she's crazy to marry another doctor.

"Harry, my boy, if you were a doctor I could fix it for you to marry her, for she will take any man the nurse picks for her That would be soft for all of us, wouldn't it? Of course, you are not a doctor, but that just goes to show how many opportunities come to a doctor But say, Harry, how would you like to become a doctor?"

"Great," I told him, "but I'm almost thirty years old, I couldn't start to school again at my age I didn't even finish high school"

"Bunk, Harry my boy, bunk! You wouldn't have to go to school—not for more than a few months at most, and so far as the high school thing is concerned I could get you a high school diploma in any one of a dozen places. How much money have you saved?"

"About a thousand dollars"

"Would you spend it to become a doctor?"

"You bet I would"

"Then, Harry, you're just as good as a doctor right now, for I'll make you one"

"How can you do it?"

"A-ha, Harry, a magician never reveals his tricks—but get ready to go to Kansas City with me to-morrow night and I'll show you"

Arrangements for the trip to Kansas City were made under the direction of Dr Adcox, who instructed me to purchase two tickets and two lower berths on Missouri Pacific Train No 13, leaving Union Station at 10 10 P. M. Friday, August 17. The southwest corner of Delmar boulevard and Newstead avenue was to be the meeting place at 9 10 P M

Not all the arrangements, however, were made by Dr. Adcox. *The Star* had made a few also and at the precise moment I met the physician that night E R Alexander of *The Star's* news staff appeared upon the scene. Here is

an extract from Alexander's report, made to the managing editor the following day.

In accordance with your instructions I arrived at Newstead and Delmar at 9 08 P M Brundidge was on the southwest corner. At 9 10 P. M an elderly man came east on Delmar on the south side of the street and met Brundidge. He was about 60 years old, rather heavy set but short, wore a dark suit, stiff straw hat with brown band, brown shoes and tortoise shell glasses He shook hands with Brundidge and after a few seconds both started south on Newstead They boarded an east-bound street car, which I also boarded I can easily identify this man at any time

Dr. Adcox and I remained on the street car until it reached Eighteenth street, where we got off and walked south to Union Station. We went direct to the train where Thomas H Rogers, also of *The Star's* editorial staff, was quietly awaiting our arrival unknown to Dr. Adcox

The doctor and I boarded the train—so did Rogers Dr Adcox retired almost immediately I wanted Rogers to hear the doctor answer to his name so at a signal from me Rogers took a position near Adcox's berth. I then called

"Dr Adcox"

"Yes," he answered.

"What would you say if I told you we were in the wrong car?"

"Are we?"

"No, I was only joking"

Soon we were all asleep, Dr Adcox and I in opposite berths, Rogers in a berth in an adjoining Pullman We arrived in Kansas City the following morning, August 18 I now quote from the report made by Rogers

Arrived at Kansas City Union Station Brundidge and Dr Adcox walked up the stairs as I trailed them. Brundidge checked his grip The two then went to the Harvey lunch room, saw it was too crowded and left the station walking north on Main toward the business section. They stopped at the Midwest Hotel, 1925 Main street, for breakfast. After breakfast they continued north to Twelfth street, turned east and walked to McGee, thence north to Tenth street, where they entered the Minor building, 309 East Tenth street.

It was there I met the "master mind" of the "diploma mill"—Dr Ralph A. Voigt, who occupies suite 208 in the Minor building, a suite comprising nine rooms. Dr. Adcox introduced me, and after the greeting, turned to Voigt and inquired

"Ralph, can we make this bird a doctor?"

"I'll say we can," Dr. Voigt responded "He certainly looks brighter than that last patient of yours—what was he, a traffic cop or bartender?"

The doctors enjoyed a hearty laugh, after which I was directed to a seat in the reception room while Drs Voigt and Adcox entered the former's private office for a consultation on my "case" An hour later I was called into conference

"So you want to be a doctor?" Voigt inquired

"That's what I came here for," I answered.

"Do you know anything about medicine?"

"Not a thing"

"Did you graduate from high school?"

"I did not"

"Well, let's see The first thing to do is to get you a high school diploma Then I think we'd better get you three years' credits from a medical school and let you do your senior year at Alex's"

"What do you mean by credits?"

"A certified copy of the three years' work you did in a good medical school—of course you didn't really go, but the school records will be fixed to show that you did"

"What do you mean by going the senior year at Alex's"

"I mean that Dr D R Alexander, dean of the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery, will enroll you for your senior year after we get the credits for you. Then after eight months at school you'll get your diploma and be a full fledged doctor"

"Can't I get by without going to school?"

"Well, inasmuch as you don't know anything about medicine you ought to put in a few months of study before trying your wings But we'll see."

Dr. Voigt then began figuring the cost on a bit of scratch paper.

"How much money have you?" he inquired.

"How much will I need?"

"Well figuring roughly, about $1,000. But I'll let you know later. However, if you want me to get busy you will have to make a deposit. Can you let me have something down today?"

I counted my money and asked Dr. Adcox, who had announced his intention of returning to St Louis on the noon train, how much he would need to get back He said it would take about $15, which sum I gave him. I then offered Dr Voigt a deposit of $50

"It isn't much, but I'll take it," he said "But you will have to send me $600 more before I can start work Can you get that much for me by Monday?"

I promised to give him the money not later than Tuesday, August 21.

"Send it by certified check," he instructed

Dr Voigt asked me to go to the ball game with him that afternoon, and instructed me to meet him in his office at 2 P M He then drove Dr. Adcox to Union Station and I went out in search of Rogers.

This time I trailed Rogers He led me to the wash room of the Dixon Hotel, where I succeeded in telling him of the ball game plan Again quoting from Rogers' report:

> At 1 50 P M, I took a position near the entrance of the Minor Building. Half an hour later Brundidge, Dr Voigt and a third man, came out of the building, walked east, got in a Cadillac coupe and drove south I followed them to the Kansas City baseball park and occupied a seat a few rows back of them. Dr. Voigt is about 5 feet, 9 inches in height and weighs about 175 pounds He is about 36 years old, is fleshy, with a full, fleshy face His complexion is reddish He wore a small brown mustache I could easily identify him again.

I have spent many miserable hours, but none quite so miserable as the three during which we were in that ball park. I did not see the game between the Blues and Indianapolis—I was too busy keeping friends from recognizing me. I had friends to the right and left of me. Inspector Fisher of the federal narcotic bureau, an inti-

mate friend, was but five seats away A boyhood chum was in a seat directly in front of me. Two Kansas City newspapermen whom I have known for years were on my right

But I was not recognized.

After the game Dr Voigt took me back to his office where he asked me many questions about my past life, making notes as I answered Then, concluding the interview, he said. "Dr Adcox vouched for you but I can't take any chances Give me the names of some responsible persons with whom I can get in touch in regard to you."

That was one thing I had overlooked—references! I did some quick thinking, and then said "Ask S E Trimble, cashier of the Union National Bank, M. D Lightfoot, president of the Lightfoot Produce Company, or Arthur W. Allen, attorney, all of Springfield; or Robert C Newman of the Missouri State Life Insurance Company or Homer F. McDonald, president of the Meteor Coal Company, both of St Louis Any of them will tell you they know Harry Thompson"

"All right, I'll get in touch with them," Dr. Voigt said, "and don't forget that $600"

I dashed away to Union Station to catch a train for Springfield, Mo, to prepare Trimble, Lightfoot and Allen for Voigt's inquiries, and then to hurry to St. Louis to prepare Newman and McDonald

But what if Voigt should wire them?

THE MARTIN TABERT CASE

BY SAMUEL D MCCOY IN THE NEW YORK WORLD

(Appearing April 4, this was one of a series of articles in *The World* that aroused national interest in the case of Martin Tabert and the convict leasing system)

Tallahassee, Fla., April 3—With the eyes of the Nation turned upon Florida as a result of the publicity following the death of Martin Tabert in a convict camp, the Legislature of the State convened here to-day.

Not one of the thirty-two Senators and sixty-two Representatives has voiced any denunciation since arriving here of the system of leasing county convicts to private corporations, but Gov. Hardee has announced his message to the Legislature to-morrow will urge that the system be abolished It is thought the law-makers will attempt to hurry any such measure through as rapidly and quietly as possible, to shut off any further publicity unwelcome to the State

Gov. Hardee probably will ask also that a fund be provided to bring in witnesses in connection with the inquiry into Tabert's death Most of these witnesses have been scattered, and some would have to be brought from other States

Prosecution of those alleged to be responsible for young Tabert's death is being pushed by Gov Hardee's orders. It was learned to-day that State Attorney J. R. Kelly may seek indictments of two or three other persons besides that of the convict guard, T. W. Higginbotham, who has been arrested on a bench warrant charging him with murder in the first degree

There is a possibility that Kelly will seek a change of venue from Dixie County, where Tabert's death occurred. He will confer with Judge W J. Kneeshaw, attorney for the Tabert family, and the case may be brought

before the Madison County Grand Jury within a few days.

Not until November, 1922, nine months after young Tabert's death, did the Commissioners of Leon County decide the Putnam Lumber Company's camp was no fit place for their prisoners. On Nov. 8 County Clerk Lang on order of the board wrote to the lumber company notifying it that the lease would not be renewed when it expired on Dec 31, 1922, and calling upon it to surrender the fourteen prisoners on the day following the termination of the contract

Those who have read of how young Martin Tabert died alone and neglected in a Florida convict labor camp may have wondered how the circumstances of his death could have gone unrecorded for month after month

Those who know Florida's convict leasing system as it really is are surprised that those circumstances ever became known at all

The brutal facts are that when a prisoner is leased to a private corporation in this State the law no longer knows that he exists The county authorities who leased him have set their hands to a document in which they pledge themselves not to interfere with the company's human property in any way

The World correspondent asked State Commissioner of Agriculture McRae under whose charge are all the prisoners of the State, for the exact number of counties which lease out their prisoners and the exact number of prisoners so leased.

"I can't tell you," he replied "The counties are not required to report that information to the State"

The only link between the State and the convicts leased out by the counties is the State Supervisor of Prisons, of whom there are four, who is required to visit the camps once a month and report on the health of the prisoner. If a prisoner has died, his death is reported to the Commissioner of Agriculture If a prisoner is sick or has been mistreated, it is the Supervisor's duty to report this. If a man is still able to stagger to work, his name never enters the State records

Consider the history of convict leasing in Leon County.

Its county seat is Tallahassee, also the State capital. It is the county by which Young Tabert was leased. Was Martin Tabert the county's only prisoner? Scarcely.

The leasing of county prisoners to private contractors for labor is in control of the Board of County Commissioners In each of the State's sixty-one counties the board may exercise this right, at its discretion, holding them in jail or putting them to work on the county roads, or leasing them to private concerns in the same county or in other counties.

Some fifteen years ago the Commissioners of Leon County leased out their prisoners, I am told, to the Dowlingport Naval Stores Company, which was operating turpentine camps in Taylor County. Some ten or eleven years ago a youthful prisoner, under lease to this company, died in one of these camps under circumstances which never were cleared up to the satisfaction of the State Prison Inspector of that day

More recently Leon County leased its prisoners to a lumber concern operating within Leon County For several years no outside concern obtained a contract for their services

Two years ago the five Commissioners elected to the County Board were. Dr C M Ausley, J. P Chaires, F P. Strickland, Jr., E E Rhodes and O P Harvey Dr Ausley, a Tallahassee physician, was chosen Chairman

Dr Ausley, *The World* correspondent learns, was until recently associated with McCaskill Bros, a lumber concern operating in the adjoining County of Wakulla. He is now owner of a sawmill near Hampton, Taylor County, the county in which young Tabert was first sent to work as a prisoner.

These connections had given Dr Ausley a familiarity with the methods in vogue in Florida lumber camps, but this familiarity apparently had not convinced him that prisoners in such camps were treated in any except a humane manner Early in 1921, under his chairmanship, the board decided to increase the county's revenues by leasing out its prisoners. Their intention was duly advertised in the county newspapers thirty days in advance,

and by the vote of the board on Aug 10, 1921, it was decided to lease their prisoners to the Putnam Lumber Company

The contract was signed on Aug. 15, all five Commissioners affixing their signatures T W L Fleischel of Jacksonville, General Manager of the lumber company, signed for the company. The required bond of $1,000 was supplied for the company by the Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, R F Bradford, its resident Vice President, signing for it

The Putnam Lumber Company was incorporated in Wisconsin Its capital stock is $300,000, most of which, it is said here, is owned by Wisconsin men.

The general impression is that only two concerns have been leasing prisoners within the last three years—the Putnam Corporation and the T J Knabb Company, operated by State Senator Thomas J Knabb

The World correspondent has visited the territory into which the Tabert boy was sent to work for the Putnam concern It is a desolate country. For mile after mile one sees nothing but the wilderness of pine and cypress, with the carrion turkey buzzards circling watchfully above the tree tops A single track railroad cuts through it, running from Perry, the county seat of Taylor County, southward for sixty miles to Cross City, a settlement of fifty families, designated as the seat of the new County of Dixie created two years ago

There are only 600 families in the whole of Dixie County, a territory of perhaps 600 square miles The deep-rutted road of gray sand pierces the timber country for ten miles at a stretch in which no sign of human life is seen

Men from cities seldom go there There is only one passenger train a day to the South and only one returning When a prisoner is taken into the depths of the woods he sees no one but his captors

Several days ago one of the leading citizens of Jacksonville, the largest city in the State, asked about the convict leasing system, dismissed it airily "As a matter of fact," he said, "there is very little of it in recent years. They

have found that the grade of labor they get in that way doesn't pay."

When *The World* correspondent repeated his statement to a member of the Florida Legislature, he laughed. "Maybe so," he commented, "but the lumber companies are still anxious to get convict labor, and for a very good reason—the fact that 'free' labor can't be hired for love or money to do the work the convicts are forced to do. The Putnam Lumber Company had advertised for men in vain They needed men badly for that work. And the only way they could get them was by leasing the county prisoners."

The lease with Leon County was signed on Aug. 15, and the delivery of the human commodities began without delay Among the first to go was a Negro, William Wiggins, shipped off on Aug 16 From that day on they were carted off from Leon County to the company steadily.

Prisoners were shipped off on Sept, 3, 10, 17, 20, 25; Oct. 4, 16, 21, 25, 30, Nov 7 and 26, Dec 18, Jan. (1922), 2, 6, 13 and 30, Feb 6, 17 and 24; March 16, June 2, July 2 and July 29, Aug 13 and 27, Sept 23, and Oct. 15, 24 and 29 Three prisoners, on an average, were sent to the lessee company on each of these dates—on two occasions nine men were sent off at once. The receipts for them, on file in the office of the County Clerk, show a total of 105 prisoners leased out by the county during these thirteen months. County Clerk Paul Lang tells me that the entry number was 126.

Out of these fees, Sheriff Jones had to pay for the transportation of his prisoners. He took one lot of twenty-three prisoners by train to Perry, he told me, but frequently used a motor truck, in which case his only expense was for gas and oil.

But the money he got for delivering his prisoners to the Sheriff of Taylor County, who then turned them over to the lumber company, was not the only amount Sheriff Jones pocketed. The Putnam Lumber Company paid "Jim Bob" a certain sum for each prisoner he delivered under the leasing contract—an arrangement solely be-

tween Sheriff Jones and the lumber company. Common report is that he got $20 a head.

Perhaps a third of them were white men The commitments and receipts for their delivery do not show

All of these men were in the custody of the Sheriff of Leon County, J R Jones, locally known as "Jim Bob" "Jim Bob" is a tall, lean-jawed individual, who was elected to the office two years ago Tilted back in his chair, taciturn and moody, a big black slouch hat pulled over his hawk nose and the stub of a cigar in the corner of his mouth, he was not communicative.

Ever since it was publicly charged that Sheriff Jones was guilty of negligence in sending back the money which would have rescued young Tabert from the prison camp and death, the envelope containing the money being returned to the boy's parents marked "whereabouts unknown," he has refused to make any statement in his own behalf He refused to make any formal statement now, though he consented to think it over, but talked with little reserve

"I didn't have anything to do with that boy's death," he said bitterly "A lot of newspapers have been naming me, and I'm going to have the Government investigate some of them if they don't let up.

"If we had ever guessed what the conditions in that camp were," said County Clerk Lang indignantly to-day, "we certainly would never have leased out our prisoners to that company. If there had ever been a report made to us that our prisoners were being badly treated, the Sheriff would have gone down there on the first train and brought them back It was the business of the State Prison Inspector to report such things regularly. Why wasn't it done?"

That's what young Tabert's mother and father and the entire State of North Dakota would like to know.

MEIKLEJOHN RESIGNS

BY RAY T. TUCKER IN THE NEW YORK EVENING POST

(Under the headline "Meiklejohn Resigns as Amherst's Head, Gets Year's Leave")

Amherst, Mass, June 19—Alexander Meiklejohn resigned to-day as president of Amherst College His resignation, which was requested, takes effect at the end of the 1923–1924 academic year, during which he will be on leave of absence. His career at Amherst, therefore, actually closes with to-morrow's commencement exercise

Dr. Meiklejohn declined the offer of the trustees to continue as professor of logic and metaphysics He refused to comment on his resignation, but said he would refer to it in his address to-morrow at the alumni luncheon at noon

George A Plimpton, president of the board of trustees, gave out the following correspondence between Dr. Meiklejohn and the board dated to-day

"Dear President Meiklejohn

"I am very sorry to advise you that in the opinion of the Board of Trustees it is inadvisable that you continue as administrative head of the college, and that a majority of the faculty believe it to be in the best interests of the college. The board desires that you continue in the service of the college in your present professorship of logic and metaphysics I express my strong personal wish, and I think the wishes of my associates, when I say that I hope you will continue with us as a member of the faculty The board meets to-morrow, and on receipt of your answer will take action

"Very truly yours,

"GEORGE A. PLIMPTON"

The second letter read

"Dear Mr Plimpton

"In response to your letter of June 19 may I say very frankly that I do not accept the judgment which you give as to the wis-

dom of my withdrawing from the position of administrative head of the college I am convinced that the situation is such that my withdrawal will be harmful rather than helpful The lack of support of which you speak is, however, so serious that I feel compelled to send in my resignation as president of the college

"Much as I appreciate the invitation to continue my service as professor of logic and metaphysics, it seems impossible for me to accept it

"Sincerely,
"ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN"

The last letter read

"Dear President Meiklejohn

"On behalf of the board of trustees I accept with regret your resignation as president of the college and professor of logic and metaphysics, to take effect at the close of the academic year, 1923-24, with leave of absence for the year 1923-24

"Respectfully yours,
"GEORGE A PLIMPTON,
"President of the Board"

The resolution adopted by the board was as follows:

"Resolved that the resignation of Alexander Meiklejohn as president of Amherst College and as professor in the college, submitted in his letter of June 19, be accepted, and

"Resolved, that in accordance with a letter to Mr Plimpton on the same date that resignation take effect at the end of the academic year 1923-24 and that he be granted a leave of absence for the full academic year, 1923-24"

An eleventh hour postponement of an honorary degree to have been given to-morrow to Frederick S. Allis, secretary of the Amherst Alumni Council, who has opposed some of the policies of President Meiklejohn, has created a new sensation on the campus, and was cited by the persons who believe that Dr Meiklejohn must go as additional evidence that the president of the college does not know how to handle men and is not an able administrator.

Just before the board of trustees met to-day to consider the question of asking Dr Meiklejohn to resign he requested that the degree of M A, to be given to Mr. Allis in recognition of his ten years of work in organizing the

Alumni Council, be postponed, on the ground that the conferring of the degree and the laudatory remarks accompanying it at to-morrow's exercises would prove embarrassing to him, and perhaps to Mr Allis George A. Plimpton, president of the corporation, conferred with Mr. Allis, who agreed to the postponement

The unusual feature of this situation is that Mr. Allis, who is described as "Amherst's most popular graduate," is a warm personal friend of Dr Meiklejohn and is personally loyal to him Recently, however, Mr Allis has come out openly against certain phases of Dr Meiklejohn's administration on the very grounds which led to the demand for his removal

The degree for Mr Allis was voted earlier in the spring and has been sent out by the college publicity office to all the newspaper offices in the country. Mr Meiklejohn's action has created great indignation among the older alumni, as it promises more unfavorable publicity for the college

Mr Allis, who was graduated in 1893, himself has a strong following, and his accomplishments in the Alumni Council have attracted attention even outside of college circles Last year he was president of the Alumni Secretaries of America, an association comprising representatives from most of the colleges in the country.

When the college authorities learned that the case of Mr Allis had become public, Dr Meiklejohn and Mr Plimpton met in a hasty conference and agreed to reconsider the question Up to 2 o'clock this afternoon no decision had been reached

Men, who were waiting anxiously for the board of trustee's decision on the removal of Dr Meiklejohn, declared that the problem boiled down to the question, "Shall the president of Amherst College have almost absolute power over the selection of professors, appointments, and promotions, and the framing of the curriculum and thereby determine the influence which shall shape the life of the academic community?"

The trustees' unanimous answer is "No" and it is expected that Dr. Meiklejohn will abide by their decision and

present his resignation at the meeting to-day On good authority it is said he has promised to resign, take a year's leave of absence, and return to occupy the chair of logic and metaphysics But right until he enters the room, where the trustees will meet, the president's friends will urge him to fight, and to-day may bring a highly dramatic climax to the many stirring scenes that have been enacted here in the last few days.

After a four-hour conference between President Meiklejohn and the five members of the trustees' investigating committee, which did not break up until 2 o'clock this morning, it was strongly intimated that the president would resign, although none of those at the meeting would admit that anything had been definitely settled It was the second attempt to reach a compromise within twenty hours For four hours yesterday morning the five trustees tried to convince the president that the best interests of the college demanded his resignation, while he outlined his reasons for believing he ought to be allowed to remain

The night session was probably one of the strangest that has ever taken place at Amherst or in any other college On the fifth floor of Converse library, a red brick building shaped like a cross, the president sat with his back to the wall, literally and figuratively, and presented his case For four hours, while evening wore on to morning, the college chimes sang out the quarter hours and silence dropped over the town, the five trustees argued and pleaded with the man whose courage has brought words of admiration even from his opponents—and he had some bitter ones among the faculty

All during the long session in the one lighted room on the top floor of the library, where six men with a common purpose but different methods of achieving their aims were striving to settle one of the gravest and most portentous problems in Amherst's history, the riotous noises of a college reunion night broke in on their discussions

Incongruous bits of machine-made jazz drifted out the windows of the fraternity houses Carefree laughter and the rollicking tones of men exchanging anecdotes and

reminiscing over their college days floated across the campus "Yes, We Have No Bananas To-day" and "I've Been Working on the Railroad," sung by quartets perched on the fences lining the main street of the town, furnished a striking contrast to the scene in the room known as Philosophy seminar and the gravity of the issues being determined there

But there was no spirit of indifference to the problems which the little group were trying to solve As alumni and undergraduates passed the library on their way to bed they hushed their voices, their songs died on their lips Time and again the lonely vigil of a dozen newspaper men was broken by the arrival of knots of weirdly costumed students They had left class dinners and reunion meetings to get the latest word on "Prexy's trouble" and bring it back to their classmates. They shook their heads each time as they found the conference was still on But the declaration that "much as we love Prexy, we prefer the college first," epitomized their feelings

Over on the porch of the president's house, across the town common, were four of the professors, Meiklejohn's champions, whose advent and teachings were contributory causes of the present difficulty. Mrs Meiklejohn was also sitting up, awaiting her husband and word of the decision which will mean so much to them Hardly had the members of the investigating committee emerged from the now darkened building before old "grads" seemed to spring up from everywhere, but George A. Plimpton, president of the college corporation, Dwight W Morrow, and the three other trustees were non-committal and hurried away

Dr Meiklejohn was equally uncommunicative. With a weary smile the man of slim build and five feet five who came here ten years ago, would only say that to-day would tell the story With firm step he walked across the town common and disappeared amid the gloom of the century old trees

The trustees insist that Dr Meiklejohn must quit the presidency. For years, they say, they have been turning

over more and more of their power to Dr. Meiklejohn for the sake of what is known as academic freedom. But instead of giving more voice in administering the affairs of the institution to the professors and departmental heads, as was expected by the trustees when they delegated much of their authority to Dr. Meiklejohn, he is said to have left them entirely out of the picture

Able professors are said to have been dismissed arbitrarily and without cause, and by summary courtmartial methods. Dr Meiklejohn is also charged with having misrepresented the views of department members to the board. Several times, according to those in touch with recent developments, Dr Meiklejohn has informed the trustees that department heads favored promotions and appointments of men in the same department. Some of these department heads have contradicted the president's statements

The result has been that all power over such vital matters as these has come to rest in the president He has become, according to his opponents, an academic czar, despite his diffident manner and shy speech so sharply contrasted with the tenacity and iron will which he is said to have displayed in handling important questions on which there has been divided opinion among the faculty and the trustees. Even had there been no split among the faculty, say the trustees, such a situation could not continue

No one man, they believe, should enjoy so much authority and sit in judgment, without any check or balance, in matters so vitally affecting the welfare of the college The trustees declare that a condition of this kind is unhealthy for any corporation or community, whether a nation, a State, a municipality, or a college They regard it as contrary to the American theory of education. It may work well for a time, they say, if a man exercises his power carefully and discreetly, but as a permanent system they insist that it cannot but react against the best interests of the college.

The trustees are careful to point out that their first consideration must not be the feelings of any individual

or group of individuals, but of Amherst and its future. President Meiklejohn's alleged liberal beliefs enter into the question only indirectly, according to the trustees. Talk about the president's alleged radical views on economics, politics, and religion has about died down, although this rankles with some of the alumni. It doesn't sit well with the graduates of traditional Amherst; but the trustees vigorously deny that this consideration ever entered their minds, and disinterested observers have been impressed by their earnestness when discussing this phase of the controversy

Had Dr Meiklejohn possessed sufficient tact and administrative ability in getting men in sympathy with his ideas without at the same time antagonizing the older members of the faculty and endangering the harmonious relations so necessary for the welfare of the institution, the trustees say there would have been no necessity for intervention at the present time. In fact they assert that it is his ability to select men and his educational theories which appeal to them. It was the growing bitterness among members of the faculty which first attracted their attention to the danger inherent in Dr. Meiklejohn's centralization of power, according to the trustees

Their intermittent investigations extending over a period of two years have convinced them, they say, that whether Dr Meiklejohn were a liberal or a reactionary, the threat which his course held out for the collegiate structure would have had to be met eventually. They believe that the issue before them now is one in which constructive liberalism and real democracy are threatened by a man whose so-called liberal views are not translated into reality in his conduct of the institution's affairs

This understanding of the problem is now reaching down even to the hot-headed seniors and juniors, who threatened to strike if the president were removed. The calm advice of older alumni, who sat up until the small hours of the morning arguing with groups of rebellious and bewildered students immediately upon their arrival at Amherst, has prevailed.

Everybody now seems bent on arriving at a solution

which will be of lasting benefit to "Amherst, dear Amherst." In this little academic world, where there are so few entering freshmen that they are "rushed for fraternities" just as soon as they reach the railroad station on the first day of college, where the ties of friendship are close and dear, where the feeling for the college is not the evanescent "Rah Rah" kind, but one of personal affection, undergraduates and alumni, including even the most ardent Meiklejohn men, are beginning to realize that they must pull together on life's gridiron as they used to in years gone by under October skies. The college spirit in the best sense seems to animate young and old in the present crisis

The "undergrads" abate not one jot their love for the president With tears in their voices, many have tried to express what his leadership and inspiration have meant to them If Dr Meiklejohn leaves Amherst, he will take with him the warm affection and admiration of 500 undergraduates and the 1,000 younger alumni, who have spent their four years during his administration. Trustees and even his critics on the faculty use superlatives in describing his work at Amherst along purely educational lines They would be glad to have him occupy the chair of logic and metaphysics, but not that of president

Even the men whose duty it has been to advise Dr Meiklejohn to resign are his warm, personal friends Dwight W. Morrow, George A Plimpton, and other members of the investigating committee walk the gravel-strewn campus paths arm in arm with the president on their way to these conferences at which so much has been at stake for Dr Meiklejohn, for the trustees, and for Amherst It is a queer situation The trustees are praising Dr Meiklejohn even as they admit there is no way out except for him to go The students are swearing by him despite their realization of the crisis confronting the college because of the effects of some of his policies Dr Meiklejohn plays tennis daily with his most vigorous critics on the faculty and beats them.

A great issue that may affect the future of more than

one American university and college is awaiting decision. And all this is taking place in a sleepy little town buried in the hills of Western Massachusetts in a month when nature, seemingly inspired by the happy faces and youthful figures strolling with heads together across the campus or town common to lawn fêtes and fraternity dances, is looking her fairest A strange setting for a drama in which there may be a good deal of individual tragedy before the day is over

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

THE TRIAL OF THE PRIESTS

BY FRANCIS MCCULLAGH IN THE NEW YORK HERALD

(April 6, under the headline "Priests, Facing Death at Moscow, Defied Red Judges and Refused to Abandon Practice of Religion")

Moscow, March 26, via London, April 5—Before describing the trial of Archbishop Zepliak and seventeen of his clergy at the Moscow trial which ended last night, I should say I do not describe from hearsay. I attended every sitting from the first day to the last, sometimes going without food or sleep in order to do so and send telegraphic accounts afterward. Whether any of these telegrams ever reached my paper is for my editor to say.

The Bolshevist foreign office at first refused tickets for the trial to all correspondents, though they were ready enough to supply admission cards to Red Army parades and Bolshevist meetings, but being an old hand in journalism, I got in. Later on other correspondents obtained admission. I should also say I am personally acquainted with none of the prisoners and I do not know a single Pole in Moscow.

For the last two years the Polish policy has been antipathetic to me and I have never called on Polish representatives here or got a single scrap of information from Polish sources directly or indirectly. For the Polish priests put on trial here I had no personal feeling, and I should not have hesitated to denounce these priests if it had been proven to my satisfaction they had plotted against the Soviet Government on behalf of Poland. But having carefully listened to all the evidence I am convinced these Petrograd priests never engaged in any plot against the Soviet Government. Their persecution was on religious grounds alone. It is the first item in a program for the destruction of Christianity in Russia.

Krylenko, who conducted the prosecution, and Gelkin, the presiding judge, made this perfectly clear They asked every one of the clerical prisoners whether they had taught the catechism to children, and every prisoner answered yes

They then read the Bolshevist law, which makes it a crime to impart religious teaching to any one under 18 years old, and asked each prisoner if he would continue to teach the catechism The reply in every case was yes always delivered in a firm tone and sometimes accompanied by a smile—a smile of pity, I fancy, for the ignorance of a man who would ask such a question of priests who had remained with their flock in Petrograd during the last five years of terror

The Archbishop's face lit with pleasure and surprise when he answered It was as if he had been asked if he could see the way to accept the miraculous gift of health, youth and unlimited riches Behind the prelate sat the young priest, Edward Yunevich, newly ordained, as one could see from his tonsure not yet covered by his hair Joy flashed in his eyes and irradiated his whole countenance when asked if, in obedience with the Bolshevist law, he would cease teaching children their catechism Joyousness so marked his voice in his "No" that the three Bolshevist judges, who were all smoking cigarettes at the time, looked up simultaneously in surprise

The priests were next asked if, after the churches had been closed, they dared disobey the Bolshevist law by saying mass Yes, of course they all said mass. Not only did they own up to the crime, but admitted there was always a congregation of about 150 or 200

They used empty halls for the purpose Petrograd is half empty and there are many halls and suites of rooms available for such services, though in the winter time the cold in those unheated rooms must have been murderous

And, to the surprise of the Red judges, they would not promise to cease saying mass This case, however, does not concern Roman Catholics alone. It concerns all religions, including the Jews It is a crime under the Bolshevist law to impart religious teaching to any person

under the age of 18 years, even though the teacher be the mother and the pupil her child This law therefore strikes at all religions and at one of the most sacred rights of parents.

The trial, as I have indicated, was a religious trial and not a political one, though the Prosecutor tried hard to make out it was political

This was nonsense The papers seized at the house of Father Butchkavitch, where they were found in an open drawer, concerned discussions held at various times by the clergy with regard to questions which the clergy were bound to discuss—what attitude they should take toward the new divorce law, the law separating church and state, the law separating church and school, and also innumerable decrees which the Soviet Government had poured forth at the rate of ten a day

Prosecutor Krylenko made clear that any men who meet together to discuss in a critical spirit the decrees of the Soviet Government are counter revolutionaries and as a matter of fact he is right Such is the law of the Soviet, and the sooner English and American concessionnaires know that the better Englishmen and Americans up to the present have been treated with special consideration and practically conceded extraterritorial privileges, but once London and Washington recognize the Soviet Government fully the mask will be dropped and all foreigners here will be made to feel that they live under an insupportable tyranny

The reading of the death sentences was begun on the stroke of midnight of Palm Sunday The audience throughout was largely composed of Communists

Of all the bloodthirsty, wild beasts I have ever set eyes on, Krylenko is the worst I do not refer to his personal appearance, which is that of a nimble, dapper little man of about 40 with a pugnacious face and small mustache

His smile, when first I saw it, seemed to me not unpleasant, but now I see it at night, see it as it looked when he was gloating over innocent men whom he had condemned to death Again and again he looked Father

Butchkavitch in the eye, his own eyes filled with revolting merriment His face wore the same smile during the most pathetic parts of Bobrischiff Pushkin's speech for the defense He actually tried hard to catch the eye of that lawyer, to make him smile, too, in attempts to undo all the work of his emotional appeal

This was bad enough, but nothing compared to the energy which he threw into his demand for blood. The public prosecutor, in any country where there is such a functionary, is quite right in asking with firmness for the punishment of the guilty, but Krylenko's thirst for the death sentence transcended all limits He raged like a wild animal stinted in its allowance of blood, and devoured in consequence by a raging thirst. And he must have known, for he is an educated man, that he had not proved his case. Most of it was built up on admissions made by the prisoners under cross-examination.

In my earlier dispatches I have explained how the Cheka in Petrograd seized a number of documents in the rooms of Father Butchkavitch, and in one of those I stated that the charge of high treason could not be based upon such documents in any other country in the world, and that is true I heard all of them read out in court, and found them innocuous and, as cabled earlier, Krylenko showed Father Butchkavitch each of these documents, one after the other, asking him "Do you admit having written this?" Father Butchkavitch admitted them all save one to which there was no name, but which was not in the prisoner's handwriting and was not addressed to him. Even this document was not important, it spoke only of money being got in Poland, and Polish priests naturally would get money for their churches from their native country, but the judge insisted upon its being read.

I have spoken of the procurer The Judges were worthy of him. They grinned knowingly at him, and he at them, throughout the entire trial They showed the grossest kind of favoritism They showed it on the very first day, when the defense raised the question of procedure.

The defense said "Here are a series of incidents—

refusal to sign an agreement with the Soviet Government regarding church property; refusal to evacuate the church promptly when called upon to do so, etc We propose that these matters be taken up separately, and that the prosecution prove them to be breaches of the law."

Krylenko objected to this, insisting that all of these isolated incidents be taken together as part of a general counter revolutionary conspiracy against the Soviet Government, and the three judges upheld his objection

Some of these incidents were of the flimsiest character Take the case of the priest who fell "demonstratively" upon his knees when a couple of Red hooligans entered his church after services and ordered the congregation out of it The priest was nearly blind, as was obvious to every one in court who watched his movements during the trial He had not seen the intruders, and simply knelt down before the blessed sacrament after he had finished mass But Krylenko insisted that his action in falling upon his knees was an appeal to the religious fanaticism of his parishioners, and therefore punishable under an article in the Bolshevist penal code

That priest was condemned to serve ten years in prison.

The audience was worthy of the judges and the procurer—at least the Communist portion of it It actually applauded when Krylenko, writhing and frothing at the mouth like a madman, made his second and more frightful demand for the lives of six of the prisoners, and the presiding judge did not attempt to quiet the audience. But half an hour later, when some Poles clapped their hands in approval of a moving and unanswerable appeal for the men's lives, made by one of the lawyers for the defense, the same judge furiously threatened to have the room cleared if this demonstration was repeated

Next day an attempt was made to admit only Communists to the court, and only persons able to exhibit cards of membership in the Communist party or some Bolshevist organization were allowed to enter On the last day, however, many Polish women got in, and their lamentations when the verdict was announced were the most heartrending sounds I have ever heard. Even then,

however, the Communists were in the majority and their leers and laughs and observations disgusting to the last degree

One unshaven, bestial looking visage in front of me I shall never forget During all the time the prisoners were pleading for their lives, that abominable face was set in a perpetual grin, with mouth open Worst of all it swung round at intervals and fixed its bloodshot eyes on me, as if insisting upon an answering sympathetic laugh

There were also, I am sorry to say, Polish faces just as cruel, callous and repulsive One, of a type hardly human, with little shunken eyes, was in a perpetual state of merriment. These were the faces of Polish Communists who have formed a Bolshevist organization here under the patronage of the Kremlin, and who were encouraged by the Soviet Government to attend, that they might gloat over their unfortunate countrymen in the dock.

Poland certainly is to be congratulated for having got rid of these degenerate renegades, with no nationality, no morals, no religion, no honor, but Russia is to be sympathized with on being thus converted into a cesspool for all the bitterness and obliquity of the human species

The court of justice was hardly in keeping with its contents It is known as the Blue Hall, and was the ballroom of the old palace of the nobility, now the palace of Red labor unions Painted light blue and adorned with a frieze representing maidens dancing and naked cupids trailing wreaths of roses, it would have constituted a more suitable background for a light comedy than a tragedy. During the last two nights of the trial the door was open owing to the heat arising from the vast, perspiring crowd, and through these open doors floated odds and ends of ragtime music, punctuated by the distant handclapping of an audience, for the Red laborites have a concert room downstairs Sometimes this applause was followed immediately after by a blood curdling yelp from Krylenko

And the prisoners how did they bear themselves under the ordeal? It reassured my faith in human nature, that

in these days of disillusion, depression and doubt, men could rise to such heights Never once did they falter. Not an inch did they yield No Christian martyrs ever bore themselves more nobly before the tribunal of Nero

One old priest with a fine ascetic face did, indeed, become confused under the fierce cross-examination of the prosecutor, and for some moments his mind seemed unable to function, but it was physical, not moral failure When he returned to the dock after a short adjournment of the court, I noticed that he sat between two strong and sunny spirits—a young priest and the former Archbishop Federoff, both at once gentle and strong At all subsequent sittings he was seen between these two

When, on Palm Sunday, the old priest was asked what he had to say before sentence was passed, he spoke as firmly as the others

At the beginning of the trial Archbishop Zepliak looked feeble and worn, as well he might, for he is near 70, and he was brought every day from the filthy Butyrka prison in a patrol wagon of the Cheka But when he heard Krylenko demand the death penalty he seemed rejuvenated His color rose, his eye brightened, his tall figure straightened, and, in his long black cassock fastened at the waist by a broad red sash, he looked what he was—a prince of the church, head of all Russian Catholics from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the frozen sea to the frontiers of India

On the day death sentence was passed on him, his face shone with pleasure, his gray hair brushed carefully back, and he had been able somehow or other to procure a new skull cap, and a sash of the brightest red The journalists who reported the trial for the Bolshevist papers alluded to this sash and this cap as symbols of the rank of Archbishop None of them seemed aware, however, that the color of blood had been purposely chosen because so many early Christian Bishops died as martyrs, and that election to the episcopal chair was generally sentence to death

When called upon to say his last words, the Archbishop

rose to his full height and delivered an address so touching and so simple that a profound hush, with something of awe in it, settled down upon that hostile audience of Red soldiers, atheists, sneerers and demoralized students So great was the effect on myself that I could not put pen to paper

The few words of that speech from the dock which remain in my mind are but a faint reflection of what he really said The Archbishop denied, as did all those who spoke after him, that he had belonged to any political organization, or had engaged in any counter-revolutionary intrigues He had, on the contrary, confined himself to teaching his people the truths of their holy religion, these same truths which the church had taught for nearly 2,000 years.

The church had never taught the people to do wrong, he said, and he had never taught wrongdoing He had never taught anything that did not tend to good morals and good citizenship It had been his duty as the head of the Catholic Church in Russia to set a good example to the priests under him, and to the flock intrusted to his care

"To-day," concluded the Archbishop, "I stand before a temporal judge; to-morrow maybe I shall stand before an eternal judge, and I hope the temporal judge may be just to me and the eternal judge merciful"

Next after the Archbishop spoke Father Maletzki, a kindly old man near seventy, but agile and upright of figure as a man of fifty His commanding appearance, stern countenance and bushy eyebrows made him look severe, but as soon as he opened his mouth early in the trial everyone knew he was a gentle type. He had a magnificent voice and perfect articulation, so it was a pleasure to hear him Had the hall been twice as large as it was he would have been heard distinctly at the further end—not a word would have been lost

Father Maletzki began by telling with touching simplicity and candor of little incidents of his boyhood. He said he was of a noble family—a bold thing to say to an audience holding the belief that everybody not belonging

to the working class is a parasite and a tyrant. His father, he said, had been a very wealthy man who kept many servants, but he was a very kind and just master and a good Christian Once when his son was little the boy had, in a moment of irritation, called the doorkeeper a fool The father made the lad kneel down to kiss the man's hand and beg his forgiveness This was to show the boy that all men were equal before God, and the lesson was never forgotten

Young Maletzki afterward became a priest, and in an orphanage which he founded in Petrograd he placed many starving boys whom he picked up in the street. He had never engaged in political plots of any kind, but had been prosecuted under the Czar because he worked for his people and the poor.

These crude translations of disjointed phrases of Father Maletzki's speech convey only the faintest idea of how extraordinarily touching that speech was The Bolsheviki must indeed be blind if they cannot see that a religion which makes a rich man's son devote his life to the poor must be infinitely superior to their irreligion of cant and talk of cruelty and corruption

Vicar-General Butchkavitch, as the Archbishop's right hand man, necessarily had to make a different kind of speech, for he had to deal with the business side of the diocese, a diocese covering all Russia, and he also was accused of originating a plot. Therefore he had to enter into many details to confute the charges leveled at him and his colleagues, and he did confute these charges completely During his speech, the speech of a man about to be condemned to death, the prosecutor interrupted him and jeered in his face.

Father Butchkavitch showed he had never conspired with Poland against the Soviet Government If he had tried to get money from Poland for his church, which was burdened with debt, where was the crime in that? He was a Polish citizen, and naturally would turn for financial help to his own country He might also have scoffed at the charge of conspiring with a foreign Power, which was based by the prosecutor upon the fact that he

had several times, several years ago, sent letters to Poland otherwise than through the post

I have not sent letters through the Russian post recently, and not a single foreign correspondent in Moscow has; and two years ago the Bolshevist post office was even worse than it is now

"Why did not the Archbishop send his letters through the Foreign Office?" roared Krylenko, the Archbishop's neglect to do so was actually made one of the most serious charges against him Father Butchkavitch spoke of the jeers leveled at him on account of the large sums of money that passed through his hands, but one must remember, the diocese embraced all Russia He had, as a matter of fact, spent all his own money in building several primary schools, a technical school and a professional school for Catholics. The prosecutor could easily ascertain these facts for himself

His church in Petrograd was burdened with enormous debts, he was a Polish citizen What wonder, therefore, that he should appeal for money to his friends in Poland? He was accused of conspiracy on the strength of letters found lying unconcealed on his desk, but had he been engaged in a conspiracy he would have concealed them Had his activities been compromising some evidence of a conspiracy had been produced The minutes of vestry meetings are not evidence of a conspiracy

A great speech was made by Edward Yunevitch, the young priest already described His bright eyes seemed fixed He described how, as a student, he heard in Petrograd the shots announcing the fall of czardom had been the enemy of Catholicism in Russia. Young as he was he knew of the persecution of friends who had been sent by hundreds to prison and Siberia because of their faith But he saw Bolshevism as a worse enemy than czardom.

It realized none of its expectations, it gave none of the liberty it had promised The people of Petrograd were now weeping and miserable What were the poor Catholics of Petrograd to do if their priests did not return to them? This naïve question excited bitter mirth among

the hardened Communists who filled the courts, and the judges asked, not unkindly, that he might leave the question of Petrograd alone, and confine himself to the charges against him personally The prisoner apologized for being carried away, but said he thought he would be allowed to say everything, as these were the last words he would say. He ended with Christ's last words on the cross "Not my will, but Thine, be done"

There was a profound sensation, and some minutes of silence. I noticed tears in the eyes of even the Bolshevist women who had crowded into the court, owing to the fact there was no tragedy in the theaters that night to compare with the thrill of emotion in the real tragedy being enacted at the trial

Ex-Archbishop Federoff said he was in the same position as the Archbishop, being the head of the whole uniate church of Russia, with priests under him and many of the faithful following his rite He tried to argue with the Judge on the injustice of the law preventing religious teaching to minors, but the Judge stopped him, sternly, saying "It is the law of the republic It is yours not to comment on it, you must obey it"

The younger clergymen in the dock were perhaps too aggressive, if anything They were courting martyrdom, now that Holy Week had come But the old Archbishop, while equally firm, is suave "Yes, our religion teaches us to pray for our enemies," he says in answer to a question put by Krylenko

The young priest called Eismont is particularly aggressive. "You do not consider yourself bound to obey the orders of the Soviet Government?" Krylenko asks. meaning the orders regarding Catholic churches "I do not," replies Eismont

After his church had been closed by the Soviet authorities this young priest continued to say mass to a congregation of 200 or more in a deserted orphanage underneath his private rooms He calmly admitted this crime against the Bolshevist law, as if he were proud of it.

Questioned about the chalices and other sacred vessels

he used in these services he said they were his private property. All the other altar vessels had been seized by the Bolsheviki

Further questioning brought the calm admission that in defiance of the Soviet law that religion must be taught to nobody under 18 years of age Eismont had made a practice of collecting children in the cold and deserted orphanage and had spoken to them about God

Similar testimony was given by two other young priests, Fathers Qunovitch and Hodnovitch of the Churches of St. Stanislaus and Catherine. At St Stanislaus's the curate had told the Bolshevist commission who had come to take an inventory "Clear out of this at once!"

"Citizen Hodnovitch," roared Krylenko, "do you not consider yourself bound to obey the orders of the Soviet Government?"

"I am not only a citizen," said the young clergyman, "but also a Roman Catholic priest" Father Hodnovitch also continued to celebrate mass after his church had been closed by a commissar, who had warned him not to celebrate public worship until further orders About 150 persons were present every time he said mass And he also had taught children the catechism He admitted both facts proudly

Ex-Archbishop Federoff and all the other priests made similar admissions they had all said mass and collected Christian children together to teach them about God, despite the fact that the Soviet Government had strictly forbidden it.

Sapunoff, a Bolshevist official serving in Basil Island, Petrograd, testified to the trouble he had had with a little Catholic chapel there The first time he went to close the place the attitude of the crowd was so threatening he judged it prudent to retire. The next time he did the job, but the crowd insulted him, crying, "This is what the Communists call liberty of conscience!"

The proceeding ended amid the most dramatic circumstances. A witness, Smirnoff, had testified that the priests had celebrated mass after he had cleared their churches and notified them they must not carry on public

worship until they had received permission from the Soviet Government Galkin, the presiding Judge, asked the prisoners if this was so, and they admitted it was

"Now you must choose once and for all," yelled a savage faced ex-priest on the scarlet bench "Are you going to continue saying mass?"

It was a tense, dramatic moment Each priest was questioned in turn Each stood up and declared calmly, firmly and proudly that he would continue to say mass and teach children the catechism, no matter what the consequences to himself

The Judge savagely questioned one young man who had been ordained in 1914 when 23 years old "Do you teach children their catechism?"

"Yes"

"Do you know that under article 121 of the penal code it is a crime to teach children the catechism, and that religion must be taught to no one before he is 18 years old?"

"Yes, I know that"

"And will you continue to teach the catechism?"

"Yes, with God's help, I will It is my duty to do so, no matter what the consequences may be If a father asks me to teach his child the catechism I cannot refuse."

Galkin, himself a renegade priest, scowled darkly He had selected the youngest priest, thinking he would yield and practically abjure his faith, but he found himself struggling against a rock

"Rome teaches you this," yelled Galkin, "and Soviet Russia teaches the contrary Which will you choose, Rome or Red Russia?"

In the deep silence that followed the voice of the young priest rang out like the voice of an early Christian in the Flavian amphitheatre

"Rome," he said, with a smile.

And the electric light overhead shone upon a face that might have been the model for the great medieval picture of Saint Sebastian in the National Gallery in London.

The death sentences on the Archbishop and the Vicar-General were pronounced at midnight of Palm Sunday. The Archbishop and Butchkavitch looked as men who had

obtained their lifelong heart's desire. The Archbishop embraced his aged, white-bearded lawyer who, though of the Orthodox Church and not a Catholic, broke down and wept bitterly Then the Archbishop embraced all the clergy and all were removed under a heavily armed escort of Reds

Meanwhile there was a frightful scene in court, when many Polish women fainted, others had hysterics and screaming fell to the floor, to be roughly dragged out by Red soldiers The aged manservant of the Archbishop, a Pole and typical old soldier with white mustaches, struggled desperately to the dock to bid farewell to his master, but he was overpowered and thrown out by the Reds, who finally, panic-stricken by a fear of rescue, cleared the court at the point of the bayonet.

There were extraordinary military precautions in the street when the prisoners were removed beneath a double hedge of bayonets, from the court into a huge covered lorry van like a "Black Maria" police wagon The same van was formerly used in carrying piles of the dead who had been murdered in the cellar of the Cheka, at 11 Bolshoi Lubanka, to the deadhouse of the hospital, in the outskirts of the city, whence they were buried

Since I write the above the Archbishop has been reprieved Nevertheless, the civilized world should know of the scenes whereby Soviet Russia panders to the bloodthirsty men who alone keep it in power. The above account of the priests' trial is not secondhand information, but comes from one who, as the Bolsheviki knew, attended every sitting of the court

THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE

A Series of Associated Press Dispatches, as published in the New York *Times*, Sept 3

(Shanghai story by C J Laval, Peking story by Walter C Whiffen, Nagasaki story by George Denny, San Francisco story by L. E. Claypool)

Shanghai, China, Sept 2.—One hundred thousand persons have perished in Tokio and Yokohama alone, according to bulletins received here from Japan

In Tokio the arsenal exploded, destroying the arsenal and the adjoining printing bureau There were several thousand casualties here

In the Nihonbashi and Kanda wards, in which scarcely a single structure is left standing, thousands lack water and food

The Kaijo building in the Marunouchi district collapsed with a thousand casualties.

The loft buildings lining the streets opposite the Tokio Central Railway Station were burned The main building of the Central Railroad Station remains intact

At Yokohama the fire started in the Bund and spread through Benten and Isezaki Streets, wiping out the business district

Tens of thousands of visitors, many of them foreigners, are in the mountain resorts of the Hakone District. They were panic-stricken by the repeated quakes. Mount Hakone village and the town of Atami were demolished, with the loss of six or seven thousand dead

At Ito, on the Idzu Peninsula, more than 500 houses were washed away by tidal waves

Six hundred persons perished when the railway tunnel at Sasako, the largest in Japan, collapsed

The *Nichi Nichi* was the only newspaper in Tokio to escape destruction

The Japanese community here is grief-stricken.

The most serious damage was done to the tract covering the Yam-An-Ote District, including the Tokio wards of Honjo Fukagawa, Akusaka, Shitaya, Nihonbashi and Kanda, where hardly a single structure was left standing.

Naval wireless messages received from Funabashi narrating stories of refugees from Tokio indicate that many buildings in the capital were demolished by the first earthquake shock

From other reports it appears that fires started in forty-eight places and that the business district was completely devastated. The palace was reported still to be burning

All reports received here indicate that Yokohama is an immense mass of ruins The harbor works there were demolished

Shinagawa was swept by a tidal wave

The British light cruiser *Despatch,* the only foreign war vessel at Shanghai, sailed at 4 o'clock this morning for Yohokama, expecting to arrive in eighteen hours

A naval radio dispatch from Funabashi says the Japanese Navy Department does not answer radio calls and that therefore it is feared the entire Navy Department has been destroyed

Fears are entertained here for the safety of Judge Charles Lobingier of the United States Court for China, and his wife, United States District Attorney Leonard Husar, his wife, and United States Marshal Thurston Porter, all of whom are believed to be in Yokohama. They left for Yokohama recently, after a term of court at Harbin

Porter went to Yokohama to greet his fiancée Miss Louise McCoubrey They were planning to marry in Japan

Nagasaki, Japan, Sept 2—A special messenger from Tokio, hurrying to the Anakura Hot Springs with a report upon the conditions in Tokio for Princess Nagako, fiancée of the Regent, has arrived here. He said the fire at the Imperial Palace was not serious, but that flames were raging at Akasaka, near Tokio, yesterday.

Several more earthshocks were felt at Yokohama at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon

Tokio is still burning and explosions there are frequent. Nobody is being permitted to enter the city unless they have sufficient food for their individual needs.

It is reported that the Fuji Spinning Mills, near Mount Fuji, collapsed and that 8,000 of the operators perished.

At Hakone, a famous mountain resort, it is said to be easier to count the living than the dead.

Peking, Sept. 2.—All cities and towns between Tokio and Osaka were destroyed by the earthquake, says a message picked up by the new Mitsui wireless station here. The message came from South Japan

The streets of Tokio are said to be heaped with the bodies of the dead Fire is raging from one end of the city to the other The casualties are declared to be inestimable. Most of the big buildings of the capital were destroyed.

The dispatch added that Yokohama suffered tremendously from the earthquake, while a tidal wave which followed it added to the terror of the populace, who fled toward the interior

Central Japan is entirely without means of communication.

Nagoya, a city of several hundred thousand inhabitants, 170 miles southwest of Tokio, has been virtually destroyed.

At Yokohama the naval station was overwhelmed by a tidal wave.

San Francisco, Sept. 3—Tokio, Yokohama and neighboring cities tonight were burning ruins, while more than 100,000 persons in the vicinity of these cities were reported dead as a result of Saturday's earthquakes, according to advices received in San Francisco by the Associated Press from its Shanghai correspondent and by the Radio Corporation from its station at Tomioka

Death and destruction were spread over an area roughly comprised within a radius of fifty miles of Tokio. How

extensive casualties and the material damage outside that zone are, has not been determined, as all communications with Japan are still interrupted except for brief connection by radio with Tomioka and occasional dispatches from Japan to Shanghai

The city of Nagoya is virtually destroyed. The Japanese naval station near Yokohama was engulfed by a tidal wave and the Imperial Palace at Tokio is endangered by fire. Nagoya has a population of 620,000 It is about ninety miles east of Osaka and about seventy miles west of Tokio

Tokio is under martial law Nobody is admitted into the city unless they have their own provisions Nihonbashi ward is virtually annihilated

A railway man from Tokio says casualties there are estimated at 100,000

This information was received here by the Radio Corporation from its Iwaki Station, near Tomioka, Japan, Nihonbashi is the downtown business centre of Tokio

The message said the Mitsukoshi and Shiroki department stores were destroyed by the fire

An aviator who flew from Tokorozawa, flying over the zone, said he could not see a single house remaining in Kamakura and Yokosuka, cities in the vicinity of Yokohama, following tidal waves

The wards of Kokugikwan and Honjo were destroyed. There was a large amphitheatre at Kokugikwan where wrestling matches were held. It is estimated 1,400 houses were destroyed in Yokohama

Immediately after the earthquake fire started in Tokio in about twenty places simultaneously and spread over the wards of Honjo at Fukagawa, Asakusa, Nihonbashi, Ushigome, Akasaka, Kojimachi and Shibi There is a safety zone in parts of the wards of Ushigome, Koishikawa, Yotusuya, Azuba, Hongo and north of there

Reports indicate the Marine Corps Station at Yokosutka has been annihilated and ships there are stranded. Yokusutka is a town of 70,000 and had numerous Government buildings including a naval hospital, naval arsenal, naval

engineering college, torpedo headquarters and a shipyard. It is twelve miles south of Yokohama.

Among the buildings burned in Tokio are the army arsenal, the military academy, the Ushigome Metropolitan Police Station, the Imperial Theatre, the Home Office Building and the Finance Department Building, the Government Printing Bureau and the Imperial University

The Prince Regent has taken refuge in the imperial sanctuary

All six bridges over the Sumida River, which divides Tokio, were reported collapsed. Enoshima, the picture island in the Kamakura district, was submerged

The volcano on the island of Oshima is continuing to send up smoke

The best available reports received today said hardly a structure was left standing in the Yamanote district, which includes the Tokio ward of Honjo, Fukagawa, Akusaka, Shitaya, Nihonbashi and Kanda

Thousands are without food and water and no means of getting any at present

In Yokohama the fire started in the Bund, or foreign section, spreading rapidly to the business district, which was wiped out

Tens of thousands of guests at resorts in the Hakone district, near Yokohama, in the mountains, were driven from their quarters by quakes and fires They were panic-stricken The number of casualties is undetermined

The town of Atami was demolished, 6,000 or 7,000 persons being killed.

At Ito, on the Idzu Peninsula, more than 500 houses were washed away by tidal waves

Six hundred persons are reported to have perished when a railway tunnel at Sasako collapsed

With railroad lines, telephone wires and all other means of communication and travel between Tokio and the remainder of Japan and the outside world cut off, Tokio and the other cities on the central Eastern Central seacoast on the Island of Hondo are isolated in their desolation.

The cities of Tokio and Yokohama were described by the Superintendent of the Japanese Government wireless station at Tomioka, which operates via Radio Corporation, as "like hell."

Buildings were falling; fire was spreading everywhere; dead and dying were on all sides; there were explosions and cries of horror and fear by the panic-stricken populace.

What the earthquake and fire did not destroy on land, tidal waves are reported to have crushed or sunk at sea.

The fate of the ships in Yokohama harbor and what ships were there, still remain to be determined

The Tomioka wireless station reported that wire communication throughout Japan is demoralized. The only communication with the devastated region, it was said, is by radio.

THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE

BY RODERICK MATHESON IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

(Sept 9, under the headline "Japan's First Days of Horror Told in Cable")

Osaka, Sept. 5—[Delayed]—Tokio had just closed its offices for the week-end Saturday and crowds were hurrying to the station to spend Sunday at the seaside and mountains when hell broke loose

Three minutes before noon came a grinding blow beneath our feet The earth groaned, buildings began to shift and creak. Then with a roar came the first of a series of tremendous shocks

The ground swayed and swung, making a foothold almost impossible, while from every building rose a fine dust, darkening the air

Crunching of swaying buildings rose to a roar and then a deafening cascade sound as the pitching, swaying structures began to crumble and fall. A few seconds after the warning tremor the buildings began vomiting frightened occupants, colliding with one another and falling as the ground heaved and swung. Tripping over the first litter in the streets, they all ran, staggering and falling, in the direction of the closest open ground. All were pallid with fright, a few fainting and many laughing hysterically

I was in the entrance of the Imperial hotel when the first shock came I sprang to the centre of the road, bracing my feet and trying to calculate whether the building to my left or the building to my right would be the first to fall, and ready to leap

From telephone poles came sickening creaks, and wires snapping on every side and a steady roar of falling structures, with a chill air whirlwinding dust.

A nearby restaurant crashed and sprang into flames, wherefrom came shrieks and wails and curses. The roof of the famous Hibiya shrine, the scene of most fashionable weddings, crashed to the temple court, over which came a bridegroom, dragging his fainting bride, blood staining her wedding headdress

From every side came the crashing of buildings and from underfoot the heavings of the swinging ground It is an indescribable sensation to feel solid earth turning to fluid

Ten minutes later I walked through the streets in the direction of Marunouchi, where the largest modern buildings and central telegraph office are located Stopping whenever succeeding shocks caught me in the open and running when caught between tottering walls, I reached the telegraph office and argued with the clerk to accept a message to *The Tribune,* the argument terminating when a heavy shock racked the office, the roof falling in and the clerks departing

Finding every communication, trams and train stopped and the navy wireless silent, I began to tour the wrecked city On every hand were tumbled buildings and injured people with a few crushed dead The majority of those killed were still beneath the ruins, whence came cries of wounded to torture the ears of frantic rescuers.

The meteorological bureau instruments were wrecked and the Imperial university instruments partially destroyed The latter showed the origin of the shock was 103 kilometers south of Tokio, with a maximum horizontal swing of twelve centimeters

At 4 o'clock twenty-one major fires were raging, the people pouring from the burning districts carrying goods In the apparently safe sections residents camped along the street car tracks, erecting temporary shelters. The fire swept in every direction with the wind blowing from all points of the compass In an hour the crowds were congesting and milling, not knowing where to go, but all apparently cheerful and not realizing the extent of the disaster

From the high ground back of the central palace at 7

o'clock I saw the city encircled in flames, whereupon I commandeered a Buick in a deserted garage in the path of the flames and helped move several foreign families to places of safety

Col. Burnett of the American embassy, whom I met in my rounds, his head bandaged, stated that all the embassy staff was safe but the embassy had been destroyed.

At midnight I left the burning city, heading north, seeking the road to the nearest undestroyed telegraph station I passed dozens of villages in ruins, lighted by rolling flames of the city.

All roads north were impassable, all bridges being down, so I swerved to Yokohama, crossing the Tanagawa river in a little sampan and abandoning the Buick Thence I went, afoot, through destroyed villages and over roads growing worse, with stretches split with twenty foot cracks, bridges down, and the roadbed churned and scattered

Everywhere the living were sleeping in the open. Earth spasms occurred every few minutes, some severe, and bringing down shattered walls All attempts to rent a sampan, bicycle or riksha failed, the Japanese too dazed or unwilling to go further toward Yokohama

The great cement plant at Kawasaki was in ruins, covering 200 dead The Nipponophone, the Japanese branch of the Victrola company, was crashed There were many dead in the town and a heap of twisted houses which had not burned It was noticeable that the older style grass thatched houses had not fallen or were less seriously wrecked

The old Tokkaido highway was littered from Omori to Kanagawa with wrecked buildings, over which I was forced to climb in many places

At 6 o'clock in the morning I began meeting refugees from Yokohama, haggard, worn, sick and injured, with blankets swung on poles, mothers carrying babes swung on their backs, the young helping the old, and every face showing the terror each had undergone. The first foreigner I met was a dentist, George Richmond, assisting a white woman who had been in his dentist chair at the

time of the quake. Both had been crashed through the basement, from which they had painfully crawled out. They stopped and warned me to buy food and water as both were unobtainable in Yokohama. Mr. Richmond was one of a crowd of 10,000 which had fled to safety in Yokohama park, which the fire had encircled.

The quake had forced water to spurt from the earth everywhere in Yokohama, muddying the ground In the park refugees lay, mud covering their faces, thus escaping incineration, although 1,000 had been burned to death. A man beside Mr Richmond had not put mud in his hair. A spark ignited his hair, resulting in fatal burns

Following Mr Richmond's advice, I raided a shattered store, packing a box of Japanese cakes and Japanese pears in my pockets Equipped with food and drink I continued, breasting the constant stream of refugees to Yokohama. I lived on cakes two days, drinking when necessary swallows of black water with my eyes shut.

In Yokohama the conditions showed that the Tokio earthquake was mild in comparison The roads were ripped, torn and gashed with cracks sufficient to engulf an automobile. Dead were everywhere, with more beneath the ruins. The telephone exchange, an unfinished building, alone was standing

The ruins were covered with scorched raw silk from the warehouses, which a few Chinese were busily gathering. Warehouses, stores, offices, government structures, docks and everything were smouldering piles, and from these came an overwhelming stench of burned human flesh.

The bluffs section, where foreigners lived, was bare of life and habitation. The ground dropped three feet everywhere in the city, leaving steelwork, bridges, and sewer openings sticking up Launches were plying from shore to ship, carrying off foreign and Chinese refugees. Here I was pressed into service to assist in preventing Chinese from rushing into the launches before the women and children were saved Here violence occasionally was necessary

After filing a wireless message to *The Tribune* aboard

the *Korea Maru,* which I hoped would reach Manila, I ventured to the Japanese section of the city. Here many thousands, cut off by the flames, had died in heaps of ghastly, grotesque attitudes.

Thousands were kneeling with hands upraised, many crisped arms sheltering blackened bodies of babes, while others clung to stones, concrete posts, and curbs

It appeared that many had been gassed, dying while scaling banks and climbing out of cracks in the earth

Hundreds escaped death by standing to their chins in mud and water in the canals and others found death by drowning there. So great was the congestion here that dead and living stood together during the hours of the holocaust

It is impossible by word to paint the scenes of horror. Hotels on the sides of bluffs pitched to the ground below. Eye witnesses tell of the terrors of the bluffs Trapped there, a mass of humanity, these shrieked for help, which those saved were unable to give in the face of the sweeping flames Burned autos with unrecognizable occupants littered the streets, with abandoned bicycles everywhere

Sickened at the sights, I returned to the reclaimed ground to encounter a fresh horror Japanese youths, assuming authority, appeared to have lost their reason. Arming themselves with swords and long spears from curio shops, they stalked through the remaining refugees.

I slept on a cinder pile, waking to find myself almost huddled close to a swollen corpse, which I had not noticed in the dark before Almost the last foreigner to leave, I boarded the steel steamer *Navigator,* finding myself in a different world of American kindness The ship was crowded with refugees, but nothing was left undone.

Learning that the *President Jefferson* was likely to be the first to sail I returned on a launch carrying a man with a broken arm, a sick woman, and two babies. The *Pesident Jefferson* arrived at Yokohama Tuesday morning, landing rice and water and taking off some 300 refugees, returning immediately to Kobe.

Every member of the crew was indefatigable, helping and giving smokes and clothing

Every American has reason to be proud of the actions of the American seamen at Yokohama. Equal praise is due the British vessels, whereon lines of race and nationality disappeared.

A BANDITS' CAMP IN CHINA

BY JOHN POWELL IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

(May 15, under the headline "Forced Flight at Night Under Hot Army Fire," with the following editorial note "John Powell, the *Chicago Tribune* Correspondent, who with other foreigners is being held for ransom by Chinese bandits, has managed to send out from the bandits' camp the following story of his capture and imprisonment The story was received by Charles Dailey, another of the *Tribune's* Far East staff, and forwarded by cable from Lincheng")

IN CAMP NEAR TSAO CHUANG, Shantung, May 14.—Sunday, May 6, at 3.30 A M, I was awakened by rifle fire The train slowed down to about ten miles an hour and then stopped with a sharp lurch My stateroom companion, M. Barbere, a Frenchman, jumped from his berth and we looked from the window We saw men running toward the train from all directions and firing indiscriminately. We got our revolvers from our bags and had no sooner done so than a rifle barrel was crashed through the window on the inside of our compartment and our door forced open

With two rifles pressed to our breasts we had no use for our revolvers, so we handed them over One of the bandits seized both my hands, and finding a ring on my finger he nearly tore off the finger in his haste to get it The same was done to M Barbere. The bandits ransacked our cabins and then left us.

Fortunately, as soon as the bandits had passed on to the next compartment we put on our coats and trousers and then looked out of the window. The night was bright and in the moonlight it looked as though at least 1,000 men were running about the train, breaking open bags and suitcases Several bandits then came back to our car and dragged us off the car and across the plains

After the bandits attacked the train I managed to get

fully dressed, except for my hat, but I lost my baggage and also my personal effects. All the captives were assembled in groups, first marching a quarter of a mile and then they were ordered to march double quick. I thought troops were pursuing, but it was too dark to say definitely.

The country side surrounding the train resembled a district recently visited by a cyclone. The robbers even dragged the bed clothes out of the cars, and some were lugging heavy mattresses along, but they had to discard them owing to the rapid march

My compartment partner and I managed to keep together, and after walking about three miles we were attracted by the sound of a child weeping and calling for his father We finally got our bandit partners to stop and took the little boy, the son of Maj. Pinger of Manila, in charge. He was barefooted and in his night clothes Finally he stumbled and fell, and one of the bandits cocked his gun and pointed it at him M Berbere jumped between them, lifted the boy and carried him for a considerable distance on his back.

Finally we came to a group of women, all in their night gowns and barefooted, stumbling along, weeping, across the stones, and being prodded by rifles. The women were Miss Lucy Aldrich, sister-in-law of John D Rockefeller Jr.; Miss McFadden, her traveling companion, and their maid, Miss Stromberg, who had remained with them We came on some donkeys grazing by the roadside, and the bandits put the women on them and also the little boy

We had found the steep road was directly up the mountainside, with the embankments marking the boundaries of terraced farms, some so steep that the women fell off the donkeys while ascending or descending.

We were about halfway up the mountain at dawn when there was firing in the rear, toward the train, and suddenly the robbers changed their course and turned back down the mountainside and around the base of another mountain. This was all done on the run and anybody who stopped to remove gravel from their shoes or nurse

a bruised foot or ankle was prodded with a cocked rifle or pistol.

We marched at double quick time with bullets whizzing overhead until we reached another mountain at least 5,000 feet high and in places as steep as a stairway. We were forced up and up without a stop until about ten o'clock, when we reached the top, which consisted of a crude fort with walls and rifle rests all about. We climbed or fell through an opening and fell in a heap in the first shelter. No one paid the slightest attention to the blazing sun, we were all so exhausted. We stretched out in all manner of positions and nursed our wounds with no attention to the bullets whistling overhead

There was no water for at least three hours, and then the first jugful was gobbled up by bandits After we had rested a little we took stock of the injured, and several of the men sacrificed their pajamas and shirts for the bleeding feet and sprained ankles of the women We were in the blazing sun and under fire all day and when one or two of the captives got together the bandits immediately grew suspicious and made them move.

About 4 P. M. a bandit arrived with bread or cakes, consisting of thin sheets made from kaoline flour. Few cared for more than a mouthful and they brought us strips of leather cut from our own traveling bags A few minutes later another bandit arrived with raw eggs, which were immediately devoured, and then we had a little water.

About 5 P. M. one of the chiefs arrived and asked us to write the northern commander stating that all foreigners would be immediately killed, if the firing did not cease Half an hour after the letter was dispatched the firing practically ceased. Several letters to this effect were demanded and gotten by the chief. Finally the chief insisted on one of the women carrying a message, and Miss Corelli, an Italian, started out, but she was turned back.

We were all herded together and marched down the other side of the mountain at 6 o'clock and herded along at double quick time over the mountain road, strewn with

boulders and sharp flint stones. This kept up steadily all night with one hour's stop. We were cautioned not to speak, and the thoughtless ones were yanked up with a hand clapped over the mouth. We apparently were very near the relief troops, for we could see lights and often hear voices in the distance

We had neither food nor water on this long march, except when we stopped Then we drank copiously from a foul vat standing near the wall of a village None of us dared imagine what the vat was used for ordinarily

About 4 30 A M of the second day we reached another village at the foot of a second mountain chain and and were herded into a corral, where we dropped to sleep at the foot of a haystack The yard was filled with bandits, all drinking samshu and examining their loot, all which we enjoyed, especially when some choice piece of jewelry or article of clothing belonging to members of our party came to light

"Here we found Maj Allen and his little son The boy was practically exhausted and famished, so we finally persuaded the bandits to get some tea There was no food, but we finally found one of the robbers with a can of sardines which he had found somewhere and gave it to the boy. Two of our captors, however, displayed a great liking for sardines, and the poor boy did not get the whole can

Since the capture the bandits told me that their leaders had promised each man $100 for each foreigner and $50 for each Chinese captured.

At first there was occasional firing with machine gun bullets whistling over the camp The bandits have an excellent system of communication, their signals being well controlled.

We camped on the mountain top all Sunday, but at 4.30 we came down to a village between the mountains. There I and Mr. Friedman wrote messages to Generals Wo and Wu, commanders of this district, warning them to cease firing if they wished to save the foreigners' lives. Thereafter no shots were exchanged I made conditions that I would write only under a pledge that the women be

released, since many were suffering from privations, owing chiefly to lack of clothing Thereupon the chief decided that Misses McFadden and Coralli should become messengers

The chief passed around cigars, which Mr Friedman recognized as his own Shortly after dispatching notes, written both in English and Chinese, we were ordered to move again

A rain and hail storm came, in which the women named [illegible]eparted with two train boys as interpreters. Mr Fried[illegible]an tried to follow, but was brusquely stopped We kept [illegible]ving until 3 o'clock in the morning

[illegible]hen, it being Monday, we camped in a small village, w[illegible]e Maj. Allen and his son, Leon Friedman, Mr Henle[illegible]nd I slept in a pigsty We were given coolie food sti[illegible]renched from the night's storm We gulped innume[illegible]e cups of miserable tea

T[illegible]andits seemed particularly suspicious towards me bec[illegible] I was observed taking notes. They believed I was [illegible]ping the country Later on Monday we again went [illegible]ards the mountains, the villages being in the valley [illegible]here we had only kaolin bread and red beans.

On [illegible]dnesday Mr Friedman met L C Solomon, whom, [illegible] donkey sore, Mr Friedman gave his slippers, riding [illegible]nkey himself.

The [illegible]n at first was to keep moving pretty steadily, s[illegible] nights in villages Since Wednesday we h[illegible] At present we are behind a mountain [illegible]or [illegible] Chuang, where we know relief is wait[illegible] Daile[illegible] now and then, including cards from [illegible]early [illegible] reassuring messages.

[illegible]we reb[illegible] on Tuesday when I suggested [illegible]oo swi[illegible] chairs and donkeys, as the pace [illegible]retendin[illegible]ome of us sat down, refusing to move [illegible]he should [illegible]haustion. A bandit stood over us, say[illegible]red, which [illegible]hoot me An important altercation [illegible] sending [illegible]orship would prevent Mr. Dailey

[illegible]nally I made a bandit c[illegible]
[illegible]g to make the burden [illegible]rry me, with the others also [illegible]eheavy that the bandits would

free us During the first three days we only had coolie food, but since then it has improved. The bandits obtained some beef and vegetables, so I with the others tried my hand at cooking it.

The division chief asked J A. Henley if he wanted to wash, having what he thought was a liquid soap It was eau de cologne, which the chief rubbed vigorously on his face and hair He then produced an assortment of tooth brushes from the loot, with a tin of talcum I told the chief it was tooth powder, whereup he cut the top with an ax, applying it vigorously A peddler visited the vil-lage, from whom the chief purchased socks, giving them to those who wished them

The leader heard Sig. Musso was an Italian admiral, so he made him write a letter to the Italian legation at Peking urging Premier Mussolini to bring pressure to bear upon Peking to grant the bandits their terms The leader has faith in Mr Henley, and as he leaves this Friday morning he hands him a $10 bill, also permitting him to carry personal letters along with messages to the legations Mr Henley is pledged to return on Sunday.

Except for Sig Musso, who was ill, requiring a chair, donkeys were provided in our travel, but now, today, we live in a Buddhist temple, which our chief jokingly said is better than any foreign house However, on entering he made me with the others kowtow to Bud[illegible]

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A CHINESE ELECTION

BY CLIFFORD FOX IN THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

(Oct. 9, under the headline "$10,000,000 Paid by Tsao for Presidency")

Shanghai, China, Oct 9—Rigid censorship imposed by the military authorities in Peking on all cablegrams to foreign countries has precluded the sending out of details in last Friday's presidential election It has been therefore, to come to Shanghai to transmit facts ...g the elevation of Marshal Tsao Kun to the presi-

As example of political corruption the election will ...istorical in China's affairs. Tsao Kun bought the pr... ency at a cost of approximately $10,000,000. Activit... just before the vote of parliament was finally cast co... ed chiefly in the distribution of money among a small ...p of members who refused to accept post-dated ... for $5,000 each, which the banks proposed to honor ... the event that Tsao Kun was elected Those ...rs who insisted on cash received it

All ...llot... in the presidential election was secret The ...lic ... s admitted only long enough to hear the anno... ...of the result. This was perfunctory and was ... ten...y much facetiousness

T... ...ppea... session of both houses of parliament was calle...ispered A M on Friday, but Wu Ching-lien, Tsao Ku...omas a...n manager, became apprehensive that his vot...oner, M...s might fail him and postponed the meeting un... The A...al of hurriedly summoned members of par-lia...lack knickerntsin. The Tientsin contingent reached ...in them and h...k in the afternoon and promptly de- Court dress. ... demands were met and a

Before the arrival of

...was heard jokingly ...were brazenly and frankly cor-

rupt. The Chinese mind, however, cannot grasp the idea that there is dishonesty in accepting money for votes.

Wu, who is speaker of the lower house, is slated for the premiership in return for his campaign activities.

The parliamentary buildings and grounds were heavily guarded by troops during the election, invited spectators being virtually prisoners for five hours until the result was announced.

The diplomatic corps is reported to be ready to recognize Tsao Kun as president Coincidentally soviet Russia admits that the Sino-Russian conference was held up because Russia was unwilling to negotiate while China was minus a president, and now suggests that Tsao-Kun's first official act should be putting his seal upon the credentials of Dr C. T Wang as head of the Chinese delegation to the conference Dr Wang was appointed to th same position by Li Yuan-hung, deposed president, but s appointment was never properly certified

Wu is in Paotingsfu, presenting the parliamen y certificate of election to Tsao According to Chine ustom, he will first decline the presidency on the ground it he is unworthy Later, however, he will be "persua ' to accept

The vice-presidency, it has been tentativel reed, is to go to a South China man, Tsao Kun's ans believing this to be the quickest means of effec unifica-tion of the country and the defeat of the air Dr. Sun Yat-sen Of forty south China members ament, only thirty-five were present at Friday's The majority of them voted for Tsao Kun

The action of Gen Chang Tso-lin, war Man-churia, is anxiously awaited, he having de-clared his intention of starting hostilities ang unless grafting politicians kept their hands ec-toral session.

Significant movements of Chang's tr ed to be in progress However, Chang ha e only part of the autumn m equipped army

THE KING BREAKS BREAD WITH LABOR

(An Associated Press Dispatch)

London, March 8—The King and Queen for the first time in their lives broke bread with the Labor members of Parliament tonight in the home of one of their subjects. The occasion was a dinner given by Viscount and Lady Astor, at which their Majesty met, among others, James Henry Thomas, General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, John Robert Clynes, President of the National Union of General Workers and former Labor Leader in the House, and Philip Snowden, and their wives.

Labor came in silken knee breeches, which was jocosely described as a concession, and there were also present those who wear the cherished garter—Balfour, Salisbury and Grey of Fallodon

The affair, which was unique in British social history, was arranged as much to permit the King and Queen to meet in social intercourse with the Laborites as to allow the Laborites to come into social contact with their rules. It was said that the King had made known his desire to meet the leaders of the Labor Party in such a manner

Lady Astor, whose campaign for political honors was characterized by much banter, greeted the Laborites when they appeared in knee breeches with joking remarks She whispered "Pull up your stocking" in the ear of Mr. Thomas and inquired of the Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. Larkin, if his stockings were on straight

The American Ambassador escaped remarks on his black knickerbockers, because he has frequently appeared in them and has become a familiar figure in the customary Court dress

Before the arrival of the King and Queen, Lady Astor was heard jokingly telling the Laborites how to receive

his Majesty, advising them to say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," not "Yes, your Majesty" and "No your Majesty"

Viscount Astor escorted the Queen to the banquet hall, while Lady Astor entered on the arm of the King Once she looked back and urged her guests to hurry, for the Labor members were apparently expecting that the usual precedence by rank would be in order, while the others of the nobility seemed anxious to hold back

The guests sat at two large round tables amid the fragrance of pink tulips and other blossoms The diners included, in addition those mentioned, Premier Bonar Law, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Speaker and Mrs Whitley, Lady Frances Balfour, Lord and Lady Eustace Percy, Viscount and Lady Grey of Fallodon, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord and Lady Islington, Dame Lyttleton, Mrs Lloyd George, Sir John and Lady Simon, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Plymouth, Colonel and Mrs Spender-Clay, and Mrs. Margaret Wintringham, M P

J Ramsay Macdonald, Labor leader in the House of Commons; John Robert Clynes, Philip Snowden and James Henry Thomas have accepted invitations to dine with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace on March 15, according to *The Daily Herald*, the labor organ, and a number of Labor leaders of Parliament will attend the afternoon party at Buckingham Palace on March 16.

SPORT STORIES

THE PASSING OF JIMMY WILDE

BY H. G SALSINGER IN THE DETROIT NEWS

(June 19)

Jimmy Wilde of Wales, the mighty atom, greatest fighter of his weight that the sport of boxing has produced, passed from the ring last night. One minute and 46 seconds after the start of the seventh round of his fight with Pancho Villa, the almond-eyed and brown-skinned son of Panay, Philippine Islands, Wilde was lying face down and flat, in a neutral corner of the ring. The count started and after three seconds had passed, two handlers who had vaulted the ropes as the count began, picked up the unconscious form of Wilde and carried him to his corner

As they propped him on the sliding seat, he collapsed again and slid to the floor Three men lifted him and held him while two others threw cold water and dripping towels over his head, face and body But Wilde remained unconscious, his face black and blue, blood flowing from freshly made gashes

Standing in the center of the ring, smiling, was the brown terror from the islands. Villa was receiving the applause of the conqueror

"Go over and kiss him, Pancho," requested a newspaper photographer Villa nodded and hopped to Wilde's corner, pushing aside the handlers who were still trying to restore Wilde to consciousness. Villa bent over the mute figure, waited until the photographer got the proper focus and then kissed Wilde on the blue and swollen cheek.

Several minutes later the announcer, taking the center of the ring, called for a demonstration for the "gamest man that ever laced on a boxing glove and the gamest

man of his weight that ever lived." There was applause but Wilde, his bruised and battered head sunk on his chin, heard nothing of the tribute to the vanquished.

More minutes passed and finally two handlers tried to pull a sweater over Wilde The neck band passed over the head but they could not work the lifeless arms through the sleeves. Finally they gave up the attempt, lifted up the former flyweight king of the earth and carried him out of the ring. From the black gulf that surrounded the boxing stage came a terrific round of applause, the last the world he fought in will ever pay to Wilde in ring attire

Wilde's passing was filled with the dramatic element. His opponent, Villa, had youth, ambition, strength, speed, stamina, endurance and the cunning of his race Wilde carried poise, punch and the pride of the Anglo-Saxon.

Wilde was certain that he would win During his long career in the ring he had never lost to a fighter of his own weight and he had beaten boxers of every weight up to light heavyweights To him the almond-eyed Villa meant the product of an inferior race

It was a fight that will live, a battle in which the frail-looking Wilde gave the greatest demonstration of physical and moral courage that the ring has probably seen. All through those six and one-half rounds Wilde seemed to fight for racial supremacy, for the honor of the Anglo-Saxon over a colored people. His poise never left him, even as he staggered, cut and bleeding, about the ring

The outcome seemed certain from the start Wilde, fighting wide-open as he always has, was no match for the slashing Islander Villa came tearing in, well covered, until he got his distance and then he lashed with lefts and rights. He hammered face and body, the brown arms shooting straight out He was in and out, Wilde missing when he tried to counter

Twice in that first round Wilde went staggering back on his heels He recovered each time and made a brave attempt to carry the fight to the brown boy He managed to reach him but his punches lacked steam Villa, unhurt by the blows Wilde was landing, grew bolder.

The fight was really decided in the second round. Wilde continued on the aggressive, taking blows to face, head and body, and a fraction of a second before the gong sounded Villa started a right hand punch It landed as the bell rang. The punch caught Wilde flush on the jaw and he fell flat on the resined floor His seconds rushed into the ring, carried him back to his seat, and managed to revive him

The little Welshman was groggy when he came out for the third round. Here he should have covered and played for time but Wilde had never learned the trick of covering. It was not included in his style of fighting. Instead of clinching Wilde staggered after Villa It was an effort pitiful but inspiring, for Wilde, helpless, was still trying to uphold the tradition of his race and that demanded he go only forward.

Villa, cunning, crafty, covered and let Wilde land He knew that he had his man and it was only a question of time Wilde's punches could have hurt no one His slant-eyed opponent smiled and waited. Through the third, the fourth and the fifth rounds Villa let Wilde come inside his guard Now and then he landed a few punches, causing fresh swellings or cutting Wilde. Then, in the sixth, he started again. He smashed rights and lefts Wilde was helpless Villa knew it well by now. It was only the finishing touch that was needed

Reeling about the ring was Wilde He was still wide open, but he was swinging Both eyes were closed and he stumbled along blindly Blood was flowing from fresh cuts and the face and torso were steaming red. A merciful gong finally sounded. Villa hopped to his corner, Wilde continued staggering in the center of the ring He was groping for the brown-skinned Filipino.

Two handlers jumped in, grabbed Wilde around the waist, and carried him to his corner

Patsy Haley, the gray-haired referee, walked to Wilde's corner.

"Don't you think your man's had enough?" he asked the withered old trainer in charge of Wilde

"We'll fight it out," replied the trainer and Wilde nodded his swollen head in affirmation.

So he reeled out for the seventh round He had hardly the strength needed to raise his arms His legs seemed unable to longer hold up the 110 pounds of cut, bruised and tired flesh He felt blindly for his opponent. He still tried to carry the fight.

Villa, cunning, still fresh, wickedly smiling, measured his man. He came in and leaped out, landing with the right and the left. He was taking his time, making no mistakes

From the inky blackness around the ring came shouts of "Towel," but no towel was tossed.

Wilde would fight it out like an Anglo-Saxon and he did. He went down in a neutral corner He fell flat, on his face, like a log He was stretched out full length upon the canvas covering of the brilliantly lighted fight stage The referee began to count but Wilde was beyond any count The greatest fighter of his pounds had passed

In his days in the ring he knocked out more men than any boxer that ever lived.

THE DEMPSEY-FIRPO FIGHT

BY W O. MCGEEHAN IN THE NEW YORK HERALD

(Sept 15, under the headline "Dempsey Knocks Out Firpo in Round Two before 85,000")

The Manassa matador dropped the Wild Bull of the Pampas, but not until the matador was gored by the bull so that he will remember it for many a day. Fifty-seven seconds after the bell rang for the second round at the Polo Grounds last night, Luis Angel Firpo, the hope and the pride of Latin America, rolled over near the ropes at the south side of the ring inert, unconscious—knocked out

But what happened before this was as hard to follow as the shifting colors of a kaleidoscope. It was the most savage heavyweight bout that ever was staged while it lasted. The first round was startlingly like that sanguinary affair at Toledo when Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard and won his championship.

Seven times Dempsey dropped the Argentine giant last night and seven times the giant pulled himself up to his feet He came up each time fighting, and lashed savagely but blindly at the champion It was a right to the jaw that dropped Firpo the first time The other six times the giant was felled by volleys of blows, on the head, on the body, all over his huge bulk As he dropped for the fourth time it seemed that he could not rise

Charles Schwegler, the old prize fighter, who was at the bell, rose in his chair and counted Firpo turned his seemingly sightless eyes in the direction of the bell as the counter shouted "Nine!" He dragged himself upward painfully and slowly, only to be knocked down again and again.

But every time the Argentino came up he lashed at the

champion. Some of these blows landed, for Dempsey seemed reckless and determined to carry the fight to the Argentino to the end. He rushed in, disregarding the clublike right of the giant

Certainly Luis Angel Firpo had been given even more punishment than Willard had received in Toledo. The blood was gushing from his mouth as he reeled into his corner His ribs were red where Dempsey had pounded him Yet under that bloody smear the mask of a face remained just as expressionless as ever

Near the ringside the pack sensed the fact that it would be over in the second round. They crowded closer to the ring At the bell starting the bout Dempsey, with his teeth bared in that ring snarl and the face suggesting the wolf, rushed out of his corner. He battered Firpo against the ropes

Then there was a gasp as though all of the spectators had caught the same fear Firpo swung that cave man's right of his and caught the champion under the chin. Dempsey reeled against the ropes groggy. Then he slipped through them on the south side of the ring in among the typewriters and telegraph instruments.

The man at the bell bawled his count He reached the count of three when Dempsey was pushed back into the ring. The champion looked a bit wobbly. His eyes seemed to be glazed for just the fraction of a second. His jaw was sunk and he looked bewildered. But that was for just a fleeting instant The scowl came back again and Dempsey settled down to his killing of the Wild Bull

The champion's head cleared quickly. He drove Firpo over into the corner where his manager, Jack Kearns, sat pale and shaking at the narrow escape of the champion. A right to the jaw sent Firpo to the mat again for a short count The champion stepped across the prostrate body of the giant and waited

For the last time Firpo rose from that dirty bit of white canvas early in the second round Even then he did not rise like a beaten man The blood gushed from the battered lips, but the eyes behind the narrow lids were gleam-

ing like the points of white-hot needles. His stout heart was still full of fight. He lashed with that clublike left to find that vulnerable place at the base of Dempsey's brain. But the blows glanced off Dempsey's head. The champion pressed close and lashed a right and left to the Argentino's jaw Firpo's brown pillars of legs started to crumple beneath him. As he started to sink Dempsey drove a final right hook to the jaw Firpo, the hope of Latin America, sagged face downward to the mat close to the ropes.

On the other side of the ring the man at the bell started to count, waving his arms Referee Gallagher bent over the prostrate giant, waving his arms and shouting the numbers into his ear They told me yesterday that Firpo could not understand the English count beyond six This time he could not hear anything He was out There was no motion but his spasmodic breathing and a feeble attempt to raise that ponderous right arm. It happened so quickly that the crowd did not even cheer

A few seconds before they saw the American champion reeling, groggy and almost ready to be dropped It did look as though this championship which is valued so highly might pass to a Latin-American—but only for something less than ten seconds Dempsey showed his stamina and his fighting courage when he was hurt.

Dempsey stood a little back from the fallen giant as he fell for the last time He listened for the final count just a little wobbly on his own clean-cut legs. As it went to eight he licked his lips in a wolfish fashion. At "ten" he rushed to his corner into the arms of his younger brother and Johnny Dempsey. Then he raised his gloves in acknowledgment of the cheering that finally came

Glancing at the corner where they had carried Firpo with a grim look of triumph he bounded out of the ring and started for his dressing room.

To Dan McKettrick he said· "I thought that he had me for a minute But Lord, how the Irish in a man can fight when it has to I thought that I was gone for just a minute. He can hit"

And certainly it did look as though the championship was about to shift to the south of the equator as Dempsey went through the ropes Perhaps it was the accident of his being knocked out of the ring that saved him, for Firpo was alert and full of fight when he drove home that blow. Had Dempsey been there to receive it the giant might have followed it with one that would have created a Latin heavyweight champion

Dempsey was ready to totter when the blow landed. You could read this in the face of his manager, Jack Kearns, whose jaw had sagged down to his chest He had warned the champion to be careful, but Dempsey seemed to have smelled the blood that gushed from his opponent's lips. He rushed in to finish it

This was no boxing match. It was a fight, and a most primitive fight at that.

Only in the jungle would you find a replica of the rapidly shifting drama that over 85,000 at the Polo Grounds saw last night. A pair of wolves battling in the pines of the North Woods, a pair of cougars in the wastes of the Southwest might have staged a faster and more savage bout, but no two human beings.

Firpo recovered quickly enough as they dragged him to his stool. Horatio Lavalle, the dilettante Latin-American chief second with the sorrowful brown eyes, hastily wiped the blood from Firpo's crushed lips. The mask of a face was cleared again and it was as expressionless as ever There was no look of dejection there, there was no indication of humiliation in those features. As Firpo moved out of the ring he said rather philosophically in Spanish

"Well, I almost had him" Then he added, "And a year from now I surely will be able to beat him"

I think that Dempsey was nearer to being knocked out in this fight than he ever has been in his career.

That courageous Argentino was dangerous until he slumped to the mat for the last time He showed that he had a wonderful physique and wonderful vitality, and above all he showed that he had the stout, fighting heart that had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors, the

conquistadores of Pizzaro and the men of the legions of Cæsar.

There is no fear of the human fist in the heart of William Harrison Dempsey either When he clambered into the ring after being driven through the ropes he was hardly conscious, but when he recovered he went back to his work of slaughter In this case the matador seemed as wild as the Wild Bull, to continue that metaphor. Jack Dempsey fought his own fight In his heart he valued this Latin just a bit too cheaply and he almost lost his championship because of it

It was vividly suggestive of that drama at Toledo, only it moved with much greater rapidity When Firpo dropped to the mat for the first time they said "It is over," but Firpo did not come up lumbering and helpless as Willard did Every time that South American giant dragged himself up he flung himself at Dempsey, lashing savagely at him, always full of fight.

Dempsey did not have the same hopeless target that he had in Willard, for Firpo was fighting, never covering up. Perhaps if he had covered for a few seconds he might have mustered more strength, but Firpo made no effort at defense. He had set out to batter Dempsey down. His self-confidence held to the last He felt in his heart that he could do this.

In one way it might be called victory for the American tradition of the prize ring, though Dempsey did not fall back on what is known in fistic circles as science He carried the fight to Firpo and seemed to drive him mad. It was apparent that he might have picked Firpo to pieces at long range, but he rushed in He showed what the French call the will to use the bayonet. That made it a fight the like of which probably has not been seen since heavyweights first started to battle

Two questions were answered decidedly in the affirmative, while this drama was being staged. Those questions are, "Can Firpo take it?" and "Can Dempsey take it?" They were answered in the affirmative.

Perhaps after all Jimmy Deforest, the little gray trainer with the half-burnt cigar who was abandoned by Firpo

just before this bout will have the right to say, "I told you so." It seemed that with just a little more knowledge of the game Firpo might have had a better chance. He came close to winning once there. A little knowledge of the rudiments of the game might have helped Firpo to weather that second round, and if he had, "Quien Sabe?" as the Argentinos say.

Firpo directed his own fight Gartland, the lone American in his corner, had little to say to him. If he did, Firpo did not hear it The others in his corner were Horatio Lavalle, the dilettante second, and Witmer, the secretary, whose work was merely to interpret

From the start Firpo paid no attention to the sea of strange faces that surged around the ring under the lights. Once or twice as he sat on his stool in the corner he glanced out of the corner of the narrow eyes at the Dempsey corner He did not speak to his second. He had not time to pull at the ropes as he arose for the opening round Dempsey came rushing out of his corner and Firpo went out to meet him

The cheering for the champion was inarticulate There was no jeering of the loser It all happened too rapidly, so rapidly that not one in that house could be sure that it was over until the man by the bell screamed "Ten," as Firpo still lay there on the canvas breathing spasmodically Men who had seen so many ring dramas that they had become calloused lost their heads and stared before them bewildered

"A year from now," is the prediction of the beaten Firpo A year from now the experts who derided the chances of the South American will not be quite as skeptical. A year from now Firpo will have learned much and he will retain that fighting heart .

You can tell the real fighter from the manner in which he rises from the mat Those orthodox fighters rise and cover. Firpo rose and started to fight as soon as he reached his feet Strategically it might have been wrong, but it was magnificent. It was the manner of the real fighter

In the dressing room of Dempsey, besieged with the ad-

mirers of the champion, Jack Kearns said: "Of course we will fight him again. We will fight anybody" But it is my prediction that there will be much palaver before that second fight is staged

"You can take it from me and from anybody else who saw that battle at the Polo Grounds that Dempsey was never nearer to losing the mantle of John L. Sullivan than he was last night. If the wounded Wild Bull had just a little more force in that right in the first round Dempsey would have been thrust into that ring unconscious. Or if the champion had been a little shy of heart or stamina he might not have come back"

In the conventional post bellum statements both J. Kearns and Dempsey are making light of that blow that drove the champion through the ropes, but it jarred The experts who had picked the Argentino for an easy mark, a Latin-American joke, were jolted as hard as the champion was

"He nearly had me," said Dempsey in his first outburst of confidence And something like 85,000 persons will echo: "He certainly nearly did have you"

There was a deathlike silence when the champion went hurtling over those ropes into the rows of correspondents His head was driven back and the legs kicked convulsively at the air If the newspaper men on that side of the ring had not caught him he would have gone over them to the ground The face of Jack Kearns was white and quivered. Johnny Dempsey, the younger brother, moved toward the ring with his mouth wide open. Inarticulate cries came from the Dempsey corner

In the Firpo corner the rather sorrowful face of Horatio Lavalle, the dilettante manager of Firpo, lighted for just a moment. He called something in Spanish as Dempsey was thrown back into the ring, his knees shaking. Firpo lashed out and could not bring him down Then came a right from the reviving Dempsey. Down went the giant again, but he came up fiercely

Then Dempsey came in close The champion later said that the blow that knocked him out of the ring was a lucky punch. Dempsey shot out something of a lucky punch

himself. Firpo wilted A left followed the right. The giant sagged Dempsey ended it with another right.

The 85,000 or more who saw that drama last night would go again tomorrow It was the most exciting spectacle the modern prize ring ever produced.

At the sight of the Wild Bull of the Pampas coming toward the ring the multitudes awoke from the lethargy into which the preliminaries seemed to have thrown them. Firpo's impatience to enter the ring was typical of the gladiator who did nothing in a conventional way. The American fighters always take their time about reaching the ring

There was a louder volume of sound as Jack Dempsey and his train moved into the field through another entrance. The hour fixed for the fight, 10 o'clock, was drawing near It has been Dempsey's custom to let his victim wait while he composed himself in the dressing room, but last night he appeared just as impatient as the contender.

"Come on, let's go, Doc, let's go," he said to Jack Kearns Firpo entered the ring as the announcer proclaimed Madden the winner of the semi-final He wore a purple and gold bathrobe as he climbed in the ring. Dempsey climbed lightly into the ring a second later wearing a new white sweater around his shoulders His tights were a white silk. They moved into a neutral corner and posed for their pictures

Dempsey smiled affably at his friends as he took the corner that was used by Johnny Kilbane in the bout with Criqui.

Both men wore stubble beards and the beard of Firpo was the blacker and thicker The Argentino wore the same grim mask of an expression as he squatted in his corner.

As Joe Humphries started his announcements the features of Dempsey fixed themselves in his ring scowl. There was loud cheering as Joe Humphries introduced the ring champion. Humphries proclaimed Luis Angel Firpo as the pugilistic idol of South America. The visitor re-

ceived quite a cordial greeting. The weight of the champion was 192½ pounds Firpo's was 216½.

Johnny Gallagher appeared as referee for the main bout. He called both fighters to the center of the ring for consultation. It was necessary for Witmer, Firpo's secretary, to translate the necessary instructions. Firpo looked pensively across to the strange faces The bell rang at 10·02.

Dempsey rushed out of his corner and brought Firpo against the ropes He missed with his left Suddenly Dempsey dropped Firpo with a right to the jaw. Dempsey rushed him again and dropped him with a right to the jaw Firpo got up without taking the count He again dropped Firpo who got up at the count of nine Once again Dempsey dropped Firpo in Dempsey's own corner. Again Firpo got up The blood was flowing from Firpo's mouth

Firpo rushed Dempsey to the ropes and knocked Dempsey through the ropes with a heavy right, knocking Dempsey into the newspaper row Dempsey came back strong, but Firpo continued his heavy rights

This round seemed like a repetition of the Toledo fight when Dempsey dropped Willard seven times Firpo was down seven times

Dempsey rushed out and dropped Firpo in a neutral corner with a left to the body Firpo got up, but was knocked down again

A left swing and a right hook to the jaw was the punch.

THE TYING GAME

BY HEYWOOD BROUN IN THE NEW YORK WORLD

(October 12, under the headline "Ruth Comes into His Own with Two Homers, Clinching Second for Yanks, 4 to 2")

The Ruth is mighty and shall prevail. He did yesterday. Babe made two home runs and the Yankees won from the Giants at the Polo Grounds by a score of 4 to 2. This evens up the World's Series, with one game for each contender.

It was the first game the Yankees won from the Giants since Oct 10, 1921, and it ended a string of eight successive victories for the latter, with one tie thrown in

Victory came to the American League champions through a change in tactics Miller Huggins could hardly fail to have observed Wednesday that terrible things were almost certain to happen to his men if they paused any place along the line from first to home

In order to prevent blunders in base running he wisely decided to eliminate it. The batter who hits a ball into the stands cannot possibly be caught napping off any base

The Yankees prevented Kelly, Frisch and the rest from performing tricks in black magic by consistently hammering the ball out of the park or into sections of the stand where only amateurs were seated

Though simplicity itself, the system worked like a charm Three of the Yankees' four runs were the product of homers, and this was enough for a winning total Erin Ward was Ruth's assistant Irish Meusel of the Giants also made a home run, but yesterday's show belonged to Ruth.

For the first time since coming to New York, Babe achieved his full brilliance in a World's Series game. Before this he has varied between pretty good and simply awful, but yesterday he was magnificent.

Just before the game John McGraw remarked:

"Why shouldn't we pitch to Ruth? I've said before, and I'll say it again, we pitch to better hitters than Ruth in the National League"

Ere the sun had set on McGraw's rash and presumptuous words, the Babe had flashed across the sky fiery portents which should have been sufficient to strike terror and conviction into the hearts of all infidels But John McGraw clung to his heresy with a courage worthy of better cause

In the fourth inning Ruth drove the ball completely out of the premises. McQuillan was pitching at the time, and the count was two balls and one strike The strike was a fast ball shoulder high, at which Ruth had lunged with almost comic ferocity and ineptitude

Snyder peeked at the bench to get a signal from McGraw. Catching for the Giants must be a terrific strain on the neck muscles, for apparently it is etiquette to take the signals from the bench manager furtively The catcher is supposed to pretend he is merely glancing around to see if the girl in the red hat is anywhere in the grand stand, although all the time his eyes are intent on McGraw

Of course the nature of the code is secret, but this time McGraw scratched his nose, to indicate "Try another of those shoulder high fast ones on the Big Bam and let's see if we can't make him break his back again"

But Babe didn't break his back, for he had something solid to check his terrific swing. The ball started climbing from the moment it left the plate It was a pop fly with a brand new gland and, though it flew high, it also flew far.

When last seen the ball was crossing the roof of the stand in deep right field at an altitude of 315 feet We wonder whether new baseballs conversing together in the original package ever remark: "Join Ruth and see the world"

In the fifth Ruth was up again and by this time McQuillan had left the park utterly and Jack Bentley was pitching. The count crept up to two strikes and two

balls Snyder sneaked a look at the little logician deep in the dugout. McGraw blinked twice, pulled up his trousers and thrust the forefinger of his right hand into his left eye. Snyder knew that he meant, "Try the Big Bozo on a slow curve around his knees and don't forget to throw to first if you happen to drop the third strike."

Snyder called for the delivery as directed and Ruth half topped a line drive over the wall of the lower stand in right field With that drive the Babe tied a record Benny Kauff and Duffy Lewis are the only other players who ever made two home runs in a single World's Series game.

But was McGraw convinced and did he rush out of the dugout and kneel before Ruth with a cry of "Maestro" as the Babe crossed the plate? He did not. He nibbled at not a single word he has ever uttered in disparagement of the prowess of the Yankee slugger In the ninth Ruth came to bat with two out and a runner on second base By every consideration of prudent tactics an intentional pass seemed indicated

Snyder jerked his head around and observed that McGraw was blowing his nose The Giant catcher was puzzled, for that was a signal he had never learned By a process of pure reasoning he attempted to figure out just what it was that his chief was trying to convey to him

"Maybe he means if we pitch to Ruth we'll blow the game," thought Snyder, but he looked toward the bench again just to make sure.

Now McGraw intended no signal at all when he blew his nose. That was not tactics, but only a head cold. On the second glance, Snyder observed that the little Napoleon gritted his teeth Then he proceeded to spell out with the first three fingers of his right hand "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders" That was a signal Snyder recognized, although it never had passed between him and his manager before.

McGraw was saying· "Pitch to the big bum if he hammers every ball in the park into the North River."

And so, at Snyder's request, Bentley did pitch to Ruth

and the Babe drove the ball deep into right centre; so deep that Casey Stengel could feel the hot breath of the bleacherites on his back as the ball came down and he caught it. If that drive had been just a shade to the right it would have been a third home run for Ruth. As it was, the Babe had a great day, with two home runs, a terrific long fly and two bases on balls.

Neither pass was intentional. For that McGraw should receive due credit His fame deserves to be recorded along with the man who said, "Lay on, MacDuff," "Sink me the ship, Master Gunner, split her in twain," and "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" For John McGraw also went down eyes front and his thumb on his nose

Some of the sportsmanship of the afternoon was not so admirable In the sixth inning Pep Young prevented a Yankee double play by diving at the legs of Ward, who was just about to throw to first after a force-out Tack Hardwick never took out an opposing back more neatly. Half the spectators booed Young and the other half applauded him.

It did not seem to us that there was any very good reason for booing Young, since the tradition of professional baseball always has been agreeably free of chivalry. The rule is, "Do anything you can get away with"

But Young never should have been permitted to get away with that interference The runner on first ought to have been declared out In coming down to second Young had complete rights to the baseline and the bag, but those rights should not have permitted him the privilege of diving all the way across the bag to tackle Ward around the ankles.

It was a most palpably incompetent decision by Hart, the National League umpire on second base. Fortunately the blunder had no effect on the game, since the next Giant batter hit into a double play in which the Giant rushline was unable to reach Ward in time to do anything about it.

Ruth crushed to earth shall rise again Herb Pennock, the assistant hero of the afternoon, did the same thing.

In the fourth inning, Jack Bentley topped the slim Yankee left-hander into a crumpled heap by hitting him in the back with a fast ball. Pennock went down with a groan which could be heard even in the $1 seats All the players gathered around him as he writhed, and what with sympathy and some judicious massage, he was up again within three or four minutes, and his pitching efficiency seemed to be in nowise impaired. It was, of course, wholly an accident, as the kidney punch is barred in baseball

Entirely aside from his injury, Pennock looked none too stalwart He is a meagre athlete who winds up with great deliberation, as if fearful about what the opposing batter will do with the ball And it was mostly slow curves that he fed to the Giants, but they did nothing much in crucial moments Every now and then Pennock switched to a fast one, and the change of pace had McGraw's men baffled throughout

Just once Pennock was in grave danger It looked as if his three-run lead might be swept away in the sixth inning. Groh, Frisch and Young, the three Giants to face him at that point, all singled solidly. It seemed the part of wisdom to remove Pennock immediately after Young's single had scored Groh Here Huggins was shrewd. He guessed wisely and stuck to Pennock.

Irish Meusel forced Young, and it would have been a double play but for Young's interference with Ward's throw Cunningham, who followed, did hit into a double play, Scott to Ward to Pip The Giants' rally thus was limited to one run

Their other score came in the second inning, when Irish Meusel drove a home run into the upper tier of the left field stands It was a long wallop and served to tie the score at that stage of the game, as Erin Ward had made a home run for the Yankees in the first half of the inning. Ward's homer was less lusty, but went in the same general direction

In the fourth the Yankees broke the tie Ruth began it with his over-the-fence smash, and another run came across on a single by Pipp Schang's hit to right—which Young fumbled long enough to let Pipp reach third—

and Scott's clean line hit to centre. This is said to be Scott's last year as a regular and he seems intent on making a good exit, for, in addition to fielding spryly, he made two singles.

The defensive star of the afternoon was Joe Dugan, third baseman of the Yankees He specialized on bunts. McQuillan caught him flatfooted with an unexpected tap, in the third inning, and Dugan made a marvelous throw on the dead run in time to get his man at first

Again he made a great play against Kelly, first batter up in the last half of the ninth Kelly just nicked the ball with a vicious swing and the result was a treacherous spinning grounder that rolled only half way down to third Dugan had to run and throw in conjunction this time, too, but he got his man

For the Giants, Frisch, Young and Meusel batted hard, and Jack Bentley pitched well after relieving McQuillan in the fourth He was hit fairly hard and he was a trifle wild, but the only run scored against him was Ruth's homer in the fifth

As for the local color, the only bit we saw was around the neck of a spectator in a large white hat The big handkerchief, which was spread completely over the gentleman's chest, was green and yellow, with purple spots. The rooter said his name was Tom Mix, but offered no other explanation

THE YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME

BY GRANTLAND RICE IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

(Nov 25, under the headline "Yale Defeats Harvard by 13 to 0.")

Cambridge, Mass., Nov 24—On a gridiron of seventeen lakes, five quagmires and eight water hazards, Yale rode through the surf of a tidal wave to beat Harvard by 13 to 0 this afternoon, in the strangest football ever played. Under conditions that would have baffled Johnny Weismuller and a shoal of fish, the Blue came back to glory above the beaten Crimson for the first time in seven years. And for the first time in fourteen long and weary years a Yale team cut its way to victory upon a Harvard field, rising above destiny itself to reach the heights.

In the wild delirium of the moment long delayed there was no gloom for Yale in the driving rain and the black November skies which hovered above the quagmire of the field As the last whistle call came out through the darkness, the howling Yale stands poured down upon the lake-ridden gridiron and after starting the snake dance tore down both Harvard goal posts as red flares flamed along the line of march.

A tidal wave, a hurricane, an earthquake and a flood combined could not have stopped this Yale team from victory in the wild will to win, and the same combination could not have curbed the frenzy of joy which pervaded the shadowy marchers sending the "Undertaker's Song" booming into Harvard air

Yale had waited a long, long time for this day of triumph. What if the rain came whirling out of sombre clouds and the gridiron made Venice resemble a cross section of Sahara? What if every bedraggled occupant of stadium seats was soaked beneath the skin overwhelmed

by the gathering surf that rolled down the concrete stands in steady rivulets and streams? for Yale and all the Eli tribe as dusk came on, the sun was still spilling gold, and the skies were as blue and cloudless as a summer's day might know

Yale knew the answer in the second period of play, when Cheek, of Harvard, fumbled on the Blue 33-yard line, as Ducky Pond broke through, snatched up the ball and started floundering for the Harvard goal line 67 yards away Just back of Pond came Widdy Neale to block the path of any Crimson pursuer, and as Pond looked around, Neale waved him on ahead as a traffic cop might signal an open road.

The noted bard has said there is nothing in a name, but it was fitting that Yale's first touchdown in seven years should be delivered safely by the most noted of eighteen Ponds upon the field We had just counted seventeen ponds or lakes between the two goal posts when the human Pond came forward with a bound and started upon his muddy hike to victory

The first wonder is that Pond could ever pick up a ball that was more elusive than an eel dipped in grease. The second wonder is that anything without fins could travel sixty-seven yards through the surf that lay ahead. Pond, of Hotchkiss and Yale, is the star pitcher who beat both Princeton and Harvard last spring and summer. He is the sole survivor of the great Yale backfield to return next fall, and in going the watery route this afternoon without calling for a rope or a tugboat, he was the second Yale back since 1907 to find his way across the Harvard line

After Pond's touchdown in the first period, the brilliant Memphis Bill Mallory, Yale's captain, kicked two goals from placement, in the third quarter, and thereby closed the door beyond all doubt upon any waning Harvard dream. Mallory kicked these goals from between the 20 and the 30 yard lines, after a blocked punt and a fumble, with the ball teed up on a small improvised island hastily built upon a reef in an inland sea

The marvel is that any man could come within twenty yards of the uprights, but in each instance Mallory drove

the ball squarely across the middle of the cross bar, each follow through leaving a swirl of water in its wake.

While each team made but one first down, the wonder is that any runner ever made an inch The conditions which prevailed were somewhat beyond any cluster of words we have yet picked up The heavy rain, which began on the day before, pounded down upon the straw covered field all night There was no let up through the forenoon, and as the vanguard of the 55,000 started for the stadium, they marched in to see water pouring in torrents over tarpaulins that covered the field

By game time it was no longer a field It was a morass of grease and mud and water, with ponds, lakes, rivulets and swampland showing here and there, an island or inlet or a narrow cape Back of each goal post there were young lakes where one might have fished for two-pound trout, lakes that would have downed any runner who ventured far

Here was Venice outclassed, the Thousand Islands outnumbered and the game thrown back upon alertness and the fortunes of war. The crashing speed of Yale's backfield could no longer count where a duck couldn't have started without skidding all over the lot The hard drive which had crushed the Army and Princeton was completely useless

Yale to win had to block punts or recover fumbles by greater quickness, and it was in this respect that Yale's fleet backs and eager forwards rose above a destiny that for a brief spell seemed to have foreordained a scoreless afternoon

There was no chance for any back to start and hold his feet for more than a stride or two If no tackler met him attempting to get under way there was a sudden sight of flying feet and the heavy splash which heralds an ignominious fall.

On one occasion early in the first quarter Widdy Neale, on a fake kick, ran twenty-three yards deep into Harvard territory. He must have run along a sandbar or a reef A few plays later Lee, of Harvard, skidded thirteen yards before he was upset by some Yale man who had skidded

across his right of way These were the sole first downs of the afternoon These were the only two web-footed athletes who could touch bottom with their deep, sharp cleats

The heavy rain-ridden air was full of flying feet and hurtling bodies as from five to seven starters on every drive lost their footing and flopped about in various pools. Some of these, after landing, skated along for ten or fifteen feet before enough backspin could be applied to check the advance Some of them were half submerged in water, suddenly lifting from the mire faces that resembled nothing between the earth and sky

After the first half dozen plays there were just twenty-two mud-covered, mire-coated figures with every feature blurred out by the clinging muck Handling the ball was even more of a battle than handling one's feet The ball soon became a squirming eel, a live thing immersed in lard, harder to hold than any greased pig that ever baffled the human grip.

There were just twenty-six fumbles, fifteen for Harvard and eleven for Yale, but there might just as well have been 200. The ball itself was harder to tackle and hold than any halfback who ever lived and ran It squirmed and wriggled and twisted and slipped from one grasp to another, slipping out of reach as if it had some wild desire to leave this scene of mud, mire, muck and misery. The harder a runner tried to squeeze it the further it flipped from his grip and the higher it seemed to pop into the air as vain hands attempted to pull it down or pick it up.

Even those who fell squarely upon it were astonished a moment later to look and find they were resting alone in the mud with the ball alone ten feet away On one play we saw seven Yale and Harvard men light upon the ball only to have it squirm out of reach, as a scared pig soaked in grease might do.

Twenty-six fumbles under these conditions show a rare handling of the most elusive missile that ever took a leading role in any turn of sport It was under these conditions, with the rain beating down with renewed intensity

and thereby swelling the hazards, that Yale and Harvard came to grips.

Yale had been doped to win by a handy margin on a dry field through the driving speed of her six great backs, sent along by the cool and heady Richeson, but no running and no forward passing attack here was worth 10 cents a cardload

As Jack Hammond looked to outkick Neale, and as Hammond did for the first two quarters, Yale, to reach the ancient kingdom of the Blue and end the seven-year famine, was forced to keep battling for every break and finally win through greater keenness when the big moments came along. There was no other way The route to victory had to come through a fumble or a blocked punt, and only eternal alertness plus superior speed could bring about a score. Man o' War and Sysonby as a running pair could not have gained any ground upon this track

There was a new turn to the Yale war, even from the start Knowing what conditions were you could sense this feeling of coming victory from the sharp confident battle cry of the Yale stands Fire, flood or tornado, this was to be Yale's year and no mere destiny could block the path

Yale had waited too long for this one afternoon to be stopped by any such simple impediment as a cloudburst or a flood Fourteen years had marched on by since the Blue had taken its place above the Crimson on Harvard soil, and the fact that this soil to-day was nine-tenths water was only a minor detail

The first period indicated a tie score unless some miracle took place After Yale had won the toss and Harvard had kicked to Yale's 28-yard line, an artillery duel of muddy toes began at once. All backfield men had been instructed to let every punt fall and roll as far as it cared to roll, for there could be no such rare risk of fumbling the greasy pigskin

On about the third play of the game Lee fumbled on Harvard's 35-yard line as Diller pounced upon the ball and in some uncanny fashion held it close Yale's first play here was a forward pass, but the ball struck in the

middle of a pond and landed with a splash. On the next play Neale faked another pass or kick and then ran twenty-three yards to Harvard's 12-yard line

But the resounding Blue uproar promptly died out when Yale fumbled and Harvard, after recovering the ball, let Hammond kick it back into Yale territory Here were complete indications of what was to come No one could do anything but kick and kick and wait for some startling turn to happen.

Hammond, outkicking Neale, was beginning to crowd the Blue back as the first quarter ended Neale was doing quite well under the conditions, but Hammond was lashing away at the hunk of mud and leather as if this fashion in kicking suited him best With carry and roll he was averaging more than forty-five yards from the line of scrimmage, remarkable punting with things as they were.

Neale was having a stupendous time kicking away from his own line. Harvard couldn't gain any ground, but Yale was now upon the defensive where a blocked kick meant certain disaster

Shortly after the second period opened Neale, standing back of his own goal line, kicked out to the 33-yard mark. Here Harvard tried once more to put on a running attack There was nothing else to try The distance was too far for Pfaffman to shoot from for a field goal, but a short march might give the tall and willowy specialist his chance.

On a line play Dolph Cheek fumbled, the ball squirting out of his arms and bounding backward. Pond and Neale, the two Yale halves, had crashed through to upset the play. There was no play left to upset, but there was a wet, muddy, slippery, wind-blown eel bobbing up from the first short bound Pond, taking the winning chance in place of playing it for greater safety, scooped in the oval and started on his way.

As he floundered along, throwing spray in every direction, he evidently heard the splash and thud of what he thought were pursuing feet; but when he looked around to gauge his margin of safety he looked back into the

mud-covered features of Widdy Neale, who had to wave him forward as final proof that a friend and not a foe was upon his trail

As Pond ran the entire Yale section rose with a thunder of noise that startled Harvard Square For the first time in sixteen years a Yale back was upon his way to a Harvard goal line in Cambridge territory For the second time in fifteen years a Yale back was about to score a touchdown against Harvard.

So in the reverberating echoes that swept back and forth across the field here was the call of the wild to a fare-you-well Here was a pean of triumph that had something in it beside any normal vocalistic impulses Destiny had accompanied Harvard to the field in the shape of rain and lakes that killed off Yale speed suddenly had turned upon Crimson hopes It had looked a moment, before as if Harvard's superiority in kicking was about to be the decisive factor and that Yale never again would be able to work her way from the dangerous sector bordering her own line But the battle was now all over, barring another swift change in the decision of fate Pond was over for a touchdown Mallory had kicked a goal, and those seven points were there to challenge any Harvard rally to the end of the game

Early in the third period after Stevens had entered the game to hold his own with Hammond, the Harvard man attempted to boot the ball out from his own 30-yard line, but Blair, starting quickly, slipped through, blocked the kick and finally surrounded the ball upon Harvard's 17-yard line The first Yale play lost five yards and the next got five yards back, so Mallory, standing on his 23-yard line, waited until a tee had been erected above the rush of encircling waters The odds were all against him as he was standing in a pool to his shoetops, but the Blue captain got the range and let fly In the wake of a muddy spray the ball sailed over and Yale was now safe beyond all debate.

A few minutes later on a long fifty-six yard punt Stevens landed the ball on Harvard's 6-yard line A fumble

which followed bounded out into the field and Yale covered it.

This time, Mallory, a sharp-shooting expert under all conditions, fired from the 28-yard line for the final points of the day.

Yale's great backfield in this game had gained just sixty-three yards by rushing to Harvard's forty-seven But in most of the offensives launched by each team the runner had sprawled out before he was ever tackled. It was no uncommon sight to see both runner and prospective tackler sit down heavily before the collision ever took place, and once down there was no way to get up without the aid of a derrick or a hogshead of sand Both teams might just as well have been without backs as far as any rushing the ball was concerned.

But even under these terrible conditions, the most terrible that ever broke in upon any Harvard-Yale battle or upon any other battle, it was Yale speed and alertness that finally turned the tide in the direction of the Blue.

Toward the close of the battle two rolling Yale cheers in succession indicated that Charlie O'Hearn and Newell Neidlinger were on their way in O'Hearn limped upon the field and took over one play before he retired Neidlinger's whirlwind speed had no chance to show as he also found it impossible to run through lakes and rivers

It was the last Yale football game for O'Hearn, Neale, Mallory, Neidlinger, Stevens and Richeson, all stars of purest ray serene, and in this final game they had drawn no chance to show their stuff They were handcuffed and string-halted with the rest. As the game ended Yale's descent upon the field was dramatic to the last turn. The Blue stands came rolling down with a cyclonic whoop The old snake dance, lit up by red flares, started at once, but the snake dance was not quite sufficient to take care of pent-up feelings about to explode

In less than two minutes a wild crowd was pulling against the Harvard goal posts. The posts began to give way, the cross bar finally cracked and with posts and bar held aloft the Blue sweep started for the other end of the

field, where the surviving pillars of Harvard were pulled to earth They were now all weaving hosts and shadows in the darkness, lit here and there by flaming flares which also acted as searchlights and lighthouses for the deeper pools and lakes to be skirted in the stampeding march around the field.

Yale at last was having its emotional debauch. Yale felt she had beaten Harvard and destiny together. Harvard merely sat and looked on, her first experience of this sort since pre-war days. There will probably never be another game just like it. If there is we hope to be somewhere else in a warmer, dryer spot For even after leaving the field 55,000 spectators had to wade through muck and mire and hidden pools that were almost knee-deep, and there were no flaming flares at the exit to show one the road back to dry land, and the rain was still falling. But over all there still sounded the weird, wild chant of Yale's famous undertaker song, thrown into the teeth of the storm and darkness.

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

SARLES'S LAST RACE

BY H. G SALSINGER IN THE DETROIT NEWS

(September 19)

Roscoe Sarles always took the pilot's seat with a joke and a smile.

Auto racing was his way of earning a livelihood He took his task lightly.

To some this thing is a grim undertaking; the dangers of the roaring road always confront them.

To Sarles it was something that carried no more danger than the average job.

In those moments preceding the start of the race, when the driver sits tense, Sarles found something to joke about, some cause for laughter.

Sarles, care-free, always managed to make the others partly forget.

Tommy Milton, one of the great drivers of the day, never gets the dangers of the sport out of his mind; he is ever apprehensive

Sarles, happy and gay, found an antithesis in Milton, moody and pessimistic

Of the two Milton was the better driver, Sarles the more sensational

Sarles drove races with reckless abandon; Milton drives them with scientific skill

Sarles loved the thrill of competitive driving and he liked to thrill his audience

Milton, careful, always drives with a scientific exactness in which every detail has been mathematically planned beforehand He is a master mechanician, a skilled workman He eliminates from his plan all chances that might be dangerous. The great risk is ever in his mind.

Milton owns a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, California. It is situated on the rim of the shadow thrown by the stands of the Beverly Hills Speedway.

Milton spends as much time as possible at home. He likes paintings and sculpture and music

In music Milton prefers the compositions of the Russian masters The weird, doleful, mournful works that were composed in the days of the czars appeal most to him.

One evening Milton invited Sarles to his home. Sarles accepted and Milton played his favorite Russian selections.

Sarles listened to the music but not attentively as Milton had hoped, so Milton undertook to interpret the selections His interpretation, spoken to the music in measured, ominous voice, was something like this

"The political prisoners are on their way to Siberia. . . . The Cossacks are walking them across the wide stretches of frozen steppes . . . Many of the prisoners are old . Some are very young . . There are women with babes in arms. . . . Many die by the wayside. . . . Now, hark! Hear them! Listen!

"They are leaving the stockade . It is morning. . . They are starting. . . . The Cossacks apply the lash. . . They kick them—several drop, dead.

"The living beg for mercy. . . . They are kicked . . . It is snowing . . They cannot go much further. . . . The Cossacks swing their whips . . . The lashes cut. . . . The prisoners pray. . . The Cossacks curse. . .

"It snows harder. . . The Cossacks refuse to stop . . . Hear the wails of despair from the prisoners. . . . Now they are dying—a cruel death awaits them all. . . ."

And so Milton continued until the end of the selection. Anguish, suffering and death It was Milton's favorite music

Sarles did not mention the matter after that evening. Milton had forgotten it.

Several months later came the 500-mile race at Indianapolis. Milton was starting in the race. So was Sarles.

The cars lined up awaiting the signal. It was a tense situation; it is always so at the start of the race. Sud-

denly Sarles climbed out of his car, ran over to Milton's machine and shouted into Milton's ears:

"They are marching! They are weeping! They are yelling! The Cossacks are beating them! The Cossacks are kicking them! The Cossacks are cursing them! They want to die! They are dying! They are praying! They are shrieking! The children need vodka! The Cossacks stole the vodka! They can't get none for the babies! Ah, let 'em die Milton, let 'em all die."

And, having thus delivered himself, Sarles ran back to his car, climbed into the seat, and the race started.

Milton, the cool, careful, mathematically precise and scientific Milton, is still driving and winning races. Sarles, the wild, exotic, thrilling and reckless Sarles, drives no more

Sarles, having promised his family to quit the game, was making his farewell appearance in Kansas City a year ago. He did not finish the race

Sarles passed out on the roaring road He died, pinned beneath his car He finished his career as Burman, Chevrolet and other disciples of speed did before him and, like them, he took his chances and paid the price, with a smile.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE COPS

BY JULIAN SARGENT IN THE ST PAUL DISPATCH

(April 18, under the headline: "Fight Over Kids Rivals 'Siege of Cameron Dam.'")

The innocent looking little cottage at 1733 James street is in the part of town, out toward the Ford site, that bears witness to the fact that there is lots of beautiful country in St. Paul.

It is a neighborhood where Kiddie Kars and red locomotives rest unafraid on front lawns and little garden plots are made by sinking Ford tires half way in the ground

The pastoral atmosphere is still further carried out by a card stuck in the glass window light of the front door of 1733 The card depicts an angel, with a seraphic expression on the face and wings on the back, and bears the legend, "Meine Seele Ist Stille Zu Gott"

But with the peaceful and even religious front door, friendship ceases Within is Mrs Ellen Scott, militant is no name, hurling defiance at the whole Prior avenue police station, and standing pat on the proposition that "it will take more than a lot of Irish cops to get me"

And outside is a large part of the active list of the police station, including several with names like McGinnis or McCafferty or Flaherty The siege is on, and from the looks of things today it may rival the famous John Deitz of Cameron Dam case

The police hold a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Scott, sworn to by a neighbor, Mrs. Gertrude Radle, living two doors away. The warrant charges Mrs Scott with forcibly picking on Mrs Radle's little girl, June, 8 years old, known to the neighborhood as Junie

Here is the way it came about.

Last Friday Junie and the two Scott children, Louise, 8,

and Mabel, 6, were playing in the sandpile. After a while Junie says to Louise, if you don't stop throwing sand in my face I'll throw sand in your face, and then in horns Mrs. Scott, so Mrs. Radle says, and says no you don't you won't do a darn thing to my child and if you do I'll come out there and beat you up, and with that Junie's spunk gets up, being as Mrs Scott, so Mrs. Radle says, already had beaten Junie up twice before, and Junie says, no you won't, you won't dare to lay a hand on me, and with that Mrs. Scott says I won't won't I? and charges rapidly down the porch steps and shakes Junie until all her teeth rattled except the one that's left out in front

So when Mr Scott hove home for the evening Mrs. Radle, thinking he would be more reasonable than Mrs Scott, asks him isn't it so there's a law against laying hands on other people's children, but Mr Scott didn't seem any more reasonable than Mrs Scott, so Mrs Radle goes down to the county attorney's office and lays all her cards right on Mr Anderson's table And Mr Anderson says why the very idea, and issues a warrant, and the Prior avenue police, two detectives and a big one in uniform, go forth to show Mrs. Scott where to get off at, not knowing what they are getting into.

Well, Tuesday morning, bright and early, one of the detectives comes out in a Ford coupe But James street is built of a fine grade of Minnesota gumbo that the Legislature seems to prefer to dirt or concrete, and the coupe, with the detective inside, gets stuck. So the patrol wagon chugs out of Prior to get out the coupe and maybe help get Mrs. Scott But the patrol wagon gets stuck, in a different block, but in the same gumbo. So they lay off of Mrs Scott for a while, until they can get a truck to get both vehicles of the law out of James street.

That done, the detective with the Irish name rings and rings Mrs. Scott's bell, but Mrs Scott doesn't even say howdy-do, what-do-you-want, my husband tells me never to open the front door to strangers, through a crack in the door So the detective goes into Mrs. Radle's where he is more welcome, and telephones.

Well, that put one over on Mrs. Scott, because she answered and said what do you want and who are you? And he says, oh nothing much, I just got a warrant that says you're arrested, and it will all be nice and private and you can just step into the coupe and the neighbors won't know anything about it But Mrs Scott wasn't so dumb herself, and says I guess you got the wrong number and anyway you don't know who you're talking to And blings the phone in his ear

So he waits on the front porch, in a chair without any bottom to it, until he begins to think of Irish potatoes After lunch he comes back with a buddie, and they sit on the porch all afternoon and read the paper that's been lying there.

This morning they were told by Mrs Radle that right after they left last night Mrs Scott calls her up and doesn't introduce herself but she knows her voice anyway, and yells Ha, Ha, Ha and then makes that remark about the chance of any bunch of Irish cops getting her

So Prior avenue station changed its bait and sent out a big, broad one in uniform, with his shoes wickedly polished

And he waits all morning. And is still there.

And that's where it stands. The neighbors think Mrs Scott is hiding in the garret

TWO COPS AND A PORCUPINE

BY H. W. GRADY IN THE OAKLAND (CAL.) TRIBUNE

(Sept. 12, under the headline "'Pussy' with quills is captured by policeman")

The learned gentlemen who compiled the modern dictionary and cyclopedia put their heads together and agreed that a porcupine was a hystricomorphic rodent quadruped of the family hystricidae, but if they should consult Policemen W E. Barkis and William Terry they would learn that a porcupine is not only that but a great deal more And their description would be one that every one would understand, but one which most would blush to hear.

'Cause why?

'Cause today Barkis and Terry alternately gave chase and a wide berth to one of the walking pincushions that was out for a stroll through Lakeside park

"It's a pussy," said Barkis reflectively when Terry directed his attention to the creature he had discovered crossing Grand avenue at Euclid street

"Yeah, a pussy," snorted Terry. "But what kind of a pussy?"

Barkis took a closer look "One of them pussies that shoots cactus thorns at you as an expression of his affections," he remarked

Terry suggested that it might be a part of their official duty to arrest the prowler as a menace to automobile tires. Barkis, like his celebrated namesake, was willing.

Now, the learned gentlemen referred to above further agreed that when the porcupine is angry he strikes his tail at his enemy, thereby loosening a shower of tiny barbed quills that may be dislodged from the human skin only with pain. Consequently the chase through the park

was rendered both dangerous and exciting. With the aid of poles and pikes the two policemen finally cornered the "pussy" in a garage in the Piedmont Terrace district. They borrowed a blanket from the householder and used it as a screen while approaching their prey The animal dropped barrage after barrage of needles upon them until the blanket looked like it was sprouting quills Then, when the animal had spent all his ammunition, Barkis and Terry rushed upon him, placed him in a sack and threw him into solitary confinement in the tool house in Lakeside park

In making their report of the hunt Barkis and Terry suggested that the porcupine be officially disposed of before he grows another set of ammunition.

WALLIE REID'S LAST PICTURE

BY MINNA LITTMANN IN THE NEW BEDFORD (MASS.) STANDARD

(January 20, under the headline. "Litttle Whispers Spread as Reid Appears on Screen")

The image of Wallace Reid, humorous, agile, full of life, flitted across a movie screen at the Empire yesterday and today in a scenario absurdity called "Thirty Days." Out in Hollywood, the body of the same Wallace Reid, ravaged by the actor's sufferings in his winning fight against the drug habit and his vain struggle against the sickness that followed, was being made ready for cremation today.

Movie audiences aren't deeply emotional Their tears, their applause, and their laughter, are as transient as the pictures that pass before them. But last night, among the hundreds who came for a few hours' entertainment, there was an undercurrent of seriousness. Whether they gave thought to it or not, the drama of the situation touched them. The contrast of the headlines in last night's *Standard,* recording the last words of the film star who said shortly before he died, "Tell them I've won the fight, I'm coming back," and the callousness of the theater posters that announced, "Laughs, Roars—Wallace Reid in '30 Days'—Ginger—Sparkle—Pep," was too sharp to be ignored

No, there wasn't a hush as Wally's picture first flashed on the screen, and a choking sob from many throats. Movie audiences aren't made that way, and, besides, the picture was a comedy But little whispers began upstairs and downstairs, from the children and their elders, all through the darkened house. Sometimes enjoyment of the comedy choked them out; then they began again.

They persisted into the next picture, and began all over the second show. They were echoed on the street cars as theatergoers returned home.

"Santa cielo, my husband!" flashed the title on the screen, as a pretty little woman in the picture gazed from Wally to a bloodthirsty Italian butler.

"They say Reid was always good to his wife—not like most of those actors," murmured the elderly woman in the third row to her companion. "Strange to think his wife can see him just as he was in life years after he is buried I wonder if that will be any comfort to her? Reminds me how queer I felt when I thought how Caruso's voice goes on singing, even after he is dead. Reid's little boy will know how his father acted, same as that little Gloria Caruso will know from records how her father sang"

The little usher girl, who sees so many pictures that one might expect they'd be all the same to her, commented in the lobby, "Lots of folks noticed he don't look well in this picture He's kind of slow, as if he wasn't feeling good. He was the same way in Clarence, but that wasn't his fault—that was the way his part called for him to be It's too bad, ain't it?"

Upstairs the same reaction was going on. The tall, lithe figure, the smiling eyes, the attractive mouth and chin, the expressive hands of Wallace Reid, and the story of his tragic end, were giving the picture a serious interest The audience would forget for a few minutes, then a vivid gesture on the screen Wally would bring it all back to them

"Just think, he's dead! It doesn't seem possible," murmured a pretty young thing who had just taken her seat "Such a fine built fellow, and so good looking. It's a pity."

Her escort grunted assent. The men were less emotional about Reid's death than the women

"Too bad, too bad," came the comment from another quarter "Did you read about how he'd cured himself of the drug habit, and then had nervous exhaustion. It wasn't the dope that killed him, it was congestion of the

lungs. But I guess dope had something to do with it. Look, he seems kind of nervous in the picture."

On the screen, Wally was smiling and wiping perspiration from his brow with a big white handkerchief, after his would-be-assassin had been securely bound and carried away in a silk brocade curtain.

"It'll be a lesson to the rest of them," came a voice from far back in the shadows "Gee, did yuh get that? The wop's boring a hole through the table to get at him. Yeh, it'll be a lesson to the rest of them, but it's a shame a fine chap like that had to be the one to catch 'em."

THE LADY IN ROOM 510

BY ALEXANDER F. JONES IN THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

(Nov. 27, under headline "The Lady in Room 510 Lives O Henry Story," with sub-head "But this is a true account of downtown Minneapolis and Police headquarters, written by newspaper reporter")

"Life in this town is pretty dull," said the loophound, leaning against a convenient iron pole "Nothing ever happens. Same old places, same old faces, same old crowds milling up and down street"

And he shrugged his shoulders, wearily flicked a cigaret butt into the gutter, and hailed a passing motorcab

Nearby another man stood watching a window across the street.

"She isn't there tonight," he said "Strange."

More than three years ago, a young couple registered at a loop hotel. The ostensible husband—and father, for the young woman carried a babe in her arms—signed the register with a flourish, took the child from the mother, and turned to the elevator

The woman followed She was very young and very pretty—with glorious blonde hair that framed a lovely face

As she reached the elevator she turned and surveyed the lobby with blue eyes that seemed haunted by some indefinable worry. Then she turned and quickly entered the waiting lift

From that day until Monday she never put foot outside the room she entered that night three years ago.

For three years a certain maid at that hotel brought three meals each day to the door, rapped, and went away.

A manager of the hotel who took charge of the hotel after that night never saw her or the child.

But she was in that room. Three times a day she ordered her food in a voice that sounded pleasantly over the telephone. She called shops and ordered things she wanted.

But never in all of those three years did anyone connected with the hotel more than hear her voice

One guest, a man who has lived at that hotel for years, was intrigued by the mystery He lived on the same floor. Sometimes he heard a woman's voice. Sometimes he heard a baby's cry As time went on, he heard this baby voice take on a deeper tone He sometimes heard the childish chatter of a baby learning to talk. Months and years passed and he heard the child carry on real conversation. He heard the mother answer

And sometimes he stood across the street and looked up at the window of the mystery room—and now and then saw the silhouette of "The Lady in 510"

The tradition of the beautiful woman in 510 became almost a myth in the hotel. Only the employees and a few of the older guests knew it

Only one person went into that room

It was the man who had carried that child to the elevator that night three years ago So far as the woman was concerned, to all employees of the hotel, she was his wife. He never talked about it All bills were paid promptly. He was away most of the time

Last week two plain clothes detectives were standing across the street from the hotel, chatting with the Oldest Guest. Suddenly he looked up A woman's silhouette showed against the drawn curtain in the mystery room.

"The Lady in 510," he remarked.

The detectives both rose to this cryptic utterance

"Nothing," the Oldest Guest answered their queries. "Nothing except a woman who lives in that room over there who has never been out of it in three years or let her baby put its foot over the sill"

"A child there?" the detectives asked.

The Oldest Guest said that there was a child there, who,

like his mother, had seen life pass by from that window.

The case of The Lady in 510 was reported at headquarters.

A policewoman was sent to the room. Only by using her authority was she allowed to enter

There she found the refuge of the strange and beautiful young mother—filled with possessions including three great trunks.

And a handsome little four-year-old boy, pale from his cloistered life, but healthy and happy. At first both mother and child shrank from the visitor. The child had never seen a stranger so close. No one but his mother and father

The Lady in 510 declined to talk Only when told that the circumstances required investigation and that the child would have to be taken temporarily did she consent to go.

But she had no clothes Only nightgowns and a kimono The policewoman had heard something about that. There was a story at the hotel that The Lady in 510 had refused to leave the room unless she had been provided with a $1000 wardrobe and $5000 in furnishings for an apartment

According to the police, The Lady in 510 came to headquarters with her sympathetic guardian, dressed in a fur coat she had worn when she entered—covering a well worn kimono

When questioned first she told a story of a husband who believed, like the Turks, that women should not appear on the street He was, she said, a salesman who was gone much of the time, and could not protect her.

But, according to the motherly policewoman, she finally broke down and told another story

A story of a girl of 17 years who fell in love and ran away from a Minnesota college Of a girl who found that she was to become a mother Of the birth of the child and of a father who was willing to meet all obligations except the service that ends with a ring on the third finger of the woman's left hand She told of a family in southern Minnesota which had disowned her.

And of a resolution never to cross the threshold of that room until she was the legal wife of the man who had provided all things in that time except a wedding ring.

She told of the days, and weeks, and months, and years that had passed since that resolution was made. Her baby, her books, and now and then the man she loved comprised her life within those four walls From behind the curtained window, she saw life pass by in a busy stream. Hurrying crowds going home to families, to dinner parties, to theaters; handsomely dressed women passing by, laughing and chatting as they hung to the arms of escorts; automobiles filled with crowds going to the lakes; business women hurrying to and from their daily tasks.

And she within her selfmade prison, where the biggest joy was the baby's daily sunbath

Detectives went back to the hotel and waited Sunday the man came back He was taken to police headquarters.

There The Lady in 510, the man who did not believe in wedding rings, the policewoman and a captain of detectives had a talk

The man said he had offered to buy all the clothes she could wear. This was admitted. He had given her charge accounts This was admitted. She had money and could come and go as she pleased. This was admitted.

The Lady in 510 asked that the police do nothing. It was her problem and his The baby was happy and healthy. There was nothing for the Children's Protective society to do.

She would go back to her room.

Suddenly the man got up and took her by the arm.

They went to the third floor of the courthouse.

There the man asked for a marriage license.

And The Lady in 510 smiled a smile that the policewoman and the captain of detectives had not seen before.

Room 510 is empty today

Its occupants are on a wedding trip. Three big trunks that The Lady in 510 kept for three years for this very day were taken from the room yesterday.

A four-year-old child is learning about trains, and street-

cars, and automobiles, and how strangers look close at hand for the first time in his life. And he has a name.

"On the level, we never have anything happen in this town," said the loophound "I wish a rattling good dramatic show would hit Minneapolis We are getting to be regular apple knockers."

HELEN HAMILTON

BY JOHN J. FITZGERALD IN THE CAMDEN (N. J.) DAILY COURIER

(November 6, under the headline "Child Sufferer Wants Death to Lift Burden of Her Care from Mother")

In a sparsely furnished second floor back room at 317 Linden street, a thirteen-year-old girl is crying to be allowed to die Watching at her bedside is her widowed mother, without funds and proper nourishment, fighting to keep alive the spark of life that still remains in her daughter's body

For nine months the brave mother has been fighting against hunger and poverty to see that her daughter received proper medical attention Physicians, who have volunteered their services, have told the mother that she is fighting a losing fight and that the death of the child, who is suffering from a ruptured heart, is only a matter of a few weeks or probably days

The woman is Mrs. L. Hamilton. The pale, brown-eyed daughter, Helen, who is condemned to death, has been bedridden for one year. She begs to be allowed to die so as to lift the burden of her care from the shoulders of her sorrowing mother

"I don't want to get well," Helen told a visitor at the room yesterday "I want to die and go home to Jesus. I am a good girl now and if I die now I know I will go to Heaven Mother has been good to me and she has tried to get us something to eat by sewing for the neighbors. Mother has told me that I am going to get better, but I overheard the doctor say several days ago that I will die very soon

"When I die and go to Jesus, mother should be happy. I am suffering and have not had a good night's sleep for

a whole year There is something wrong with my heart and everytime my heart beats it is being torn by something there. I know I will die very soon.

"I do hope somebody will help mother Mother sits by my bedside and I know that she stints herself to give me enough to eat.

"Mother dear," and the child stroked her mother's hand. "You should be glad when Jesus takes your little girl up on high You should be happy mother, happy like I am going to be When I am an angel, mother, I will always watch over you and I will always be with you"

The child continued to stroke her mother's hand The little patient was so weary, she could barely lift her arm a few inches off the bed spread

"Last night I had a dream that I had gone to Heaven and I was with the angels I saw mother down here on earth and she had been relieved of a burden in her sorrow. I knew that she was very happy Happy because the suffering of her little girl was at an end"

When Helen was five years old, she was playing with some older children. Electric light workmen had dug a hole at a spot where they were playing. In a spirit of fun the older children put Helen in the hole and told her they were going to bury her The girl fainted from fright The shock ruptured her heart The child's father was alive then and worked in the New York Shipyard. The child received medical attention from specialists, but five years ago her father died, leaving the mother and daughter in destitute circumstances

There was not enough money for the food and medical attention. Charitable physicians who attended the girl said that she could never recover Constant care requires the attention of the mother at the bedside 24 hours of the day, and no opportunity is given her to carry on her work of earning a living

The child, her body wasted, to a mere shell, smiled at her mother and, seeing tears in her mother's eyes, begged her to be happy.

"I want to go to Jesus to make you happy," the child said. "You are not going to die, Helen," the visitor said

in an effort to cheer the little sufferer. "You are going to get better, and when you do we will call for you and take you out and we will go to the Zoological Gardens, and the movies, and then to the circus, and have a wonderful time"

"No," the child replied, "I will never get better. I would like to get better, and have a party on my thirteenth birthday, which is November 26, but the doctors say that I am going to die Mother, some morning your little girl will go to sleep and she will go away from here, and when I don't wake up you will know that I am safe in the arms of Jesus"

"I am fighting a losing fight, but I must carry on," Mrs. Hamilton said "My neighbors have been very good to me but after fighting for so long alone, I find I must appeal for some outside aid, as much as I regret to"

The little sufferer smiled

"Only for a short time, mother," she said, "only for a short time."

LIKE RUSTY DID

BY ARTHUR N CHAMBERLIN IN THE NEW YORK WORLD

(Under the caption "Lowers Elevator to Crush His Life.")

Charles Schmidt, seventy-three, for nine years day watchman at the New York Hippodrome Storage Warehouse, No 530 West 47th Street, liked children and pets He lived alone at Mills Hotel No 1, No 160 Bleecker Street, but often said he never lacked a family, for every boy and girl in the neighborhood was his friend And then there was Rusty!

Rusty was Schmidt's pal—a cat the color of iron that has been left in the rain and of no particular parentage She wandered into the warehouse almost a year ago and became at once the watchman's chum He fed her and she made his rounds with him and shared his friendship with the children

A fortnight ago Rusty chased a mouse into the bottom of the elevator shaft Engrossed in the pursuit she failed to notice the descent of the heavy freight elevator and was crushed to death Schmidt refused to be consoled

"I'm an old man now and my legs hurt," he told his little friends, and although he continued to give them candy, he refused to tell them any more wonderful stories with the Hippodrome scenery as the background. Always he complained of his loss of Rusty

Emanuel Boykler, night watchman, missed Schmidt when he came to work last evening The children had missed him all day. Search of the building revealed a note from Schmidt to Boykler reading: "I have ended it all under the elevator."

Under the elevator was Schmidt's body, crushed like

Rusty's. He had opened the door, sent the elevator up and then, crouching beneath it, reversed the cable and watched it slowly descend until it reached him and crushed out his life.

MELVIN SEES THE CIRCUS

BY JOHN WHARTON IN THE CLEVELAND PRESS

(May 29, under the headline: "Melvin Is Blind, but He Sees the Circus.")

I took a blind boy to Ringling's circus Monday afternoon. His name is Melvin Falk. He is a 12-year-old pupil in Almira School

I wanted him to see the circus through my eyes. I wanted him to feel the thrill that every boy feels when the odor of sawdust is in his nostrils and the circus band is playing as no other band can play.

He felt it all right—in a rollicking, boyish way, accompanied by much wholehearted laughter and many bright quips that kept me on my mental toes

Ed Norwood, Ringling publicity man, wrote a few words on a card and handed it to me. That card took us wherever we wanted to go—back into the mysterious places where the public seldom gets; where the actors—men, women and animals—are congregated as they wait their turns to go into the big tent.

And there Melvin shook hands with the clowns. Think of that!

"Mister," I said to a uniformed attendant who stood with a hook in his hand, "wonder if you'd find me a nice quiet elephant for this boy to pet!"

"Well, yes," he said. Then he raised the rope that keeps the public from getting too close to the elephants and we stepped under it.

Yes, sir! We went up to a big beast that weighed a lot of tons, and Melvin stood right up against it and felt its massive ears and hugged its trunk. And the elephant felt all over Melvin with its powerful snoot.

The elephant made a funny little noise with its trunk

that means "peanuts," and Melvin produced a bag of 'em and fed "Bill," for that is the elephant's name.

Then Melvin went under the ropes again and petted a baby camel and felt its funny nose with his hands, and I guess he tickled the camel's nose because the petting made its snoot twinkle like a bunny rabbit's does.

And then he rode a full-grown camel

Out on the back lot we met Andrew and Frankie Casino, the dwarf clowns Melvin stood between them and placed one hand on the head of each.

"How old are they?" I asked him

"About 9 years old," said Melvin.

That wasn't such a bad guess, judging by their size, but really each of them is past 40.

We were back of the scenes when "Butterfly" Stelling, another clown, joined us

"Butterfly" and Melvin sat down on a truck and talked things over for quite a bit.

"Butterfly" has had an interesting life He told Melvin all about it as they sat there with their arms about each other like a pair of old cronies.

"Butterfly" has been a clown since he was 9 years old. He is 56 now and his face is wrinkled. But the wrinkles are in the right places—about his eyes. That shows that he has laughed a lot in his life.

His father was a one-legged clown in Ireland, and being a clown was just natural to "Butterfly"

When the call came for "Butterfly's" act, he put his hand on Melvin's head and said:

"Goodby sonny I hope I'll see you again, sometime"

And there were big tears on "Butterfly's" cheeks that got all mixed up with the paint I peeped into the big top a minute later, though, and there was "Butterfly," with his tears brushed away, making the audience laugh till it hurt.

"Butterfly" was true to his name.

After we'd seen all there was to see back of the scenes, we sat in on the big show. I explained every act to my guest. His quick imagination constructed all the sights that his eyes could not see. His mind visioned trapeze

performers, swinging from giddy heights; daring pole balancers; animal acts. Once he nudged me quickly

"Horses are coming," he said And sure enough they came. His keen ears had heard them before they got in sight I never saw such a boy for knowing things.

We ended the afternoon in a spree of fun—in the side-show.

There was the fat lady and "the smallest man on earth," and the "ugliest woman in the world" She is

There was the snake charmer and the sword swallower and the glass eater and then—

"The Bushman!"

The Bushman, as the announcer explained, used to be a savage in East Africa and he's still half savage

"He will now dance and sing as his tribesmen do in the wilds of his native haunts!" And he did.

When that man got his feet and voice going, he was a riot He opened his mouth and whooped until the lions roared in protest and the hyenas laughed in derision.

And Melvin just doubled up with mirth When that boy gets tickled, he's tickled right down to his toes And the Bushman had him tickled

FEATURE AND MAGAZINE PAGE STORIES

POLITICAL PRISONERS

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON IN THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

(June 10, under the headline "Aspects of Prison Life Where Our War-Time Offenders Still Are Held.")

Strangers, including newspaper correspondents, do not talk to "political" prisoners in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth The rules forbid. Prison officials are not even permitted to point them out individually There are more than 2500 men behind these lofty walls—more than 2500 men convicted of every grade of crime against the United States—"dope" peddlers, murderers, freight thieves, white slavers, train robbers. Their little gray caps make thick clusters around the buildings; their denim uniforms form blue masses in the teeming 23-acre prison yard. They swarm in the carpenter shop, the shoe shop, the garment shop and the laundry. Outside, in the fields of the prison farm, big gangs of them are busy under the eyes of guards whose Winchesters and sagging holsters glint in the June sunlight. Even upon the nearly completed prison walls they toil with hod and trowel and chisel to heighten the barriers that separate them from liberty.

It is 4:30 in the afternoon, and the supper whistle blows. Instantly the groups in the yard break up, and the enclosure is filled with men running to form the line They pour from the shops and emerge from the cell dormitories. They come trudging in from the fields through the great double gates. In a moment two long queues are stretching in opposite directions from the door of the vast dining hall, the ends out of sight beyond corners.

There is a signal, and the prison band, seated in a corner of the hall, strikes up a military air The lines enter, each in double file, and swing down the aisles, fill-

ing up the narrow tables from the rear. Each man knows his place They come with a swift, shambling tread, unlike the sharp tread of soldiers. The band plays on and on, repeating the same air, without pause, and still the shuffling, swinging lines come on By the side of that thin-faced youth slouches a giant who has killed four men Here goes the coppery face of an Indian, there a swarthy countenance from below the Rio Grande The monotony of that interminable march grows oppressive, the faces begin to appear blurred, but finally the end comes; the hall is filled.

Somewhere, submerged in this huge mass, are the 48 "political" prisoners, still tightly held by the ghostly fingers of a dead law, the repealed espionage act In this sea of faces, if one but knew where to look, is that of Chaplin, the gentle poet, Gallagher, the bitter-lipped "irreconcilable"; Cournos, the writer, Beutall, the editor. One is welcome to the task of trying to pick them out. It might be an interesting study provided one cared to face so many countenances that bear the stamp of prison discipline It is not a comfortable diversion for a squeamish person.

In the emphatic language of Warden William Biddle, the prison has no official knowledge of "political" prisoners Save in exceptional cases where prisoners' criminal records warrant extra precautions, no official cognizance is taken of the offenses for which they were sentenced As a general rule, the men are given occupations for which they are fitted. Thus, the men convicted under the espionage act do not form a distinct class of the prison population As individuals they are engulfed in it. Warden Biddle wanted this clearly understood He wanted it understood that he has not discriminated either for or against these men; that he had rewarded or punished them according to their individual behavior in the prison.

It is obvious that the prisoners are not overworked; at least, the majority are not Indeed, and queerly enough, the prison has an unemployment problem. The penitentiary shops turn out clothing for the prisoners, the

farm is tilled intensively, and much stock and poultry is raised. In addition, the main building is incomplete, and construction proceeds. But the demands of these enterprises impose but a meager tax upon the prison's enormous man power, and many of the inmates would prefer more work Idleness begets brooding, and brooding is a sad, bad occupation for a man in a penitentiary, especially if he expects to be there a long time.

But if, as the Warden said, the rules recognize no class distinctions, it cannot be forgotten that human relationships have a habit of evading rules in subtle but effective ways, and probably in no institution under the sun are the human factors revealed in such raw, quivering reality as in a penitentiary It is inevitable in an institution devised for the punishment of human beings.

In the first place, it is virtually an absolute monarchy, and the Warden is the sovereign The rules make it so. Cast off by society, deprived of all rights except that to life, without recourse beyond the prison gates, the inmates are totally at the mercy of the official who heads the penitentiary. A word from him can put a man in solitary confinement, chain him to the bars of his cell, reduce his fare to bread and water, and revoke his mail privileges An equally arbitrary word can raise him to a place of trust, give him free entry and egress, congenial labor and, in fact, everything but complete freedom. Regardless of what the law and the courts have done previously, for a prisoner the Warden's pleasure can mean the difference between comparative contentment and the blackest despair. The life of a prisoner, therefore, is precisely what the Warden chooses to make it, and the condition of any class of prisoners conceivably may depend on the sort of individual the particular Warden happens to be

Biddle has been in office two years Prior to his appointment he was city editor of a Leavenworth newspaper, and had dabbled considerably in politics He is about 50 years old With outsiders, such as the writer, he has an unctuous, but not a polished, manner; it is more the manner of a successful country politician. He displays a strong sense of deference to his superiors in the

Department of Justice, and an equally positive consciousness of his authority in the prison. He conveys an impression of executive ability.

Short acquaintance with him is sufficient to disclose that he has strong and fixed opinions on certain subjects, and particularly on the subject of patriotism Leavenworth is a military post, steeped in military tradition and atmosphere, and Biddle's life has been spent there. His eldest son is a captain in the regular army, and the Warden and his family maintain social relations with officers of the post and their wives

These facts may partially explain his rooted and outspoken dislike for the men convicted under the espionage act, or, at least, his aversion for their offense. Once, during the interview, he used the phrase, "pacifists, conscentious objectors, I. W W 's and all that class of traitors" Again, he exclaimed "Don't let anybody tell you those fellows are in here on any question of free speech. No, siree! They're here because they wanted this country to lose the war. They would like to have seen our boys stranded over in France. There's been a lot of high-flyin' talk about persecution for opinion's sake, but you can take it from me that there's nothing in it."

He was asked what their behavior in prison had been.

"I haven't had much trouble with them," he replied. "My predecessor, Warden Anderson, had all the trouble. A few of them tried to get tough at first, but he went strong with them They were thoroughly tamed by the time I came in"

And of what did the "taming" process consist?

The Warden chuckled "Very simple," he said. "When a convict gets tough, we put him down in the 'hold'—that's what we call the solitary confinement section. He gets bread and water three times a day, and sometimes we put a big rock in front of him and tell him to make little ones out of it before the next meal. If he's still tough, we chain him to the door of his cell for a while. Just put his hands through the bars and handcuff them on the outside. A man soon gets tired of standing

there, you know. There's no flogging in this penitentiary —no brutality."

Had there been no recurrence of such trouble during the present administration?

"Well, I had a couple of run-ins with them," he admitted. "They didn't amount to much. I had a little argument with this fellow Chaplin, this poet that you were asking about. He tried to send what I considered an impudent telegram to the Department of Justice I stopped it quick, and then I called him into my office

" 'What's your idea,' I said, 'in trying to send that sort of a telegram to the department? They haven't asked you for any advice or information, have they?'

" 'No, I was just trying to stir them up a little,' he said.

" 'Trying to stir them up, were you?' says I 'Say, who do you think you are, anyhow, to talk about "stirring up" an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States— you, a convict in the penitentiary!'

" 'I'm a political prisoner,' he said

" 'You're nothing of the sort,' I told him 'You're Convict No. so and so, and, in my judgment, pretty damned impertinent This interview is at an end,' I said. As he turned around to go he said 'So you're not going to send my telegram.'

" 'No,' I said, 'I'm not going to send it, and just because you asked that question you're reduced to the second grade for two months. Now you can go'

"That settled him: I've had no more trouble with him."

Reduction to the second grade, the Warden explained, entails minor penalties, one of which is a reduction in the number of letters that may be sent and received, and the denial of newspaper-reading privileges

"And that's the sort of a thing that pierces a man like Chaplin right to the heart," the Warden added "His main delight in life, you know, is in writing long-winded letters to his friends We haven't had any further trouble with that laddie buck."

Inquiry confirmed this. Chaplin now enjoys the high-

est privileges accorded prisoners below the grade of trusty. His present occupation is the care of the flowerbeds in the prison yard, but whether this is a concession to his love of beauty, or merely a convenient arrangement, was not disclosed.

Upon another occasion, Eugene V Debs, following his release from the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, where he, too, had been serving a sentence under the espionage act, wrote to a former Socialist comrade, now a prisoner at Leavenworth. The letter was returned to him, undelivered, with a note saying that "former convicts were not permitted to correspond with the inmates "

"Well, sir," said the Warden, "he sat down and wrote me a letter that must have taken him a week to compose. It almost burned holes in the paper He called me 'a tyrant who would have been a disgrace to the dark ages.' I made it a point to reply to him, and you can take it from me that I gave him as good as he sent I closed by saying· 'If justice ever overtakes you again, it will be a great pleasure to receive you at our institution, and you may feel assured that everything possible will be done to make your visit interesting and instructive ' "

The Warden chuckled reflectively "It would give me a lot of satisfaction," he said, "to have Debs come here and try to visit some of his I W W friends. I'd simply send out word that no ex-convicts are allowed to visit the prisoners, and then I'd have him escorted off the grounds under guard, with instructions never to set foot on them again "

Any doubt concerning the extent or degree of the Warden's dominion within the prison quickly disappears from the mind of a visitor observing the iron discipline within the gates When the Warden walks through the corridors prisoners step back against the walls and stand with averted eyes. If he crosses the yard a path opens as if by magic When he speaks to a prisoner, either in reprimand or otherwise, the invariable low-spoken reply is, "Yes, Warden." A prisoner stands before him only with an air of the deepest humility. Maybe his cap is twisted in nervous fingers.

"Watch your step, my lad," says the Warden, ending a rebuke.

"Yes, Warden; I'll do my best," is the mumbled response, as the blue figure turns to leave

Rebellious spirits there have been, and are yet, even in this stern prison, but the visitor does not see them. They are deep in the "hold," learning the hard lesson of obedience and submission

There is no intention here to hold up the Warden as an inhumane man He has rules to enforce, and a duty to perform as he sees it He is a very important part of a system that existed long before he became a part of it. And he has very positive convictions As a matter of fact, there are cases here that have moved his sympathies profoundly, but they are not the cases of "political" prisoners The latter he does not like He does not conceal this dislike from those about him, including other prisoners. What consequences this may have in the mysterious life of the prison, where all men seek to earn the Warden's favor, can only be conjectured

None of the "political" prisoners are considered dangerous men There are dangerous men here, however. There is Roy Gardner, notorious train bandit, who had made good his boast that no penitentiary could hold him, and who told the Warden the day he entered that he expected to be at liberty in three weeks or die fighting his way out He has done neither There are killers here who have accounted for more men than could be checked off on the fingers of one hand, desperadoes whose capture required hard riding by a cavalry troop For the safety of other prisoners, as well as for that of the guards, they are never permitted in the yard. There are drug peddlers here who have wrecked the lives of hundreds, white slavers whose hideous trade has brought anguish to many a home, thieves who have fought pistol battles with the police in railroad yards on dark nights.

Behind the sodden and apparently resigned face of this great, tragic community lurks a constant and deadly threat that cannot be ignored. More than one guard has been brained with a sudden blow, followed by a hot and des-

perate break for liberty. There is more than a warning in the hooded machine gun mounted high upon the bridge over the great gates The cartridge strip is always filled.

In a prison that holds so many men convicted of ghastly and revolting crimes, it is curious to note that the terms being served by the "political" prisoners are comparatively long terms. By far the largest class of prisoners consists of men sentenced for drug peddling—surely, in view of its consequences, a horrible trade Their sentences average considerably below five years each, and contrast curiously with the 20-year sentences of Chaplin, Edwards, Brazier and Rowan, and with the 10-year terms of the 67-year-old Donellan, the tubercular sufferers, Tabib and Quigley, and many of their associates.

The penitentiary stands upon a gentle eminence in the midst of a typical Kansas landscape of farms and orchards The immense front lawn is shaded by cool elms, back of which rises the stately marble front of the long main building. From a distance the ensemble of white and green is intriguingly beautiful. But closer approach adds hard and sinister details

Standing guard among the elms are squat towers, like lighthouses, and sitting upon the little balcony at the top of each is a man in blue shirt and campaign hat, the obvious Winchester across his knees, a heavy Colt at his belt Stretching in front of the marble edifice is an ugly barbed wire fence, and not a window is free from iron bars. The main building serves as the front wall of the great prison inclosure, inside of which are the shops and the yard On the other three sides is a sheer 60-foot wall, surmounted at each corner by a turret containing a vigilant sentinel.

But if day makes it garish and grim, night brings new and deeper implications of tragedy. It was nearing midnight when the writer stood in the shadows on the outer edge of the front lawn All about slumbered the dark fields Somewhere, far off, a dog howled plaintively. The illuminated dial of the clock at Fort Leavenworth could be seen, a mile away. In the midst of this panorama of nocturnal peace lay the long, white prison building, like

a mighty mausoleum, save for its glowing windows that are never dark. A pale ribbon of road wound upward through the low hills and was lost.

Over to the west, nestling against the foot of a wooded ridge, was the prison cemetery, the headstones forming a soft white field against the dark background Here slept the men whom the plodding years had finally divested of every tie with the lost world beyond the walls In this placid spot rested the pathetic dust of the forgotten and the abjured—those who had outlived any loves they might have held, the derelict, the wanderer, the "lifer." It was a deep and serene peace that lingered over this solemn plot, a repose that had no affinity with the tense and burning hush that enveloped the cruel white beauty of the great tomb upon the hill

Behind the prison bars, silhouetted by the yellow glow, one could not forget, was the man who had written

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie,
  Dust unto dust—
The calm, cool earth that mothers all who die,
  As all men must

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell,
  Too strong to strive,
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
  Buried alive

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
  The cowed and meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong,
  And dare not speak!

Back on the streets of Leavenworth town, one knew, the movies were emptying, the ice cream parlors were bright and busy, and there was laughter and "kidding," because this had been payday at the post, and the soldiers were in town. The dead would keep their peace, the "apathetic throng" would say its several farewells and retire to untroubled dreams.

One had to remember, too, that poetry, drama, tragedy, were incidental here; that the question was a very plain question, as Senator Borah had said—"the question of

what constitutes free speech and free press under the American flag."

What this writer had seen were merely some of the consequences that are involved in the settlement of that question.

THE WHIPPING POST IN DELAWARE

BY WILLIAM H. CONNER IN THE WILMINGTON (DEL.) STAR

(February 18, under the headline "In Shelter of the Law Delaware's 'Best Citizens' Insist on Reforming Moneyless and Friendless Wretches with the 'Cat,' Relic of the Dark Ages")

With the introduction by Senator Simonton of a bill to abolish the whipping post in Delaware, the 1923 General Assembly now has it within its power to eliminate once and for all this "peculiar institution," or, as has been the case in the years gone by, it can definitely support the presence of this unusual method of punishment within our borders, and serve notice to the remaining forty-seven states that we alone shall continue to beat our criminals to make them good.

Whipping for crime was legalized in Delaware in 1717. With its companions, the stocks, the pillory and ear-cropping, our forefathers meted out rude justice to the breakers of the law. First disappeared the ear-cropping and the stocks. The pillory survived until a quarter of a century ago. There is but one more step to take—the abolition of the post.

As a native Delawarean who has heard the question of the whipping post debated pro and con from boyhood days, I firmly believe that the whipping post exists in Delaware today because of two things: Inertia and an unprovable thesis that the presence of the whipping post keeps criminals away from Delaware. And I will prove in the course of this article that the laws of Delaware are deliberately framed to exclude the rich and well-to-do, and the so-called better classes of society from the whipping post, and to send the poor negro or friendless white to the post to be lashed. The proof will be taken from the Revised Code of Delaware of 1915.

It is not believed that there will be any to rise and acclaim the whipping post as anything but a cruel and barbarous punishment. So sensitive are we to the derelictions of the post in this respect that we refuse to permit photographs of a whipping to be taken; we deny motion picture men the privilege of filming a whipping; and, within the lifetime of the writer, the whippings have quite notably decreased in vigor of strokes.

This would seem to indicate that we are ashamed of the post, as there would be no better way to "scare" criminals away than to broadcast photographs or motion pictures of the actual whippings to warn all criminally-inclined to stay away from our borders. And if the lashes are not laid on so stiffly as in days of yore, the criminal who is to be scared away may think it is but child's play, and take a chance

We have no State pride in the whipping post, and we really dislike to hear outsiders, meaning citizens from other states, discuss the subject But inertia to clear it from the statute books is easily satisfied with the old standby—that whippings, even though we hide them from outsiders, and even though the lashes are not laid on so severely, keep great criminals away from the State.

But, while watching the great criminals from other States, we contrive to let our own escape the post. Just as a mathematical exercise, let each reader count on the fingers of one hand the number of well-to-do or well-connected criminals who have faced the post in his or her lifetime. I have lived here all my life and I have yet to hear of such a case happening

Inertia has kept the "peculiar institution" alive in Delaware. The method of punishment has got on the statute books, and once there, remains for the same reason that the two buttons on our coat sleeves remain as mute reminders that once upon a time our sleeves were buttoned back over our wrists.

But this inertia may also be summarized in that wise saying of Shakespeare. "Let the galled jade wince—our withers are unwrung" Or, more modernly: "Good people never face the post. We are good people and never

expect to face the post Therefore, as we never expect to face the post, we should worry about someone else getting whipped He probably deserves it," etc. A fine Christian doctrine.

The most common crime which sends men to the post is larceny The general punishment is twenty lashes with prison sentence. Those sent to the post are negroes or friendless whites. They may be reckoned as in the lower grade of criminals

Criminals who occasionally are charged with larceny and have friends, usually have the lashes remitted So far as can be observed, the law is executed fairly and impartially in this State. But if the offender who is guilty of a crime, whose punishment is lashing, has no influential friends to seek remission of the lashes and to give testimonials of character, what is the judge to do but administer the law?

The criticism will go deeper than this, however. The judges must, willy-nilly, follow the law. But is the law fair in the first place?

It has been said that the usual crime for which lashes are ordered is larceny. But when the greater criminal steals, it is called embezzlement. The writer is fully aware of the legal distinction between larceny and embezzlement, but submits that after all, the distinction is a legal one There is a physical difference between the burglar and robber as compared with the one guilty of larceny—the probability of assault on the victim. But simple larceny and embezzlement are closely akin

This criminal of better family, or having more influential friends, may steal, or embezzle, if you will, as high as two hundred thousand dollars, and never get a lash There are in the New Castle County Workhouse several men who have embezzled amounts ranging from $25,000 to $200,000, who were never lashed, while there are others there who have stolen a chicken or a pair of shoes, and have received their full quota of lashes

But we will say that the small thief deserves what he gets for not embezzling instead of committing larceny. Then let us peep into the Revised Code:

Under embezzlement, we find that "embezzlement by a carrier or porter," presumably one of the lower stratum of society, is a felony punishable by twenty lashes and a prison term.

BUT we find also that "embezzlement by a cashier or clerk" (note the social level) is merely a misdemeanor, and is punishable by a prison term without lashes. And if the treasurer of the State, city or municipality, chooses to embezzle, it is a misdemeanor, and punishable with prison term but no lashes

To go farther Forging a banknote—a nice genteel occupation—is a felony without lashes as punishment, but to have in one's possession a counterfeit plate or die is a felony with thirty-nine lashes as punishment Strange to say, however, to counterfeit the Great Seal of Delaware, or to forge a court record, is punished merely with fine and imprisonment

Here we have clear evidence that the laws of Delaware make certain distinctions, and these distinctions are of an invidious character. Embezzlement, we would think, is embezzlement for all But if the poor porter or carrier embezzles, he gets the post, while if the clerk or cashier embezzles, the lashes are remitted

One may forge banknotes or counterfeit the Great Seal, and one will never face the post. But to have a counterfeit plate or die in one's possession means thirty-nine lashes.

It is for these reasons that the post has become practically a punishment for those convicted of simple larceny.

This brings us to the time-worn thesis or fetich that the dread of the whipping post keeps great criminals away from the State Though it has been shown that our own great criminals have no trouble to evade the post, we must perforce accept this unproved dictum, which is as nice a piece of a priori reasoning as ever came down the pike.

Back in 1873, this fetich arose when an attempt was made to rob the venerable Bank of Delaware by the notorious "Jimmy" Hope, "Big Frank" McCoy and other lesser lights in the underworld. The attempt failed, the

culprits were seized and convicted and, in due course of time, were lashed They did not like the lashing and said so. For that matter, who would? But since that time there have been no major bank robberies in Delaware. There is the case complete

It seems useless to assume that any other reason exists as to why there have been no major burglaries since 1873. That was fifty years ago There were no major bank robberies before 1873 In such a condition of affairs, with one attempted bank burglary standing out alone in a century, one may develop any kind of a thesis that is desired It could as easily be averred, with no disrespect offered, that because the judges who sentenced the Bank of Delaware burglars wore whiskers, that therefore, the fear of whiskers has kept all other bank burglars away. The thesis could be proved by the fact that there actually have been no major bank burglaries since that time

Nor is it possible to suggest that if they ever came back, it would then have been necessary to develop some other cruel and unusual punishment, such as cutting off their ears or noses. If they will not stop for whippings, then the theory naturally develops that some other cruelty, more vindictive, must be employed to keep these gentry away from the twelve-mile circle

Nor, to go further, would it be beside the mark to show that no bank in Delaware has been content to depend on the whipping post to keep burglars away, but that these institutions have installed the most modern time locks and burglar-proof protection.

The whipping post is admittedly a cruel and unusual punishment It does not catch the "great" criminals of the State in its grip. It is questionable if it has deterred any great criminals from the outside from coming here, and any theory of this character would have to be worked out from criminal data of the State, which would have to show that crime is less rampant here proportionately than elsewhere, and that this is because of the whipping post

With such questionable support of the whipping post, and such hazy reasons why it should be retained, it would

seem that Delaware is the one State that is in the wrong as to the retention of the whipping post as compared with the other forty-seven states

But if the post is to be retained, then, in justice, the General Assembly should decree that embezzlers and other types of criminals should face the post. Should this be done, in the writer's opinion, it would be tantamount to the abolition of the whipping post. Exposure of others besides the poor and friendless to the lash would soon determine its status as a cruel and unusual punishment.

The first mention of whipping in Delaware was away back in 1658, when Jan Risingh, Governor of New Sweden, paid a sight-seeing visit to Commander Von Poffenburg, of the Dutch garrison at Fort Casimir, now New Castle. Von Poffenburg served a bountiful repast to his guests However, before the guests took their places at the table, he had three prisoners brought in and soundly flogged in order to impress the Swedes with the discipline he maintained in his portion of the colony

In this good year of 1923, two hundred and sixty-five years later, the post still stands as a relic of other days

And odd to relate, wife beating, the single crime for which many say whipping is justified, is punished simply with five lashes as a minimum and thirty as a maximum Larceny is punished with a minimum of twenty lashes.

Embezzlement and larceny are two legal terms for stealing In embezzlement, the property comes into the hands of the thief lawfully, and is then stolen. In larceny, the property is unlawfully taken in the first place. In both cases, the effect is the same—the property is stolen. Why should the whippings be decreed for the one and not the other? And why should there be a differentiation, making a porter's embezzlement a FELONY, and a cashier's embezzlement a MISDEMEANOR? One with lashes and the other without?

Delawareans are not proud of the post. This is evidenced by our whole treatment of this reminiscence of the post in the last twenty years. We salve our consciences with the Puritanical maxim that we're doing it for someone else's good Churches, societies, organiza-

tions, legislators, public men and the press have been silent on this theme Warden after warden of the New Castle County Workhouse has announced his opposition to the post, and they have never relished their task. They see it at first hand.

No pictures have been permitted to be taken of the whipping post since the Workhouse has been built. For authentic picture of the institution, it is necessary to go back to the time when the post was located in New Castle jail yard We have grown squeamish in the meantime about outsiders learning what is going on behind the prison walls of Delaware.

We were not ashamed in 1897, however, when actual whipping scenes were pictured in the leading magazines of the country. It was thought then that the Constitutional Convention would abolish the post as a punishment.

In the April, 1897, *Cosmopolitan,* the opening paragraph of Bianca Adams Miller's article on "Delaware's Abolition of the Whipping Post," reads thus "The approaching abolition of the whipping post by the Delaware Legislature will align that state with modern civilization." Twenty-six years later the post still stands, unique in the United States as a punishment for crime. Will 1923 see its abolition in reality?

WHEN BULLFROG VALLEY WENT DRY

BY F A. BEHYMER IN THE ST LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

(August 12, under the headline "When Bullfrog Valley, From Booger Holler to Injun Mountain, Went Dry")

Bullfrog Valley was wet Hemmed in by the mountains except where Big Sandy Creek entered through one defile and emerged through another, it was a rock-ribbed stronghold for corn liquor, made stronger by the rock-ribbed organization of the 13 moonshiners who made the corn liquor

Bullfrog Valley is dry now There is not a still between Booger Holler and Injun Mountain The 13 moonshiners have quit and turned law enforcers and that's the same as saying that Bullfrog Valley is going to be a hot place for moonshiners and bootleggers from now on.

Bullfrog Valley might still have been wet if Jack Ross' boys hadn't tied a tin can to the tail of Alce McAlister's calf That small circumstance started the disintegration. It grew when these same bad boys made a noise in the night, with resin and string, like the blare of Gabriel's trumpet

Alce McAlister was a patient man, but this was too much He came to town and swore out warrants and had Jack Ross and his boys arrested for moonshining, forgetful that he was as deep in the mud as they were deep in the mire.

There still might have been a chance to save the organization, but three weeks ago Noel Shuffield went to Howard meetin' house and got religion. Were ever 13 moonshiners beset by such calamities! These 13 felt that the fates were against them So they decided to quit.

But the only way they could quit, without paying the penalty for their moonshining, was to turn law enforcers.

So they loaded up their stills and went to court, flying the stars and stripes, trumpeting with still caps and hurrahing for the Sheriff.

They are back in Bullfrog Valley now, a valiant band, battling for law and order to show themselves grateful for the Court's mercy.

Always there have been moonshiners in the foothills that stretch away to the forest reserve and the Boston Mountains. Life is hard there and the mountain men have counted it no crime to hazard illegal gain by converting their meager crops of corn into mountain dew. But it was not until three years ago, when hard times crushed them with increased cruelty, that they organized to glean the greater gain that came with the spread of prohibition.

Homer Lee, born 44 years ago in the ancestral cabin of the Lees of Bullfrog Valley, where the spinning wheel with which pioneer Lee women spun for pioneer Lee men still stands on the "gallery," was an upstanding man among his far-scattered neighbors—from weird Booger Hollow, where the headless Booger man sits on a rock when the moon is pale, as the veracious tale-tellers of Bullfrog Valley relate, to the foot of Injun Mountain—but hard times came to Homer Lee.

There came a night when Homer Lee and his wife and the six little Lees went early to bed, to sleep, if they might, before hunger, ill-appeased, returned to gnaw. But in the darkness Homer's "little feller" crawled to him and hugged him tight and whispered, "What are we goin' to have for breakfus, papa?" and Homer Lee could only answer with a groan.

That "little feller" made a moonshiner of Homer Lee, as many another "little feller" has made a moonshiner of many another hard-pressed mountain father, fighting the wolf from the door. As he lay there that night, with the whimpering child beside him, Lee resolved to place above the law of the land the law which bids a man provide for his own.

Lee knew that other men in Bullfrog Valley were making moonshine whisky and getting by with it. What they could do he could do.

Getting started was no great matter. If he needed instruction in fashioning his still and "making the run," instruction was not far to seek. He located his "set" in a rocky ravine up the mountainside, and from then until March a year ago, as he stood in court the other day and told Judge Bullock, he made all the corn whisky he could and sold all he could

The price was high when he began and he readily obtained $20 a gallon for all that he could make Afterward it came down to $15 and finally to $12, but it is a matter of pride with Homer Lee that he did not lower the quality of his product in step with falling prices.

The point of pride in his product is well taken, as his customers and even his competitors will tell you. The fame of "Homer Lee" whisky spread wherever whisky values are a matter of appraisal and discussion Other moonshiners and bootleggers did not scruple to peddle inferior product and call it "Homer Lee" because it commanded a better price A Little Rock wholesale house sent him a "bid" for 50 gallons for its Christmas trade, but Homer Lee sent back word that he wasn't in the wholesale business

The county and Federal authorities knew what was going on up there the other side of Booger Holler, but getting evidence was another matter The moonshiners were banded together and would not tell tales on each other. The harder the county officers and revenue men tried to break it up the stiffer became the resistance and the more solid the moonshiners' organization.

The tin can which Jack Ross' boys tied to Alce McAlister's calf's tail was the definite beginning of the breakup, but there were influences at work before that The Arkansas law permits a Judge, at his discretion, where the conditions justify or in his judgment the moral interests of the community will be enhanced, to suspend sentence At the November term of court Albert Allen pleaded guilty to a violation of the liquor law and sentence was suspended, with the right of revocation of the suspension reserved

Judge Bullock had doubts whether Allen could go straight, on account of his drinking associates. He told Allen so and advised him that the only safe way was for him to take the other side of the question and help enforce the law and clean up the community. Allen went back to his associates and said to them:

"I can't run with you without getting off. If I get off, I'll go to jail. Let's all quit."

Judge Bullock thinks it was Allen's talk that planted the idea, but it did not grow very fast. To Jack Ross' boys belongs the credit for giving it unintentioned impetus.

Alce McAlister's yearlin' was a cutup. It rampaged around when Alce's wife was trying to milk the cow. Willard and Jim Ross were there one evening when the calf was capering and kicking up its heels. It gave them an idea. If excitement was what the calf wanted they would give it a plenty. They slipped back after dark and tied a tin can to bossy's tail. The calf went tearing and bellowing about the place, upsetting everything that wasn't nailed down, and winding up in a thicket, where the McAlisters caught it and relieved it of the tin can.

By a process of elimination the guilt was fixed upon the Ross boys. They grinned sheepishly and made no great pretense of denial. It caused hard feelin's between the McAlister and Ross families.

The Ross boys might in time have been forgiven and the moonshiners' ring might have survived if the Ross boys had been content with that, but they wanted some more fun. So, on a dark night, they crept up to the McAlister cabin and tied a string to a piece of loose weather-boarding and lay out in the weeds and sawed that string with a piece of fiddle resin and made a noise in the night like no other noise that had been heard in the night in Bullfrog Valley.

Alce McAlister jumped out of bed and grabbed his gun and blazed away through window and door and roof and then, they say up the valley, he fell on his knees and confessed his sins, general and specific, including moonshin-

ing, and called to his wife to join him in prayer, for the trumpet of Gabriel was sounding and the end of the world was at hand

The Ross boys had had enough fun for one night. They snapped the string and went home It might have been supposed that discretion would have prompted silence on their part, but the story got around, about Alce's shooting and praying They don't have anything to laugh about very often in Bullfrog Valley and it may be that they overdid it a little, joshing Alce about it every time he went to Homer Lee's store

Alce got mad and thirsted for revenge He came to town and swore out warrants against Ross and his boys, charging them with violating the prohibition law.

That sobered Ross He knew that he was guilty and that McAlister knew he was guilty Of course, he could retaliate by prosecuting McAlister, but what good would that do? The main fact was that Ross had a big family that needed him. He was sorely troubled

He brought the boys to town and all three were released on bond. He went back to the hills and set in motion all the influence that he could command. He went, among others, to Homer Lee.

Lee had started a little store, half a mile from the Lee homestead, where he was born, and was claiming that he had quit moonshining, but he was the acknowledged leader of the clan It was he who had got them together, after he became a moonshiner, and formed the oath-bound organization which, so far, had stood the strain. He was a man of good family, an intelligent man, with no little influence at the county seat So Ross went to him.

Albert Allen's talk about them all quitting the business was beginning to have effect There were suggestions to that effect in the various discussions over the plight of Ross and his boys. It began to look like the organization was going to pieces, and that meant that Ross and probably others would go to jail

It looked more like it when Noel Shuffield went to the Howard meetin' house three weeks ago and confessed his sins and got religion Most of the members of the gang

were religious men, according to the mountain fashion, but managed to keep their religion under control so that it didn't interfere with their moonshining With Noel it was different. It was a new thing with him and he didn't seem to know how to reconcile it with moonshining and there was danger that he would spill the beans

Walter Turnbow, energetic young Sheriff, who had come into office the first of the year, had a policy of cleaning up the county with the least possible suffering and hardness While he was gathering evidence he was spreading the idea of surrender and compromise, holding out the inducement of probable suspension of sentence He gave Ross some strong talk along that line "You and the other boys up there are in the liquor business," he said. "Outside of that they are good citizens I know who they are. They're all going to get caught You go back up there and tell 'em so And tell 'em they'd better come in and get suspended sentences It's that or go to jail."

Ross went back to the valley with the idea taking shape that maybe here was a way out of his trouble

Things were in that unsettled condition when, late in July, there was a picnic at Freeman's Springs and Judge Bullock was invited to make a speech The Judge chose to speak on law and order It was a touchy subject and he did not know how his hearers would take it, but he cut loose and gave them strong talk, reminding them that most of the killings in the county were traceable to liquor violations

He spoke of the Allen case and said he would be glad if others would do as Allen had done, which was construed as an intimation that he would suspend sentences if they did. Sheriff Turnbow mingled with the crowd and in conversation spread the same message

That night the Judge's words were given terrible reinforcement Jess Church, 18 years old, and his brother, Clarence, 16, drank moonshine whisky and fought and Jess knifed Clarence to death Next morning Jess had no recollection of what had happened He told what he knew about some of the moonshiners of Bullfrog Valley.

From one thing and another and all things together the

Bullfrog Valley mountaineers' combine was in a bad way. The men got together and talked it over. The sentiment was strong for surrender

Homer Lee proposed that they all "clean up" They said all right, if he would come along with the rest. He reminded them that since March before last he had not been making or selling whisky, preferring to make his living out of farming and running his little store He didn't think it was necessary for him to confess something that he had quit But they said he had been one of them all along, and they wanted him to go along with the rest He was not disposed to stand on technicalities, so he said he would go along and they would make it 100 per cent. One of them, which one need not be told, still hung back. They told him if he didn't go along they would fetch the officers and get him and his little old pot, and he decided to go

There was one other little difficulty Will Jones had four barrels of beer up, about ready to be run off, and he hated to lose it Noel Shuffield was his partner, but Noel, having got religion and resolved to quit his moonshining, refused to help him make the run. He couldn't do it himself. What was he to do?

"Hell, I'll help you run it," said Homer Lee "It'll give me something to confess to the Court."

That was why there was a little delay in going to court, but that is a little ahead of the story

The upshot of the meeting was that Homer Lee, Will Jones and Bob Bates were delegated to come to town and see what they could do They talked to Judge Bullock and Sheriff Turnbow They were willing to clean up, they said, if they were promised leniency. They were sent to Prosecuting Attorney Sam Rorex at Dardanelle. A Federal official was called from Little Rock. He agreed not to molest the men if they made their peace with the county. The Judge and the other county authorities were willing to show leniency

Saturday night the Sheriff went up to Lee's store and saw some of the men Lee rode that night, calling the men from their cabins, telling them to get ready to go to

court and making arrangements for picking them up with their stills, Sunday night and Monday morning, for the trip to the county seat.

The Sheriff stayed all night with Will Jones and enjoyed the best of mountain hospitality.

One of the good citizens of the valley is "Buster" McGuire, who signs checks R A. McGuire. He has never been offensively active in law enforcement and has been a good friend of the moonshiners, while disapproving of their moonshining He was of assistance to the authorities in helping along the compromise idea He had a grist mill at his place and the men of the valley came there He could tell pretty well from their requirements of corn meal what they were up to, corn meal being an ingredient of Bullfrog Valley whisky. But he couldn't swear, of course, that any particular corn meal was used for an improper purpose, so there was nothing that he could tell the authorities, even if he wished.

So "Buster" McGuire was the man to gather up the moonshiners and their stills and haul them to court. The Sheriff called him up He had his truck loaded with watermelons, but he shifted them to a wagon and sent a man with a team to take the melons to town. Deputy Sheriff Amos Holman went out to McGuire's Sunday evening and they started at 7 P M. on the 75-mile trip to round up the gang, with the understanding that the deputy was merely an escort, to make himself generally useful The moonshiners were particular about that They wanted it well understood that they were coming in of their own volition.

They went first to Doc Bates' place at the foot of Ledford Mountain. Doc had a 65-gallon still on the porch Jack Ross, who by reason of the case pending against him and his boys, had a particular incentive to be accommodating, had brought from his house, half a mile away, a brand-new still which had never had the furnace under it It must not be assumed from its newness, however, that Jack had not been moonshining before But he had used a borrowed still Doc and Jack helped tie the stills on the running boards.

The roads were too rough beyond Doc Bates', so messengers were sent by horseback to call in the few members of the gang who lived further back McGuire and Holman had a few hours' rest there while waiting for the outlanders to come in

It would have been something of a problem for Bob Page, who lives farthest back on Indian Creek, to get his still to the truck, but fortunately somebody stole it recently and carried it off to some other neighborhood

No attempt was made to complete the journey Sunday night because, for one thing, there was the little matter of Will Jones' run, in which he was being assisted by Homer Lee Jones' still couldn't be brought in until after the run, which was being made that night They finished the run and carried the still, warm from such recent use, to Homer Lee's store, where it was waiting, along with another, when the truck, after stopping at Noel Shuffield's, reached there Monday forenoon

Several of the men had come to the store The others were picked up, along with the remaining stills, at designated points along the road

At one point there came near being a fizzle. Somebody had heard that a volunteer prohibition enforcement officer who is particularly obnoxious to the moonshiners was going to board the truck farther on and ride into Russellville for the presumed purpose of deriving glory therefrom

The moonshiners, when they heard that, were for quitting McGuire felt that the situation called for straight speech "Boys," he said, "this here truck belongs to you today and anybody you don't want on it damn sure won't get on it"

McGuire only says damn on special occasions. The way he said it now convinced the men that he would not permit any intrusion that would spoil their party.

The truck was ready to leave Lee's when Lee's little son, Noreid, came running out with a flag. Maybe he knew what the expedition meant and maybe he didn't. It wouldn't be surprising if Mrs. Lee or the girls put him up to it All the women and girls of the moonshiners' families felt like waving flags that day

The flag was strung above the radiator, where it would fly the best, and the truck moved off down the rough, crooked road to Alf Loyd's place, the last stop, and headed for Booger Holler and out through that to the level country and on toward Russellville.

The stills were of all sizes, three on each running board. They made a bulging load and Buster McGuire had to drive carefully over some of the bridges to avoid scraping them off

Four miles out of town the sheriff met the truck and was hailed with hurrahs and a great tooting of still caps and hammering on tin. He wheeled his car and acted as an escort of honor into town

The men in the truck, unaccustomed to mass action, found it a little difficult to give suitably concerted expression to their exuberance, but they tooted the still caps and yelled "Hurrah for Turnbow" as the truck rolled through Main street and was steered by Buster with a final flourish into the jail yard

Judge Bullock had called a special grand jury and was waiting. There was not much formality The moonshiners told the sheriff to go in and tell the grand jury whatever he saw fit and it would be all right with them and they would stay by him He went in and gave the jury the names and a few other essential particulars. Indictments were returned and the moonshiners were escorted into court, taking seats, because of their number, in the jury chairs.

Judge Bullock called the cases one by one, the State of Arkansas against Bill Waldo, the State of Arkansas against Homer Lee, against Doc Bates, Noel Shuffield Will Jones, Alf Loyd, Green Linsy, Bob Page, Jim Ross, Jack Ross, Alce McAlister and Lytle Hilderbrand, and each and every one of them pleaded guilty

Judge Bullock sentenced each to a year's imprisonment and suspended the sentence of each, during good behavior, and on condition that they co-ooperate with the officers in keeping Bullfrog Valley free from moonshiners and bootleggers, admonishing the men to return to their homes and lend their influence to law enforcement and try to live

down the stigma they had brought upon their community.

He declared that he had confidence in the good faith of the men but warned them that any further misconduct would involve them in severe trouble

Homer Lee, who had acted throughout as the leader and spokesman of the crowd, felt that the occasion called for a speech He arose and addressed the court:

"We are guilty, every one of us," he said. "We came here to tell on ourselves but not on each other. When I was makin' whisky I made all I could and sold all I could. All that I can say for myself is that I was forced into it When I laid down at night and my little feller come and laid down by me and said, 'Papa, what are we goin' to have for breakfus?' I just had to stir around and do something So I went to makin' whisky.

"I'll say this for it, Judge, it was good whisky I never made but one bad run and that was because I run it too quick. I didn't sell that whisky I gave it away. I didn't want to spile my reputation I reckon a thousand gallons of poor licker has been sold on my name.

"Since March a year ago I haven't been near a still until last night, when I helped Will Jones make a run and divided the licker among the sick in the neighborhood. We're here 100 per cent clean There's not another still in Bullfrog Valley There's not a man in the valley who is interested in licker, direct or indirect. When we started in to makin' whisky we had a meetin' and promised to protect each other When we decided to quit the business we had a meetin' and all agreed to come clean and lead a different life We ain't goin' to make or sell any more whisky and we ain't goin' to let anybody else do it. We've been breaking the law Now we're goin' to help enforce the law We ask the prayers of the Christian people of Russellville. We'd a-been in sooner but we was a little skeered and bashful"

After the Judge had told them to return to their homes and show themselves good citizens and they had withdrawn and the Judge was making the entry in his docket, Alf Loyd came timidly back

"Judge," he said, "I want you to help me a little."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the Judge.

"Well, I don't know, but I want you to know that I hate to have to confess that I have been acting such a fool as I have You gave me the lecture when I took the Masonic degree I know what I've been doing is against the rules of the lodge. What do you think they'll do with me?"

Judge Bullock had not, until reminded, recognized Loyd.

"The lodge won't do anything to you," he said "If you had waited to be run down and convicted, you would have been put out But you have done the manly thing. Come right along to the lodge meetings. Everything will be just the same as before."

Loyd went out, greatly relieved, and joined the others, in the center of an interested crowd A holiness preacher was in the crowd He felt that the occasion called for something in his line and started to pass the hat to get supper for the men, but Sheriff Turnbow stopped him and announced that the men were going to eat at his expense They were taken to a hotel and cigars followed the meal, and the Sheriff wanted to take them to a show, but it was getting late and they had a long way to go and they thanked him just the same and told him to call on them whenever he needed any help in Bullfrog Valley and "Buster" McGuire drove them out of town, his load lightened by the six stills, which had been added to the Sheriff's collection.

It is 25 hot Arkansas miles to Homer Lee's store, over roads that were made for mules and have not yet been made over for motors It is past sunset when it is reached Lee sits on the steps with one of his "little fellers" snuggling up to him. He is a fine upstanding fellow, with a clear laughing eye and straightforward speech, who must have found irksome the stealth of illicit whisky making.

"It was for the little fellers that I done it," he says. "I didn't want to do it, but when you do a thing you get habited to it and it grows on you I had a little farm. I raised corn but I couldn't get shet of it I bought the farm at the beginnin' of the war and was to pay so much

a year on it. I couldn't get work. The little fellers was hungry and I couldn't see how I was goin' to make the next payment.

"I had to do something With a bushel of corn and a bushel of rye I could make $40 worth of whisky. It was good whisky. I didn't put no concentrated lye or Indy berries or buckeyes in it to make it go further If you take Indy berries and put 'em in the crick it makes fools of the fish. It makes fools of men, too I never used a speck of poison Folks come 40 miles to get it for the sick.

"I set my still in seven different places. Had to keep movin'. Part of the time it was 8 or 10 miles from here

"Yes, I helped Will Jones make his run Sunday night He had four barrels of beer up and didn't want to lose it. Noel Shuffield, his partner, wouldn't help him I said, 'Hell, I'll help you run it and then I'll have somethin' to confess.' So we run it. But it wasn't ready to be run and we got only three and a half gallons We give that to the sick

"I never would let boys have any of my licker. Whenever there was goin' to be church or any kind o' gatherin' I wouldn't let it out Once there was a farmers' meetin' across the crick I knowed they'd be coming. They come three days before. But I wouldn't let 'em have none.

"They treated us fine when we went to town The Judge made us a nice talk I was the foreman for our crowd and I made a little speech, promisin' we'd keep out of the business and keep everybody elst out of it.

"They gave us a free supper and see-gars and cold drinks and wanted to take us to a show but we wanted to get back.

"You can put it down that, now that we're out of the business, we ain't goin' to allow nobody else to mess around in it. We just heard that some boys were makin' choc and we stopped it"

Edwin Lee, oldest of the Lee six, had been listening

"If it hadn't been for the still," he said, "we'd a been head over heels in debt more'n what we are."

The moonshiners were unanimous, however, in telling Judge Bullock that there was nothing in it, the easily made profits slipping easily through their fingers.

The return, long after dark, is through Booger Holler. The moon peeps pale over the hip of the mountain and behind the great boulders the shadows are deep, but the Booger man's rock is bare Belikes, with the moonshiners of Bullfrog Valley, by thirteens, turning into enforcers of the law, he finds the occupation gone

ETTA MAY

THE PROVIDENCE EVENING BULLETIN

(Nov 19, under the headline "Etta May, on 'White Mule Hill,' 'Don't Care' Any More" This is the fifth of a series of articles in the *Bulletin* on the juvenile delinquency problem)

Before prohibition came, the district where Etta May and Ella live was called Sykhigh Hill Now the police know it as "White Mule Hill"

The street where Etta May and Ella live is near the crest of the hill, and from their street the land falls away sharply to a great, rough lowland area, far below, into which the inhabitants of White Mule Hill dump their rubbish.

The house where Etta May and Ella live is near this dump, and is hidden away in the backyard of another house, close up against an old outbuilding. There isn't much in their home for the two girls to wax enthusiastic over It is small and poorly furnished. Most of the necessities of existence are there, but none of the comforts.

Etta May is 13 now and Ella is 10. They have no father. Their mother goes out working some. Much of the time, though, she stays at home. The children say she is sick The authorities say she is drunk. Anyway, she is in bed a good deal, and Etta May and Ella get their own meals and look after themselves and stay out of school to do the washing and the rest of the housework.

They have little of the bubbling spirit and love of life that mark most children of their ages They have learned to take things as they come and not to expect them to come too well. They are familiar with poverty, but strangers to affection and care

They are just now starting on the road that leads girls and boys into the Juvenile Court and later, a good many times, into the higher courts Both have been reported

frequently as truants from school. Each time they have said that they were at home helping their mother, who was having one of her "sick spells." Thus far they have not been brought into court Boys and girls always get the benefit of the doubt—often when there is really no doubt—for the authorities do not want to take them before the judge except as a last resort

It wasn't so very long ago, school officials remember, when Etta May was ambitious and looked eagerly into the future. She enjoyed school and was rarely absent Her heart was set on becoming a teacher Then something happened at home. The authorities have never learned just what it was, but it had the effect of robbing Etta May, almost over night, of her young enthusiasm and her ambition. From a frank, eager child she developed into a sullen, indifferent one Absences from school became frequent and have continued so

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" she was asked the other day

"I don't know," the girl answered, fumbling with her dress.

"Do you want to be a teacher?"

"I don't care"

This "I don't care" frame of mind, those working among children know, is the signpost that so often marks the road to delinquency How to get Etta May away from this attitude and to prevent other Etta Mays from reaching it, when there is nothing to help or encourage them in the home, is one of the most difficult questions that confronts the community, those who are familiar with it say, and is one, too, for which no satisfactory answer has yet been found

Indifference of parents to their children not only deprives the latter of help or encouragement from those to whom they naturally look for it, but, in a startlingly large number of cases, is actually responsible for the continued wrong-doing of the boys and girls Even when they have been warned repeatedly of the course their children are following, these parents either refuse to do anything to help or else go through a few perfunctory motions while

the eyes of the authorities are upon them, and then drop back into the old rut of indifference.

An instance where this apathy on the part of the parents has brought a boy not yet 10 years old into the Juvenile Court twice may be cited. The youngster, frowzle-headed and dirty, came in for the second time only a week or so ago His father was with him

Truant Officer James R Cannon explained to the court that he had brought the boy in for persistent truancy.

"He was absent 75 times from school during the spring term, and was put on probation," Mr Cannon said. "In spite of this, he is staying out of school again this fall. He is only 10 years old and I have tried my best to keep him out of court I have talked with his father and pleaded with his father, but I can get absolutely no co-operation from him So I have had to bring the boy in here again"

"Where do you go when you don't go to school?" Judge Rueckert asked the boy

"With the other kids"

Further questioning brought out the fact that the truants sometimes roamed the streets when they should be in school, and sometimes attended the moving pictures.

"You've got to go to school, and go every day," the judge said severely "If you don't, you will have to go where boys are sent who don't go to school Do you want to?"

"No"

"Then don't let your teacher report you absent again" Judge Rueckert turned to the lad's father "Why don't you make your boy go to school?"

A shrug of the shoulders was the only reply.

"You must see to it that he goes," the court warned. "The law holds you responsible for your child's attendance. If you will not co-operate voluntarily with the school authorities in keeping him in school, there is a way of making you do it I propose to utilize that way if you will not help us We are acting for your boy's own good; you should be intelligent enough to realize it."

Contrast with this the attitude of the father of another boy, who was brought in for petty larceny

"He stole grapes," the father told the court "I find it out and I whip him My wife, she's dead, and the poor kid ain't got much to look after him, because I been away every day working But now I got night job and I stay home days and see he be good

"He bunk from school The teacher tell me I whip him and tell him go Now I work nights Every day now I go with him to school, see he gets there all right If he no do right, I lick him I got a piece of hose. I showed it to the cop"

The father turned to a husky, red-headed, mounted patrolman who had brought the boy in, and the latter nodded confirmation to the statement

The youngster got probation Had his father been as indifferent as many, the boy would have gone to Sockanosset.

THE RED ARMY OF RUSSIA

BY EDWIN W HULLINGER IN THE NEW YORK TIMES

(January 7)

The Red Army of Russia, today the largest organized military unit in Europe, if not in the world, and wholly outside the control of the Allies and the Treaty of Versailles, has become a factor of rapidly growing importance in Old World relations, following the breakdown of attempts at conciliation between Russia and the Entente.

Officially estimated at around a million and a half men under arms, the Russian force is almost twice the size of the French Army, by far the greatest army in Western Europe, and manyfold larger than the British Army And Trotzky has made it clear in recent utterances that the Soviet Government does not "feel justified," under present circumstances, in greatly reducing its army.

Compulsory military service on the French plan and similar to that in use under the Czar was inaugurated in Russia for the first time since the revolution by a decree published last Spring calling the first class of recruits to the colors in August This will place the Russian corps on the same footing with the regular armies in Western Europe. Hereafter classes will be summoned annually Before I left Russia a well-posted Communist friend informed me that the War Department expected each class to yield around 350,000 men

"What are the Bolsheviki going to do with this army?" is the question troubling every Western European capital today. I heard it from the lips of officials and civilians in all the four capitals I have visited during the last two months—London, The Hague, Berlin and Paris. In Berlin, Frank Vanderlip told me that he had encountered similar concern in his talks with heads of Governments in

the Central European as well as the allied countries of which he has just completed a tour. In the back of every Western European statesman's cranium is that ever-present phantom of a possible future combination involving a Russo-German-Turkish force, which could well make the rest of the Continent shiver. Prevention of this combination is one of the aims of current allied diplomacy

From a mass of untrained peasant boys and workers of a couple of years ago, the Red Army of Russia has developed into a well-disciplined, modern army, in appearance at least comparing with the drilled armies of the Occident. Most of this transformation has taken place during the last year, I was told in Moscow And I can personally attest to having seen a large part of it during the nine months I spent in Russia.

On the Red Square, scene of one of the bloodiest fights of the Bolshevist revolt, I saw, on Nov 7, 1921, 15,000 of the old army of the revolution pass in review before Trotzky It probably was the last time the old army, if it might be so distinguished from the new army of today, appeared in parade in such force, soon after Trotzky began his strenuous eight months' task which resulted in the Red Army of today

From an improvised wooden platform, high over the heads of the 15,000 men drawn up in array on the Square, Trotzky's voice echoed across the sea of cloth helmets and shining bayonets to the gray walls of the Union Bank Behind him rose the mystic turrets and golden cupolas of the Kremlin, historic stronghold of the ancient Czars and religious capitol of Russia In the dramatic silences between sentences we could hear the rain falling softly around us We felt it on our cheeks when we raised our faces toward the private temple of Ivan the Terrible which lifted its futurist looking bulbous towers at the far end of the square. By sheer force of personality, the Bolshevist War Minister held that throng motionless fifteen minutes, despite rain and cold.

But the spell was broken when the order came to pass in review—when the long lines so carefully and regularly arranged began to break up into jagged, irregular columns,

which crooked sometimes twice in their width as they passed the reviewing stand The carelessness of the clothing, the uneven slants of the lines of rifles, the awkward salutes, registered the passing of the old—beginning to show signs of becoming something, but still in its primitive stages It was more like a drill of fresh recruits, with a few exceptions, than the pick of Russia's best—the best of that time.

I saw this same body of men, the garrison of Moscow, pass in review hardly seven months later, on the same Red Square, in a military demonstration on the first of May A brilliant sun played upon the gold of the Kremlin's cupolas. Twenty airplanes, the beginning of Russia's air fleet, circled overhead, dropping pamphlets containing the oath of the new Red Army Cannons boomed from the citadel in the Kremlin Five brass bands struck up the refrain of the Internationale

As before, Trotzky held his soldier audience while he hurled defiance at Western Europe, "should it dare attack Soviet Russia" As before, his sentences, sharp, high pitched and deliberate, echoed across a vast sea of khaki bristling with bayonets The occasional crunching of the bit of a cavalry horse was the only sound in the stillness between words. Twenty thousand voices, in rhythmic crescendo, repeated the new army oath after its leader. Finally came the command to pass in review as before. Then it was I saw what had been accomplished since that rainy November day

With well-timed strides and columns as straight as those of any regulars, the first detachment swung into parade formation. Rifles swayed rhythmically to "shoulder arms," and snapped to "present" in passing the War Minister, who stood at salute. Down the even lines I saw every eye turned militarily to the right Uniforms looked new and well cared for. (It was said they came from Manchester.) Buttons were in their places. Shoes showed signs of attention Line after line of bayonets passed regularly by. The Red soldiers had learned how to carry their rifles.

Detachment after detachment passed. It was hardly

credible that these were the same men I had seen only seven months ago. There were the cadet officers, in their brilliant red trousers, black shiny top boots, green coats and red caps There were the lancers, with their tiny red banners fluttering from the points of their spears There were the cavalrymen, in sky-blue coats, sometimes red trousers, like France's best There was all the color and pomp of a show parade in Western Europe

Most of the officers were young men. Here and there the firm tread of a former Czarist line officer told its story of changing times It was easy to spot the old regulars Their stride gave them away

I have gone into such detail because these two scenes typify the progress of the Red Army during the last year. And this Red Army, with the Cheka, the secret police service, is what keeps the Bolshevist Government in the Kremlin today

Credit for this achievement of organizing genius—for such it is—belongs largely to Leon Trotzky. He has worked tirelessly and efficiently, forging the old army corps into a semblance of modern military efficiency, insisting on discipline, fostering better staff work and speeding up the War College

"Trotzky has made a lifelong study of military matters," a friend who had known him intimately in New York, Paris and Russia, told me "He was always poring over military books.* He believed that the proletariat would win, when it did, by use of force, and consequently he did not underestimate the value of military science. The army has been a hobby of his No General ever was more engrossed in his duties"

A Bolshevist General told me that members of the staff have a wholesome respect for Trotzky's opinions "We are often surprised that a non-military man—a man not a soldier by profession—can have such intensive knowledge of technical matters and tactics," he said

Discarding all the earlier communistic ideas of an army of brothers and equals, Trotzky has worked out a thoroughly Western European organization All former discipline has been restored, even the salute. In fact,

about the only difference is that the new Red officers are not so punctilious in returning salutes as their predecessors under the Czar. Rank markings have been reinstituted, save that the red stars which distinguish a lower officer are on the sleeve instead of the shoulder

No army has stricter garrison discipline Nor does the modern Russian private have a much lighter time of it than the old regular before the revolution. But he is well clothed and fairly well, although plainly, fed—two big considerations in Bolshevist Russia today, when most of his relatives at home have little or nothing

I have often watched the simple peasant lads at mess at their posts in the various public buildings in Moscow. Their pièce de résistance was a bowl of thick soup, reinforced by black bread I never saw anything more

The Red soldiers who constituted a bodyguard of eight at the official guest house for foreigners on Sophiskaya Nabereznna (Sophia's Riverside), often begged me for a piece of bread as I entered the gate late at night coming home from the Foreign Office One evening I took the sentry with me to my room On my table were the remains of the dessert for supper—skins of a baked apple. I opened my trunk to hunt a bar of chocolate While my back was turned the boy quickly devoured the apple peelings. The plate was licked clean when I turned around.

They were a cheerful, friendly lot, those Red soldier lads, always ready with a responsive smile, never overbearing, yet dogged and determined, with all the stolid fixedness of their class when opposed I came to know them and like them They were everywhere throughout Moscow, as much a part of the physical setting of the city as the drab buildings themselves, from which their uniforms seemed to have taken their color No scene in Moscow would be complete without one of them, with his long khaki overcoat flapping at his ankles, his drab helmet, with its huge Red six-pointed star in front and its cloth spike, like as not tipping to one side, and his long rifle, with bayonet fixed As they strode along they looked like brownies in revolt. The majority were hardly 18 Several confessed to being 16

All, or most all, were called under the general blanket conscription system in vogue up to the present. Hereafter, as said above, the mass of the Red Army will be maintained by annual incursions of classes on the Western European plan

Whatever its past, and reports agree that there was a certain amount of pillaging by the earlier revolutionary troops, the Red Army of today is a force for law and order in Russia In the absence of war it is used largely for police duty throughout the country. Upon it and the Cheka rest the Bolshevist Government's control As Russians of all classes and political creeds repeatedly remarked to me "He who holds the army holds Russia" And up to the time I left Moscow there were no signs of any loosening of the Kremlin's grip on this stronghold.

Severe as the discipline was—or, perhaps, thanks to its rigidness—there can be no doubt that the hundreds of thousands of peasant boys today wearing Bolshevist uniforms are better off than they would be outside them. In a land of destitution and crumbling industries they have employment which keeps them occupied, fed and clothed. All are learning to read and write. The final liquidation of illiteracy in the Red Army was celebrated by a military holiday just before I left Russia The self-disciplinary effects of military training upon a people have been strikingly demonstrated in France during the last several decades

How much the Red soldiers are being infected with communism is a dubious question. Certain it is that they are becoming animated with a nationalistic feeling If there were a war today, each of the peasant boys would go to the front filled with the idea that he was fighting for Russia. But I doubt if interest in communism as a theory plays any appreciable part in many of their lives. Nor is there any particular reason why it would Communism is passé in Russia

Each company, however, still retains its dual staff organization—the line officers in charge of its military life and the Communist propagandist in charge of its "enlightenment." In addition to communism, this latter

functionary also teaches reading and writing. His duties are more extensive and his authority far greater than those of his counterpart, the Chaplain of Western European armies

How the general and line staff would measure up alongside the staff organizations of Western Europe is another dubious subject Certain its leaders cannot be compared with the French General Staff, probably the finest group of military brains ever assembled in one unit

The personnel of the higher ranks come principally from former line officers of the Czar's army, now promoted to Colonelcies and Generalships, and from a few of the higher staff officers, Colonels and Generals of the army of the empire The General Staff, theoretically headed by Brusiloff, is constantly at work on military plans and efforts to improve army conditions Brusiloff personally, however, plays a small rôle in Russia, my Communist friends said Actually he is little more than a figurehead, extremely useful to the Government because of his propaganda value. He is carefully watched and has little real authority Kameneff—not the President of the Moscow Soviet, but a former Colonel in the Czar's army—is the real Commander-in-Chief

Two military colleges in Moscow and Petrograd semi-annually turn out large classes of line officers, mostly young men of proletarian origin. I saw two graduating classes while in Moscow, each numbering about a hundred

How much munitions of war the Soviet army could muster I do not know It was a carefully guarded military secret It was generally believed in Moscow, however, that the munition factories were producing steadily. Doubtless both in staff work and munitions the Red Army could compete on favorable terms with the forces of any of its neighbor States The army has a few tanks—not many—and a certain amount of artillery. I got the impression that they were weak in good field guns. A small corps of aviators are continually practicing in German machines on the aviation field at Yar, in the outskirts of Moscow

It can be said with certainty that amid the ruins and

confusion of Russia there is one organization—yes, two, for the Cheka works even better than the army—that functions and functions increasingly well And this body, whatever be its future or whatever its significance in the international relations of Russia and the rest of the world, today constitutes a powerful nationalistic force in Russia, working toward unification of the Russian people and disseminating the idea of nationalism throughout the land.

"WARD M—WHERE THEY COME IN PAIRS"

BY CLARA SHARPE HOUGH IN THE NEW BEDFORD (MASS.) STANDARD

(December 9)

Ward M is that corner of the hospital presided over by the stork. It is a separate colony, you will find, and as different as you could imagine from your preconceived notion of a hospital ward. It is noisy. It is gossipy. It is (actually) jolly.

When first you reach the haven of your own room, in its quiet, under the ministering of your own crisp-starched nurse, you have a feeling of isolation, as though you and your baby—that astonishing, crinkly-faced, red, whimpering little thing that really is your baby—are the only beings in a new world of your own. With a few hours the feeling passes. You have come into a new world, but it is full of other beings. They all come in pairs—mother and baby, mother and baby—and if that long flagged corridor were Main Street its news would travel less quickly.

You never see these other women whom you learn to know so well. Never, at any rate, until that last day or two when, on the nurse's arm, you essay the first walk down the nursery. Then you glimpse them in their beds or their arm-chairs as you pass, though they never seem so real as they did when you knew them only by their nurses, and their babies, and their husbands.

But you know all about them. You know what day each of them arrived in Ward M, and how long it was before the baby's arrival followed, and what it weighed, and what the doctor said afterward. And how many other children there are at home, and what the husbands do (during the day, when they are not being husbands, but participants in the world outside.) You know when

the next-door-but-one is told she will have to stay three days longer than she planned to, and how she cried all night You know that you have the unspoken sympathy of the entire ward when you expected to sit up and the doctor says you must wait another day. It all seemed so important to you, and to all the others, then . . .

You know the nurses first. One or another is always passing the door, with a breakfast-tray, a newly-arrived bunch of roses, or a pink blanket that you know covers a baby. You soon know for which door each is bound, and soon they begin to throw in friendly smiles Then it is no time at all until the babies begin to come calling.

One thing must be acknowledged at the beginning The nurse owns, body and soul, bag and baggage, everything in your room and pertaining to it, including yourself Thus: "I must put my flowers out for the night," she says, gathering up the vases whose accumulation on the dresser prove that you are not, after all, in another world from your friends And presently you hear her tell the nurse next door, "I've put my patient to bed," and you know that you, too, are out of the way for the night.

She says, "Miss Lee is going to bring her baby to see you" And Miss Lee presently comes in with the pink blanket she has carried past the door so often.

You look it over, and exclaim over its fringe of red hair, its cunning rosebud mouth, and the little knitted jacket just like a real grownup sweater, that came in the Special Delivery package so late the other night

"My baby," remarks your own brisk Miss Walker, "is bigger than yours, and he's only a week old"

"Mine's a girl," defends Miss Lee, "and she only weighed six pounds when she was born" She moves toward the door, "I'm going for a walk around the grounds. My husband's here, and he always stays for ages"

After she has gone, "Heavens," exclaims Miss Walker "I'm glad my husband's not like that He comes at all hours and stays forever She can hardly get anything done on time" A passing tribute has been aimed at your own husband, whose duties keep him from emulating the ubiquitous spouse across the way.

These husbands vary The one next door always slips along as though he hated to be seen there, and you can imagine him tiptoeing into the room, for no sound ever issues thence during his visiting hour You wonder if he dares sit down . . Perhaps the nurse has him completely cowed and he realizes that nothing in that room is really his while compassed in its four walls But he comes every evening, always carrying a package Unless it is always eatables, you decide she'll have to have a trunk when she goes home.

The husband across the way has never been cowed by anyone His footsteps echo as he approaches up the corridor, he enters with a breezy greeting, takes off his coat and settles in his shirt-sleeves in the arm-chair. From time to time his laugh rings out . . . He is altogether at home.

Then there is the professor He hurries in before his morning classes for a five-minute chat over his wife's breakfast tray (only one can never think of her as his wife, but only as pretty Miss Brown's patient) He runs in again, when early afternoon gives him a half-hour of leisure; he makes a third visit in the evening. Saturday and Sunday are his days of sabbatical ease and he spends them in Room 7

"I'm glad that's not my husband," asserts Miss Walker again, and you begin to feel that you have supplied her with an article of distinctly superior merit

The night-nurse is never more than a voice. She is a pleasant voice, low-pitched and gentle, but how you hate to hear it! For it rouses you from your soundest sleep at 2.00 A. M, whispering at your door, "Miss Walker! Miss Walker! Your baby's crying!"

Miss Walker's baby is always crying at 2·00 A. M She pads away in dressing-gown and slippers, hair in a long braid swinging across her shoulder (very different from the crisp daytime Miss Walker), to bring him in, and you have to waken sufficiently to see that he gets the meal he demands. How hungry he is at that still and shadowy hour. Day and night are as yet alike to him. He knows only one thing. his little mouth opens and he gropes and

nuzzles after the food he knows will finally find its way there if he tries long enough . . . The only example you will ever know of literally perfect faith

Daytime again A long bright morning with the same routine of bath, glass of milk, doctor's visit, baby's meals, alike in every room on the corridor Some go in wheeled chairs to the porch at the end of the hall Perhaps the doctor says, "The bed might be raised another notch to-day, Miss Walker," and there is rejoicing in your sanctum. Every notch brings you nearer home

Afternoon brings visitors· Across the hall the groups of laughing girls in summery frocks, hailing Room 9 with joyous cries of "Sally darling!" bearing offerings of candy and ice cream and presents for the baby Next door the gossipy woman whose friends and family have had so many diseases and gruesome accidents that in all her visits she never (apparently) finishes their recital The beaming grandmothers who must go to the nursery to see the precious lambs in their beds The frightened little Italian whose wife and baby are in another ward and who can't speak enough English to get into the right place· the kind French doctor who seems to speak all languages comes to his rescue.

The pretty little girl with auburn hair, who has gone by in a wheeled-chair the past two days, has been walking up and down the corridor in her own clothes—her outdoor clothes, the ones she will wear home She is going home tomorrow, her young face is all smiles. Finally she walks all alone down to the nursery and comes back carrying her baby over her shoulder in its pink blanket.

Your guests come and go The nurses come in from their afternoon walks, in groups and pairs, chatting of their shopping, of the movies They've been to the outside world for three hours That world is much further removed from you than by its margin of a week and a half. It sometimes seems you never were there, never will be again.

From the nursery comes a confusion of tiny voices, wailing shrilly . From adjacent rooms comes a sound of gentle smacking lips: the visiting fathers trying to get

the attention of their newest offspring. Comes, too, a murmur of soft voices, from across the hall, from next door, from up the corridor, its burden all the same: "Mother's own p'ecious chile! Was the loveliest baby ever borned, yes it was!"

In the corridor a group of nurses chat, waiting for the supper bell.

Miss Walker makes a sudden dash to your dresser for her watch, and is off to the nursery "Heavens, it's time for me to nurse my baby," she exclaims

Never mind Next week you'll be home Yourself, your baby, even your husband, will be your own again.

BUCKING WALL STREET

BY GEORGE C. BRIGGS IN THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

(July 10, under the headline "Plungers Who Buck Wall Street Lose")

New York, July 6—When Clarence Saunders was being acclaimed conqueror of Wall Street for his Piggly-Wiggly corner last December and was settling with the shorts for twice the stock's original value, a veteran trader remarked to the writer "It looks as if the Memphis boy had cleaned up Wall Street. That's the way it looks, but that's all it does Of course, they'll get him They always do. He is as good as through now Just mark that and watch The trouble with lads like Saunders who think they can step in and beat the Street is they forget they're playing the other fellow's game. There are huge buildings and banks with vaults crammed full of wealth that stand as monuments to the lambs who thought they knew more about playing the market than the men knew whose business it was Besides that, there are wonderful estates up Westchester way and in Connecticut that attest the invariability of the rule that the outsider eventually loses.

"Yes," he grinned with convincing assurance (and this was at a time when newspapers were proclaiming "ex-grocery clerk and former iron puddler trims Wall Street for $3,700,000"); "yes, that Memphis boy is as good as sunk right now They'll get him and get him good."

"Who are 'they'?" I asked

"Oh, the loan crowd, the bankers, the 'Waldorf crowd' and other powerful groups of operators and brokers that are supposed to have been licked. You'll find soon enough that the real losers are Saunders and the small investors who have bought Piggly Wiggly when it was headed skyward as thousands of his followers did around Chicago,

many of them spending their life's savings to buy the stock They will be among the hardest hit when young Mr. Saunders has to sell some of his chain stores to meet the loans the banks and his other creditors will call Just watch."

Four months later at the beginning of May I met this same oracle of "the Street" again His greeting was:

"Well, Clarence Saunders is appealing to the citizens of Memphis to buy his stock that the New York exchange dumped into the Street He is advertising in the newspapers that he will go broke unless he can find a market for the stock. As it stands today Saunders is about $2,320,000 in the hole even if he sells for $45 a share all of the 145,000 shares purchased in his bull movement in Wall Street

"In the process of running his corner last December he paid an average of $71 for those shares That meant an outlay of $10,295,000 If he sells at $55 he will retrieve only $7,975,000 He offers 50,000 shares and if he has to sell them on the installment plan, the way he did in the past, receiving $25 as an initial payment, it will bring him only $1,250,000 and the rest will not be due for thirty to sixty days That would be a total of $2,750,000 with 95,000 shares still to be sold—and with Saunders facing the difficulty of clearing about $6,000,000 of bank loans in the southwest"

On May 9 the news came out of Memphis that a committee had been appointed to supersede Saunders in control of Piggly-Wiggly Stores, Inc, and the dispatches added: "The vanquished foe of Wall Street will nail up his new million dollar home to-morrow"

Then followed announcement of the collapse of the Memphis plan for a stock selling campaign; announcement of a pool of New Orleans, Nashville and St. Louis stockholders representing 91,000 shares to oust Saunders from the company; announcement of the sale of the Piggly-Wiggly units of stores in Chicago, Denver and San Antonio.

Not that Saunders is an exception to the rule.

Men more experienced than he in the ways of Wall

Street have fallen Even the shrewdest of them—men like John W. Gates, James R. Keene, Daniel Drew, wizards of finance though they were—felt the tightening of the screws. Sometimes they "come back" as Jesse Livermore and Will Durant have done Sometimes, like Tom Lawson, they don't.

"Bet-a-million-Gates" whom the elder Morgan once called a "bull in a china shop," made the discovery while cavorting around Wall Street that the Rothschilds were getting ready to increase the capitalization of the Louisville & Nashville railroad $100,000,000. August Belmont was acting for the Rothschilds The money market was tight. There were indications that the new issue might not be subscribed for liberally and they were selling their own stock for funds to buy in the new stock

Gates, inveterate gambler that he was, began buying Louisville & Nashville as fast as it was offered At 4 o'clock one morning, when his clerks got through adding up the day's purchases he discovered that he owned the railroad He didn't particularly want to own a railroad and he knew Morgan did particularly want to own the Louisville & Nashville to further developments of the southern railroads controlled by Morgan interests. With all this information and one surplus railroad, Gates negotiated the sale of the Louisville & Nashville to Mr. Morgan for $6,000,000 more than he paid for it. Later on, Gates himself was caught and lost several million dollars in the reaction of 1903. Thereafter Gates ceased to be a conspicuous factor in Wall Street

William C Durant is another who has felt the crushing force of Wall Street machinery In 1915 he was in control of General Motors General Motors expanded rapidly but so did the need for money. Mr. Durant went to Wall Street for it and got it on Wall Street's terms

Many people did not take General Motors at the same valuation that its organizer did and went "short" in the stock. General Motors was depressed more than 100 points in the process but Durant and his associates bought in every share at low prices.

When the loan was granted a voting trust was

organized In the depression he and his friends picked up enough stock to obtain control and when the five years of the trust had expired Durant was in charge of the enterprise

Subsequently General Motors stock went to about 550. Chevrolet also soared in price and in 1918 was taken into General Motors with great profit to Durant.

Following his coup in buying control of General Motors, Durant amalgamated Chevrolet and the United Motors corporation, accessories makers, into General Motors It was one of the biggest pieces of financing of the war period and established Durant in Wall Street In the next few years he used his power to the utmost It was estimated by some his fortune ran well into nine figures

The storm of deflation that broke over the country following the boom of 1919 jarred Durant There are many stories as to the number of brokerage accounts he had in his name at that time General Motors, which sold previously at $400 a share, dropped precipitately, sometimes 20 to 30 points a day, until it reached about $225 Durant suffered quite a loss, but the following spring when the finances of the company were reorganized and ten shares of no par value stock were issued for each share of $100 par, the price reached even dizzier levels than in 1919, touching 420, or the equivalent of $420 for the old stock

In the late months of 1920 when the deflation was in full swing and stocks dropped with sickening rapidity, Durant got into serious trouble He held either for himself or for his friends some 2,500,000 shares The price dwindled away until it reached 15 or thereabouts, to $150 a full share instead of $420, and, of course, his friends stood to lose very heavily.

There is no doubt that Durant might have done as many other market operators with a following have done—got out for himself and left his friends to shift for themselves. Instead, he took care of his friends and so their losses were only a fraction of what they might have been In the process he lost control of General Motors. His holdings were taken over by the Du Pont and J. P.

Morgan interest, and Durant, according to the unconfirmed reports, received less than $12 a share for his stocks, approximately $24,000,000 in cash and 40,000 shares of Du Pont Securities company stocks, all of which he had to sell

His friends were loyal and when, after losing his eminent position in the automobile world, he cast about for capital with which to begin building the Durant car, he obtained all he wanted

The new Durant Motors, Inc, was incorporated in Delaware in January, 1921

Today his figure looms large on the financial horizon, while his plans for the development of an industry to rival Henry Ford's and for a tremendous banking system with stock held by a vast number of small subscribers are being watched with the keenest interest by the men whose business it is to watch such enterprises—and to knock them on the head, figuratively, when by so doing they can depress the stock and gain control themselves

Tom Lawson's career in and out of Wall Street was a hectic one, and a subject for study to anyone interested in learning if the street can be beaten

Beginning as a board boy at 14, he had won $40,000 speculating before he was 18 and ere he reached 20 had acquired a reputation as a winner of $100,000 in the stock market as an ultrasuperstitious person consumed with the belief that 3 was a lucky number and possessed of hundreds of bronze elephants of all sizes. Being thus distinguished, he went broke, save for $200, which he spent on a dinner at Young's hotel in Boston and gave his last $5 to a hat boy as a tip

Thereafter he won big money floating copper mine stock and as the representative of Standard Oil in Boston associated with A C. Burrage, now reputed to have $60,000,000 Lawson split with Burrage over "Frenzied Finance," which he published about fifteen years ago, exposing his knowledge of crookedness in stock gambling. He warned the public it was playing a game with the cards stacked against it when it gambled in stocks.

It is said he never followed his own advice. Having

advised the public to keep out of the market, he came to New York and played the market himself. At times he won heavily, though no one knew exactly how much, for he never kept books He always carried seven $1,000 bills in his pocket. He became distinguished among other things as the owner of "Dreamwold," a magnificent estate in Egypt, Mass., as the owner of the only seven-masted schooner yacht in the world, as the shrewdest of publicity men who published flagrant advice urging the public to invest in certain stocks in which he was interested. Down in the financial district today they will tell you that Lawsan had the biggest following of any stock promoter in New England, and they will add, "Try to find out what became of the stocks that Lawson urged his followers to buy. The companies never amounted to anything—neither did the stock."

Up Boston way, the beautiful estate at Egypt is being cut up into building lots "Dreamwold" is vanishing

It would seem that the surest way to beat Wall Street is to stay out of it.

BOSTON'S ELLIS ISLAND

BY CLIFFORD ORR IN THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

(August 1)

It matters little whether we are the sort of American who considers his country the traditional melting pot of the world and who is proud to see the poor of other nations take advantage of our hospitality, or whether we are the sort who cries that America is for Americans and that locked doors should bespeak the fact. Whatever our feelings may be on the subject there is no doubt that immigrants and immigrations fascinate us. There is something of adventure in the way an entire family, penniless according to our methods of reckoning, leaves its ancestral home on a mountain side, in a valley, by a river bank, and sets sail for a terrifying and unknown land, led only by reports of riches and prosperity, and knowing no more about America, perhaps, than the address of a relative or friend There is something of courage in the blind voyage across the sea And there is something of pity in the fact that they must approach what they choose to call the promised land herded like so many cattle. Yes, immigration fascinates every one of us, and we all should like to see it and study it at close range

Even as New York gets most things, so it gets the bulk of immigration. Yet there is a capacity to Ellis Island. There comes a time now and then when that capacity is reached and when hardly another traveling soul can be crowded into its small area to await the final look and final word that tells the voyager he is free to start his work toward becoming an American citizen. There comes a time when that island is so crowded that incoming boats with their steerages full of hopefuls must be deflected to another port. And now at mid-summer, immigration is at

its height. There are new quotas to be filled and with the stubborn intent not to be left out by arriving too late, the crowds pour to our gates.

Last week the great liner *Majestic* crossed the Atlantic carrying, beside her cabin passengers, well over nine hundred souls in her steerage. She was due in drydock by the end of the week, but she found conditions in such crowded state at Ellis Island that the delay which would be necessary in order to deposit her immigrants for full examination at that port would make her too late for the drydock work to be done if she were to sail again on schedule. Accordingly only the quarantine ceremonies were performed there and the ship came up the coast to Boston, here to unload the 895 immigrants which were left after the American citizens of the steerage had been freed. It is old news now that she was held up by fog far down the harbor, and that her scheduled docking of Friday morning had to be delayed until Saturday afternoon.

This gave us a chance leisurely to see the ship and its human cargo. And in so doing we witnessed in one short day such an array of contrasts in abode and personality, that we must write of our adventure, irrelative or not.

Early in the morning hours of Saturday two boats sailed down the harbor to where the *Majestic* was anchored, awaiting the lifting of the fog. One was the little passenger steamer *Rose Standish* which was to take the immigrants from the big ship in order that it might slip quickly and unhampered into drydock on the flood of the tide. The other was the little tug *Zetes*, towing a lighter which was to take off the immigrants' baggage and carry it to Commonwealth Pier. And it was on this lighter that we sailed down the harbor through the morning mists.

There is nothing we should like to write of more than our companions on that boat, seventeen typical longshoremen, but they have nothing to do with our story, save that they formed the first of our contrasts. They were a delightfully unholy crew, and we could have transcribed for you conversations and observations, epithets and

expletives which would make you stand amazed at the mutability of this our language. There progressed all the way down a highly specialized game of penny-pitch in which our interest waxed so strongly that we should have continued indefinitely to furnish coins to one over-exuberant old man, Chris by name, merely to hear his voice and watch his gyrations as he played, were it not for the fact that the liner soon appeared through the fog, lying motionless on an unrippled water

And then we were up the ladder and on to the deck, watching operations Almost nine hundred of the immigrants were bundled on to the *Rose Standish* We had expected to see them bustling and pushing with all eagerness Instead they were solemn Possibly but few of them knew why they were being taken from one ship to another. We wondered if more than a few of them had ever heard of Boston, unless they had brothers or sisters there The younger children cried, of course, and the mothers chattered to them But the older ones who could walk with the assistance of a handful of mother's skirt or father's fingers, were large-eyed and quiet And in very little time all were off the *Majestic,* and the *Rose Standish* steamed away.

We were left on the great ship, then, for about two hours while our longshoremen loaded the huge piles of immigrant baggage on to the flat-topped lighter Watching the operation from a forward deck we longed to get down and poke among the pieces and see what these people brought from their homes. We had the opportunity later. But now we were free to see the ship and add to our store of contrasts. All over the great boat we went, poking into this corner and that, viewing the regal suites which, had the boat remained the *Bismark,* the Kaiser himself might have occupied We breakfasted in the solitude of the main saloon, having to people it by our own imagination We stuck an experimental finger into the swimming pool. We wandered from smoking-observation room under the bridge to engine rooms far down in the depths And then we found the steerage quarters in the

wake of whose former occupants a coterie of cleaners and scrubbers were already demolishing the marks of the voyage.

But soon we were summoned by our longshoremen and again boarded our lighter for the trip to the pier. That trip was, we are sure, the most interesting and illuminating part of the whole day For tumbled in half-order, half-confusion over the deck of the lighter was the baggage of the immigrants, ready for all the study we wanted to give it

It was a queer collection of articles There were trunks, it is true But practically all the trunks we saw were new ones, heavy bound affairs with rounded corners Evidently few of the aliens had old family trunks as all of us have. They either came without trunks or bought new ones. By far the most numerous variety of large-sized receptacles was the wicker chest. There were hundreds of these, it seemed, and most of them well battered. The longshoremen were turning over several of them and the goods inside could be heard thumping against the sides as if, even with the myriads of children we saw, bespeaking large families for the most part, the chests were nearly empty There were the queerest old carpet bags—bulging things, bound with rough leather straps, and from some of them we could see pieces of cloth of wondrous coloring protruding. There were hand-made wooden boxes whose contents also thumped inside. And there were in profusion burlap bags and canvas-wrapped bundles which seemed as if they could contain nothing in the world but bedding.

But by far the most appealing things in the whole conglomeration were the unwrapped articles, the little individual things which belonged no doubt to those who brought no box or bag save what they carried in their hands and kept beside their berths. There was, for instance, the head and foot of a cheap iron bedstead, without springs or side-pieces One could not imagine why it was brought. It could be bought here, and in better condition for a dollar Yet it was wrapped carefully, every inch of it, in spiral-wound tape. There was a

graphophone, the oldest, cheapest one imaginable in a hand-made cabinet on the doors of which was rude and gaudy painting It was unwrapped, but strapped to its top was a home-made box of records, padlocked. Only great self-control kept us from forcing it open to see what music the owner was bringing and to hear that graphophone play. There was a metal go-cart, the likes of which one could pick up on any ash pile, yet this, like the bed, was carefully wound with tape There was a heavily gilded picture frame, fully six inches deep, containing a rude and worthless picture of a man in peasant dress, the whole done in brilliant colors, and unprotected by either glass or crating (Our longshoremen made great sport of this) There was a collection of half a dozen tools, not boxed nor wrapped, but strung together by individual pieces of rope. And there was finally—the best of all—a small raffia hand-basket such as our drug stores now and then display for shopping purposes In it was a single piece of pottery, unlovely, of useless shape, and badly smashed. What on earth was it? What was it used for? And why in the world did the owner bring that (and probably that alone) far away to America? And what would the owner's feelings be when he found it broken? . . . It was almost an education to paw thus among the things, and it made us feel almost acquainted with the people themselves when finally the tug drew the lighter up to Commonwealth Pier and we could mingle with the eight hundred and ninety-five immigrants

There has been much discussion of late of the sanitary conditions of Ellis Island, of the restricted and crowded quarters there. It was started for the most part by a statement of Baroness Mara de Lilier Steinheil to the effect that "the prisons conducted by the Soviet Government are not more dirty or more favorable for disease than the hall on Ellis Island where I was confined with a thousand men and women." The statement was partially disputed by the press, which claimed that conditions were all that could be expected, and the like. But neither statement had convinced us one way or the other and we climbed on to the Commonwealth Pier ex-

pecting to find all sorts of disgraceful sights, what with nearly nine hundred immigrants already there and two more ships, the *Haverford* and the *Samaria,* lying in the harbor with hundreds more. But nary a disgraceful condition did we find and nary a disgraceful sight did we see.

The human-receiving rooms of Commonwealth Pier are large and light and airy, with clean cement floors and such high ceilings and so many doors which open on to the water that stagnation of the atmosphere is well-nigh impossible The same great rooms are used (or were used on this day) for the reception of immigrants as for the cabin passengers And no more delay was visible Save for the fact that the first immigrant to go through the ritual had to wait for the very last in order that all of them might be shipped on to New York by train together, the waiting and the performance took scarcely more time than it had taken a first-class passenger and American citizen whom we had met not long before

So there they were in the big space, all of them. And we swear that with all their numbers the place was not over-congested Had we been desirous, we could easily have found a score of places to sit down, unoccupied benches, camp chairs and the like They were a fascinating crowd, and feeling much more at their ease now, than when they had been bundled from their great *Majestic* on to the little *Rose Standish* They chattered, now at the tops of their voices and ran pell mell (women as well as children) from one end of the space to the other. Most of them were eating, procuring food of all kinds from booths at each end of the hall, still without confusion. Toilets were handy, and large cans to receive the fruit parings No smoking signs were in evidence, but smoking was evidently allowed, for we smoked, and almost everyone else smoked, and still the air was fresh.

In corners of the hall women had spread their shawls on the cement floor and set their children thereupon, and the children played with an enthusiasm that might have been envied by the proudest of day-nurseries . . . Now that we think of it, we don't remember hearing a single child cry, although, of course, we may be greatly mistaken.



Not that we're used to them and impervious. In truth, the spirits of all seemed almost unwontedly high, considering the unknown before them And that it was unknown and that they had so many things to learn was proved when now and then an electric truck rumbled down the hall and out of the doors at the end Every time the truck passed through there was a sudden hush Practically everyone stood up and gazed at it, wide-eyed and silent And when it was gone there was first a confused whisper, then one or two laughs, and then gayety again.

But what was the formality of all this? What were they waiting for? Well, there were two inspections they had to undergo The first was held in "the pens" where iron fences held them in line until they passed the officers at high, clerks' desks. You must remember that all their physical inspection and rigmarole had been passed at Ellis Island Now remained the queries of the immigration officials. What country was the person from and how large was his quota, and to what extent had that quota been filled, and was this person literate or illiterate enough to earn a decent living? But the pens are sacred ground and no one but an official or an immigrant can enter Even mention of the press failed to gain us admittance, and so we could only watch from the outskirts the lines that waited chattering and patiently for their turns. We could not solve for ourselves the mystery of what sort of questions were asked For all we know the official might have been demanding point blank "Who are you? Where do you come from? Are you too many or are you just enough? And how much do you know?" At any rate the ceremony was performed with ease and rapidity, and the immigrant was back in the great room with but one more inspection to undergo.

This was the inspection of baggage It was done in no different way than the inspection of the effects of cabin passengers, and perhaps not so thoroughly. At least it was done more quickly. Not a word was passed between the inspector and the passenger. There was no declaration. The bag was opened, and the contents were half-heartedly felt of and that was all. A check marked in

chalk was made on the side of the bag, and the immigrant was free. Free, that is, to wait for his train in peace. We watched a score or more passengers go through the baggage inspector, and not once did we see anyone held up or anything retained or confiscated Once or twice the inspector would hold up a piece of figured cloth and raise his eyebrows inquiringly at the passenger who would point to himself or to his wife signifying that it was personal property. And that was all One or two of the women were a bit bashful and giggled when their things were exposed. But all of them appeared to be quite used to it There was not one-half the fuss of a cabin passenger's luggage

Yes, it surely seemed to us that Boston and Commonwealth Pier could easily handle efficient receptions of immigrants And all the more so because the trains which are to carry them to New York for freedom come directly on to the pier. There is no difficult crossing of the city to make It can be done as easily as stepping off the boat on to the dock. One bystander vouchsafed the information that Boston was the only city in the country where this condition existed The truth of that statement we cannot prove without further investigation Certainly it cannot be done in New York

We are not students of nationalities, so we were unable to determine from what countries these people came. There were many who were unmistakably English There were a great many who could be nothing but Italian There were some who must be Irish But there were many we could not locate at random. It mattered not at all. They were all interesting

And, in the same consideration, it is interesting to wonder if Boston is going to be continuously used as an Ellis Island If it is pressed into service now with the immigration restrictions, and if those restrictions are not renewed when they expire (after one prolongation already) in June, 1924, what may we not expect? For the influx is greatly lessened since 1914, when immigration reached its height The workings of the quota system on the various nationalities speaks for itself. The number

of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted in a year is limited to three per cent. of the number of foreigners of that nationality living here according to the 1910 census. . . . In 1914, 45,881 Greeks were admitted, in 1922 the quota allowed Greece only 3294. In 1914, 296,420 Italians were admitted; in 1922 only 42,057 In 1914, 37,284 Croats and Slovenes were admitted, in 1922 only 6426. In 1914, 122,657 Poles came in, as against 25,827 in 1922

Those few figures show the amount cut out and they show that if restriction is ended how much greater the congestion will be. And the events of a week ago at Commonwealth Pier show that, with such accommodations as we have, Boston is quite ready

FOOLING ELLIS ISLAND

BY OTIS PEABODY SWIFT IN THE NEW YORK EVENING POST

(March 7, under the headline "Married in Mid-Ocean to Foil Ellis Island")

When the United States Line steamship *President Polk*—running transatlantic from Port of London to New York—was warped in alongside Pier 4, Hoboken, a few days ago, her log book contained the following entry·

"On Sunday, February 25, at sea, at 4 P M., the following couple were joined in Holy Matrimony by Commander Lowry: Mr Albert Hitz, age twenty-three, of Wacdensmuch, Switzerland, and Miss Elise Hottinger, age twenty, of Gruningen, Switzerland."

Behind this laconic record of the mid-ocean marriage lies one of the pleasantest romances of the new American merchant marine

For the first week out from Tilbury Docks the *President Polk* had made heavy weather Endlessly pitching and rolling under low gray skies she had battered her way through head seas gales whose white water swept her fo'cas'le and lower decks. In the saloon 175 bored and seasick passengers cursed the weather and the dullness of a winter voyage

They were a mixed crowd There were a dozen women buyers from Fifth Avenue shops, returning from the Paris sales, each guarding huge wardrobe trunks of the latest fashions you will wear next summer There were several parties of American students from Oxford, the Sorbonne and the University of London. Some out of season tourists, a few salesmen, and a scattering of young clerks from American banks in Europe made up the balance of the list Twenty Swiss from the Berne and Zurich cantons were also aboard. They talked German as they sat in the smoke

room playing pinochle all day. It was regarded as certain that they, at least, would do nothing to lift the tedium of the voyage.

But on Friday a thrill ran through the ship There was to be a wedding aboard Who? Why, some of that Swiss crowd The banns had been posted on the bulletin board. A man named Albert Hitz, a girl, Elise Hottinger They had their chairs near the shuffle board rack. She was a very pretty girl, he a tall black-haired boy.

One hundred and seventy-five bored men and women, Paris buyers and Chicago salesmen, students, artists, and tourists out of season, sprang to arms Here was adventure of the first rank.

At once things began to happen There was only twenty-four hours in which to work, but a collection was made among the passengers, and $75 raised, which was to be presented in the form of a check It developed that the ship's barber had a long and beautiful seed-pearl necklace, bought in Germany, and on sale for $15. Passengers eagerly purchased it to present to the bride

Eight bells in the afternoon watch of Sunday. The ship's dining saloon was packed Women passengers wore their new Paris frocks and hats A raised dais had been built before the captain's table Behind it hung a huge American flag The ship's officers stood at attention in blue and gold Then from where the ship's orchestra waited in the starboard gangway came the strains of a wedding march Swaying with the ship, the bridal party appeared Fraulein Elise, with a bridal bouquet of cut flowers (kept twenty-five days in the ship's refrigerator for use on the captain's table), Herr Albert, grand and handsome, in a stiff collar and flowing tie

They stood before the improvised altar A hush fell. Through the silence came the thud of waves against the plunging bows, the tremor of the engines below.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony"

The young captain's voice was shaky He had not performed a wedding before

"How nice the pearls look . . ." said a woman.

Elise and Albert do not speak English. But an interpreter had been found, the ship's baggage master. Carefully, and with the "hoch Deutsch" accent of Berlin he translated.

"Wilt thou have this man . . . ?"

"Nehmen Sie diesen Mann . ?" "Jah . ." answered Elise Hottinger

It was over. We were trooping back to the smoke room and the library But now something was happening on the after deck. We hurried there By No. 3 hatch, just out of the sweep of the white spray, the movie director had rigged his camera Elise and Albert, now Mr. and Mrs. Hitz, were being posed. Every man and woman of the 175 scrambled to get into the background of the picture

The movie director arranged the couple in the camera's eye.

"Ready—camera!" he shouted above the whistling wind. The operator ground his crank

"Now walk forward," the director shouted. Neither stirred "Kommen Sie her; spatzieren Sie," the director tried again, beckoning The couple stepped forward.

"Good! Now let's try that again" He waved them back "Noch einmal, encore, noch einmal!" The march was repeated

The little bride stood shivering in a flimsy silk dress. On the upper deck a pretty girl passenger, hardly older than the bride, stripped off an expensive mink fur coat and tossed it down to her.

"Now walk to the rail Mr Hitz, put your arm about your wife, and point towards America."

The interpreter translated, and they stood there, looking into the West, Albert pointing to the New World

"That's it, hold the pose, now Mr. Hitz, kiss her—küsse—küssen Sie—camera!"

Standing there against the faint gray of mid-ocean sunset, wet by the breaking spray, Albert took the frail little white bride in his arms and kissed her. The camera ground, the gallery of 175 rocked with applause, and the

S. S. *President Polk,* flinging the head seas from her plunging bows, heaved Westward towards America.

It was a glorious wedding and there was a wedding breakfast that night in the saloon with the bride sitting at the head of the long table, a wreath on her blond hair, the pearls about her neck, and her eyes deep and happy.

Another morning, and the ship had settled into the dull, rocking routine of the winter voyage again Yet when the *President Polk* docked at Hoboken Elise mailed many letters which she had written, lengthily, in the library after the wedding day Letters to the mother and the father back in Gruningen; letters to the schoolgirl chums back there. For, although Elise had been engaged to handsome Albert Hitz, she had not intended that the wedding be held until Albert had earned many dollars in Philadelphia at his trade of silversmith, and she had earned her dot in the "household help" that was her listed occupation on the passenger schedule It was only after the couple had been told that Ellis Island might make difficulties for a girl who wished to land in America alone that the ocean wedding had been decided upon.

A TRIP IN THE SHENANDOAH

BY THEODORE E. HEDLUND IN THE BOSTON POST

(Nov. 21, under the headline "Post Man in ZR-1 Tells of Voyage.") An editorial note prefixed to the story reads.

The following account of the trip of the Shenandoah was written by Lieutenant Theodore E Hedlund, aviation editor of the Post, while the great dirigible was en route to Boston and on its return trip to its home base in Lakehurst, N J. The problem of getting the newscopy to the Post, relating of the initial stages of the trip, was solved by attaching it to a small sand bag When the Shenandoah arrived over the airport at East Boston the canvas packet was dropped to the ground Recovered, it was rushed to the office of the Post. Thereby the first newscopy in history was filed from a dirigible

On his arrival at Lakehurst, N. J, where the Shenandoah arrived without a mishap, Lieutenant Hedlund filed the narrative of his epochal trip Here a special wire was placed at his disposal and he was able to give to the readers of the Post a remarkably complete and vivid description of an event that has stirred New England as no event has thrilled the section in years.

We're on our way for Boston and New England. Bursting through the early morning smoke and mist, this big silver fish rose majestically, swung with the wind and was off at an 80-mile an hour clip as soon as some few thousand feet altitude had been gained.

Six huge engines—totalling 2000 horsepower—announce our coming I have sought refuge up in the very nose of the Shenandoah. Here it is quiet and I've found a little platform on which to rest a portable typewriter and begin my story of the trip.

As the nose of the dirigible plunges through the air there is a swishing sound not unlike that of water parting at the prow of an ocean liner No rocking or swaying in this monster bag, however. There is absolutely no sense of movement or speed even though we are now hitting an 80-mile an hour clip before the wind.

Men are moving backwards and forwards along the 680-foot keel. Some disappear down ladders into the gondolas below. Each one seems to have a perfect sense of security even when he is dangling outside the envelope or bag to step down in a gondola.

There are no parachutes aboard A misstep while traversing the narrow 10-inch path along the keel means a plunge through the silk envelope and, at our present altitude, a drop of about 2500 feet

Below us is the rum fleet. We are passing outside Sandy Hook. It is 8.15 A. M. A small celluloid window is my lookout. Captain Frank R. McCrary has decided to lose a bit of altitude and we're nosing down. That doesn't feel quite so comfortable. I have a sensation of pitching forward into the nose

Others on the cruise are amidship, hundreds of feet away A number of them are fast asleep on bunks which have been erected over the steel lattice work within the envelope Three of the crew are enjoying a belated breakfast amidship—hot coffee and sandwiches.

Yes, we have about 40 or 50 loaves aboard Should engines fail and the Shenandoah begin to drift Europeward we at least have bread along

Today's cruise will cover in the vicinity of 1000 miles. We are to be aloft 15 hours But for one who has never been inside of a dirigible, the time passes quickly. There are so many unusual, amazing things to be seen.

A peep into any one of the six gondolas reveals something new of interest. There are instruments to record every stress and strain felt by this giant airship as it pushes its way through the skies at better than a mile a minute. Navigation instruments and radio, every requirement to aid in guiding the dirigible should it be out in mid-ocean or in some uncharted polar region

We are crossing Long Island. Highways appear like thin white ribbons. Motor cars and people below are mere black specks. Having overcome the first bit of nervousness in trusting oneself thousands of feet within a thin silk envelope, it is now possible to appreciate the marvels of this mode of travel.

Swifter than any train or motor car the big bag rushes through the air without the vibration or jolt of the former. Daring to accompany members of the crew on an exploration trip along the 650-foot keel, one appreciates the sturdiness of this stupendous steel-ribbed structure.

Though thin and light, this lattice work of girders or ribs inspires confidence Above are the series of helium bags pressing against the ceiling of the airship and giving the lifting power needed And, for the first time, the lifting power of a dirigible is a non-inflammable gas—helium —which does not burn or explode That is rather comforting just at this time. We are some three thousand feet over the Atlantic

Commander McCrary and Commander J. H Klein, Jr., are anxious to try out new sextants and instruments which will be used on the North Polar flight next June. They have headed the Shenandoah for the open sea once more.

Had we continued for Newport, Providence, Brockton, etc, without this side excursion, the dirigible would have reached Boston long before noon. We have the wind with us and we're riding along at a terrific clip.

Lt Commander M R Pierce, who will command the ZR-3 which the Navy Department is building in Germany, is an interested guest aboard The Shenandoah is an American built affair Her constructor, Commander R. D. Weyerbacher, is also in one of the gondolas Pierce will shortly leave for Germany to bring the other dirigible here from overseas in the spring

Heading inland again One of the navigation officers has come forward to point out New London, Conn, in the distance Every engine has opened up full throttle again Up here in the nose there is no sound of their roar. Just the swishing of air and makes one feel rested and sort of sleepy.

The sun is out bright and seems to give warmth inside the envelope Everyone is provided with fur-lined flying suits, heavy sheep-skin boots and other accessories which would keep one warm even at the North Pole. As the sun goes down this evening, members of the crew warn that these flying togs will be doubly appreciated.

Ten o'clock, forenoon, passing over New London. Great excitement aboard. Stowaway cat aboard. "Blackie" mascot at Lakehurst meowing on one of the aft girders. He had been smuggled on by one of the crew and was taken to one of the engine room gondolas for warmth.

A little climb for altitude Nearing Newport, R I, but first the plan is to go upwards for 5000 or 6000 feet, just for a tryout With the increased altitude the helium bags begin to expand The powerful motors are driving us upwards and upwards

"Chow" is being served amidships. Here's the menu: Mock turtle soup, sandwiches, hot chocolate and coffee Satisfying and refreshing

Newport beneath us at about 5000 feet Still climbing Commander McCrary has promised the two newspapermen aboard to drop their copy over the Boston airport by means of a small parachute Hope this copy gets into friendly hands and not out in the harbor

Day ideal for Boston visit Commander McCrary insists postponements of visit in past was consideration for folks on ground Waited for day when everyone along proposed route could see the ship clearly.

Tell the New England folks that this is not a fair-weather ship as some newspapers have hinted, he said. The Shenandoah can weather a 60-mile gale, if need be But there was no use trying to show off the airship in the fog, drizzle and cloud that has been scattered over the East the past week

Six thousand feet and we're nearing Providence. Another 500 feet and it's getting considerably colder Ears seem blocked It's the effect of altitude

Now we're nosing down again Brockton ahead. Passed over Fall River at the peak of our altitude climb. Twelve o'clock, noon, and we're nearing Boston Parachute is being made ready for this copy

Crossing Boston every gondola was jammed with interested Yankees, who pointed out this or that of historical interest. One would shyly point toward Brighton, Cambridge or Brookline and declare · "There's my home." An Arlington boy on board received a radio from his

mother about this time in which she sent her love and hoped the New England visit would be successful.

Boston was simply bombarded with mail from above. Everyone on board, it seemed, tied a letter or note on streamers and sent them flying through the air. Most of these found a resting place in the harbor.

Even at our altitude of 5000 feet we could see immense throngs on Boston Common who turned out to greet the air liner The same was true of Worcester, Springfield and Western Massachusetts cities over which we cruised during the afternoon before heading southward to peep at Broadway in all her night glory and illumination.

Here was a thrill which comes once in a life-time. Night, and our six powerful Liberty engines spinning a blaze of flame across the sky, and below a metropolis with its myriads of lights

One could distinctly read the electric sky signs along Broadway We were but 2500 feet over the traffic and huge searchlights from the Brooklyn navy yard were playing on the monster silver bag

Darkness had set in five hours before As we passed Springfield, Hartford, New Britain and New London, each city had donned night illumination, and searchlights below were trying to pick up the ship on hearing its motors In the late afternoon we had cruised for half an hour over Northampton, the home of President Coolidge. Here, as in other Western Massachusetts towns and cities, we could distinctly hear factory whistles tooting their welcome

Whether at 2500 or 7000 feet the crowds below could be distinctly seen. New York and her blazing night life was sighted shortly before 9 P M Here a small searchlight was trained from the control gondola upon the people below. All traffic seemed to halt and theatres emptied as the roar of our motors sounded out over the world-famous amusement thoroughfare.

Safely home at Lakehurst, but we had trouble because of ground winds to swing the dirigible nose first to the hangar doors. At 15 feet from the ground the Post man was given permission by Captain McCrary to jump, while

the others remained as ballast while several hundred men below strove for half an hour to bring the giant dirigible within the hangar.

During more than 15 hours aloft he had every opportunity to roam at will from prow to stern, visiting the gondolas below as well as clambering aloft to inspect the top, where members of the crew walked unconcernedly along the roof of the mammoth air vessel. Instruments recorded every stress and strain at all times.

Every precaution was taken against mishap Even after dark guards paraded every nook and corner of the 680-foot ship to make certain there were no leakages or the beginning of trouble

Throughout today's journey the temperatures ranged from 32 degrees to just a few points above zero Yet it was ideal travel No bumps or jouncing, all smooth sailing, and the fur-lined flying togs kept the passengers and crew comfortable. The only discomfort was the taboo on smoking

THE FRIENDLY LITTLE MAN

BY WILL OWEN JONES IN THE NEBRASKA STATE JOURNAL, LINCOLN, NEB.

London, July 21.—One day we gave our distinguished attention to the trappings of British royalty. The king left Buckingham palace for a journey to Scotland and the usual crowd stood at the gates to catch a sight of his majesty. Then we fairly danced along the pavement by the side of a splendid red-coated band and stood on the sidewalk while the guard was being changed at St. James, the home of the Prince of Wales Here a little, quiet respectable looking man sidled up to me and began explaining the function He led our party to an advantageous position and told us where to go when the band marched out if we wanted to see everything He appeared to be a professional guide working to find a client and I am afraid we gave him scant courtesy.

Then he explained that he was only a "friendly man" who had lived a retired life in London for eighteen years, and found pleasure in seeing the beauties of the place and in revealing them to others He had been very busy during the war in helping the soldiers find their way about. "Did you see the king?" he asked with a glow on his face "I know just where to go stand when he drives out of the palace gates. This morning he bowed to me." He said this with a show of pride and sincerity that could not have been counterfeited. The quiet little man knew every leaf on the royal tree and soon revealed himself as a devoted admirer of royalty. "Yes," he said simply, "we have a great and good king and also a gracious queen. We as a people are very much blessed in having them to rule over us"

The band paraded out with a fanfare of trumpets and

a roll of the drums and the show was over. The little man said that he had a bit of time before going to his dinner, and would be pleased to show us where we could see some of the finest things in London. He led us thru a sort of court yard where they were washing the walls and scrubbing the pavements and making other preparations for a big party to be given by the Prince of Wales the next evening. It didn't look like a royal palace at all, and yet the names of Princess Mary, Ponsonby, Knollys and others like them on the polished door plates showed that we were quite inside the fringes of the royal establishment. There were no guards about and we seemed to be in one of the ordinary mazes of plain looking large houses that you find all over London.

The next evening we dined with Major Evelyn Wrench at the Overseas club. Major Wrench is one of the recognized leaders in the new England that is rising after the war. He is a moving spirit in the English speaking union and in the Overseas League The latter organization has taken over Vernon house, a fine old London mansion, and is maintaining it as a club house for British subjects thruout the world. For ten shillings a year a man in Australia, South Africa, Canada or anywhere else under the British flag may have a London address and a club house to use whenever he comes "home." It is the ambition of the English speaking union to have a similiar place which will naturally become the rendezvous of Americans. The branch in the United States is independent but there is a close affiliation between the two organizations and when permanent quarters are established in London our people will be able to use the club house on equal terms with the visitors from other countries

Major Wrench is one of the most American thinking and acting Britons we have met on this side. He has been a London journalist for a dozen years. It is said of him that he is about the only prominent man who ever left the Northcliffe service without being sacked. He is the man who arranged the debate which culminated in the riot which cost "Pussyfoot" Johnson his eye. He is against the liquor system as it exists in Great Britain.

He would not be surprised if a labor government came in during the next five years, and is very sure that British institutions will live if it does. You may put him down as a young man of vision, enthusiasm and distinctly progressive tendencies He is popular, knows everybody, and as editor of the *Landmark* and associate editor of the *Spectator* is well abreast of the thought of the day.

When Major Wrench told us that in his judgment the British crown is as safe as it has ever been and that if its abolition were put to a vote, 95 per cent. of the ballots would be cast for the maintenance of the royal régime, he was only adding his testimony to that of the little man in the street whose face was illumined by the thought that the king had bowed to him and that there was a special element of grace in the gesture The little man, by the way, led us around many interesting places and finally brought us up at the London museum He knew it was a free day and left us there with so sincere an air of friendliness that even so confirmed a tipper as Will Hardy felt constrained to reach out and shake the little man's hand instead of going into his pocket for a shilling

THE OLD FISHING TRAP

BY EDGAR WHITE, IN THE MACON (MO.) DAILY CHRONICLE-HERALD

(August 18, under the headline "To Attack the Chariton Trap Again")

The news from Jefferson City that some authorities there have decided "the Chariton fish trap must go" excited some amusement in these parts It has been said so often, and yet the ancient construction of the Indians continues somehow doing business at the old stand, and making people happy.

Every now and then somebody drives into Macon with a catfish as big as a baby whale.

"How'd you catch him, Bill?" some one in the admiring crowd asks.

"Trout line," says Bill, and softly winks at the treetops.

The old trap has been delivering the goods for half a century or more. It has been dynamited, yanked out with crowbars, warning notices pasted and so on Every warden has done his duty, returning home with the old trap's teeth in his pouch. And yet the big fish come to town as regularly as a 30-day note falls due.

One deputy warden, with a good fist for literature, wrote a tale about the way he blew up the trap that was as thrilling as a Wild West yarn It was printed in an official report. The people were gathered around with baskets on their arms, waiting their turn, the fish trap man, with gloomy brow, stood by sullenly, and "Whiz-Bang!" The fish market broke, going up in the air like a flock of skyrockets.

Despite the edict against trap fishing, there has always been a strong sentiment in favor of the little industry on the Chariton, at the old Indian ford. It furnished a

cheap market for those of moderate means, even in times of high prices. It was hard to catch those big fish with hook and line, and it seemed a pity to let them go to waste. The people of the neighborhood, it is said, are strongly for the trap

It was the Indians who started the trouble, nearly a hundred years ago, according to a tradition of the river. The white men who came after them merely made some improvements, and kept the plant in operation. One man who examined the affair said it was like a chicken coop with one end open, anchored on a rock ford. The big fish glide into the thing and can not get out until the trapper comes in the morning The cats run from five to sixty pounds There is a surprising number of big catfish in the Chariton, far away from the main channel of the Missouri They seem to have no trouble getting over dam and log obstruction across the river.

Where the dam is was once quite an extensive Indian village. There are several mounds, which have yielded some valuable collections of stone axes, arrow heads and other examples of the Indians' handicraft

The stone ford or dam was originally built by the red men. They put the chicken coop arrangement on it to show the white men a systematic way to catch fish There was no need to exaggerate on the size of the fish that lodged in the canny red man's trap They were big enough to overturn a row boat

With the tradition of the Indian trap and the unmistakable signs of a large village is a queer story which seems to have verification in a visit to the place by several Indians from one of the western states. The Foxes had rendered some important service to a party of surveyors sent out by the government, and were paid in gold. The Sacs, a more warlike tribe, heard of this windfall for the Foxes Scouts brought the news to the Fox camp on the Chariton that the Sacs were headed that way, and had their war-paint on The Foxes sent their women and children back into the recesses of the forest, buried their gold and grimly awaited the coming of the Sacs.

The Sacs, born fighters and merciless, very nearly an-

nihilated the Foxes, who were of a more domestic turn, and not prepared for such a vicious attack. It is not known whether the victors found the buried gold. Captain John M. London, who lives near the old trap, stated that he saw some dark strangers browsing about the mounds some years ago, and spoke to them They asked him some questions, but did not state their mission. He thought at the time, from their swarthy appearance, they might have been descendants of one or the other of the tribes engaged in the encounter that so nearly wiped out the Foxes The mounds it is thought were made as sepulchres for the vanquished tribe by some of its friends who had learned of the battle

In years gone by there were exciting hunts by white men and boys for the Indians' hidden treasure, but it seems the red men took the secret with them to the happy hunting grounds.

MRS. PURNELL NO. 1

BY PALMER H. HUTCHINSON IN THE DETROIT NEWS

(May 7, under the headline "Mrs. Purnell No. 1 is Found, Her Life Story")

Portsmouth, O., May 7—One sunny afternoon, 40 years ago this fall, a bare-headed young man whipped a foam-blanketed mule down the side of a mountain in Greenup County, Kentucky, and was lost to sight in the willow tangles that filled the bottom of old Town Creek.

Twenty minutes later a cavalcade of mule riders appeared among the mountain pines and slid down the trail that the other man had left When they reached the open stream the sun caught them and showed that each carried a long rifle across the saddle and that each wore the expression of a hound that has just lost the fox's scent.

For a moment these riders stood together in the water, then scattered and disappeared among the willows as the other had done. But momentarily they appeared again and after a consultation moved back up the mountain with their mules in Indian file, exactly as they had come.

Later on, as the sun was going down they rode up to a wind-worn mountain farmhouse in another valley, and the leader called to the girl who sat there in the doorway.

"Sis," the man said, "he slipped us over in the bottoms"

At this the girl clasped the baby she held, close against her breast and began to sob

"Never you mind, sis," the man on the first mule went on. "We'll bring him back to you, one way or t'other won't we Tom?" And the man addressed as Tom and all the others answered, "Yes."

This is the story that Mrs Angeline Purnell Stephens,

of this city, the first wife of Benjamin Purnell, king of the House of David, tells of her husband's original flight from an adventure in love

Purnell was the lone rider who escaped the cavalcade, she says, and the men who followed him were her brothers and cousins. He was fleeing, she charges, because it was found that he had been unfaithful to her, his girl bride, and was wooing Mary Stylard, another mountain girl of another Kentucky county, the girl who later became "Queen Mary of the House of David."

From that day, Mrs. Stephens says she has never seen Purnell, nor has he sent her a penny for the support of their daughter, Sarah, now Mrs Sarah Purnell Evans, who lives next door to her mother in Slabtown, the river slum of Portsmouth. Two years after the alleged desertion Mrs Stephens declares, she heard through her husband's brother that Purnell had obtained a divorce from her in Indiana. But of this she says she never had official notice

The woman's story begins with Purnell's coming to Greenup County as a boy of 18 She was 15 then Purnell's home was in the hills of Fleming County He came to visit his brother who tilled a few acres of the old town and he saw her first she says, while she was attending the services of the Mountain Church

"He wore a black squirrel tail in his hat," Mrs Stephens said today, "and he was the handsomest boy I'd ever seen. He smiled at me all through prayers, and then came up to me afterward and helped me onto my mule I dragged on behind paw and maw and the rest and he walked beside me, all the way up the trail to our place

"It was springtime and I recall how he kept talkin' to me 'bout them little red flowers that grew in between the rocks We'd always jus' called 'em wild flowers, but he had some funny name for them that made me laugh, so when we got to our place, I asked him to stay to dinner."

Mrs. Stephens' story of Purnell's courtship is the story of a man who would not—almost could not—be denied in his love-making. He had won her in a day; he was

engaged in a month and he married her six months later, went with her to live at the little farm on a branch of Old Town Creek owned by her father.

A headstrong, selfish, impetuous boy, he was then, according to Mrs Stephens' description, and he refused, she says, to belittle himself by going to work for her. Now and then he would take a hoe and go with the others to the side hill corn field but when he had done one row, she tells, he would wander back to the house, saddle a mule, strap some gay trappings on the bridle and ride away through the pass

Those were the days of feuds and easy bloodshed, on the western reaches of the Alleghanies, and it was death to be unfaithful to a woman

A father, or a brother, or a cousin, would shoot any woman betrayer, "just to see 'em kick," and so if Purnell had other loves in the first years of his married life, his bride or "her folks" did not know it

But during the summer that preceded the birth of his daughter, Sarah, the present King of the House of David became a mountain huckster. He filled up a mule saddle with a double wicker basket and rode from one mountain shanty to another, buying chickens and the black-headed white ducks that the mountaineers raised, and took them down to the settlements on the Ohio River where they eventually went aboard the packets that came upstream from Cincinnati and Louisville. It was on one of these huckster trips, Mrs. Stephens believes, that her young husband met Mary Stylard, somewhere "over on Smoky Fork of the Tiger in Carter County." Word of Purnell's new amour trickled back to the mountaineers and they whispered it to the girl who had just given the man a daughter

She charged him with forgetting his love for her, she says, when he returned from his next trip, but he denied it forcibly and made much of the new and tiny member of the family. But he was gone again almost over night and soon other rumors of visits to a mountain home on Tiger Creek came back to the men of Greenup

Brothers, cousins, and others loaded their long squirrel

guns and went off to meet Purnell, the woman relates, but he heard they were coming, cut off over the mountains and was lost in the bottoms. Later, Mrs Stephens said, he took Mary Stylard out of the mountains and when next heard of they were traveling from town to town, recruiting for the House of David

Twenty years ago they were in Portsmouth and Purnell visited his daughter in Slabtown He endeavored then to have her join the House of David, but was told that her mother, his one-time bride, was very poor, even though she had married again—was known in fact as the "Washlady of Slabtown," and that the daughter would never leave her

Mrs Stephens was back in Greenup County, visiting relatives at the time of this visit

"Was Benjamin religiously inclined when you met him?" Mrs. Stephens was asked today.

"Religious? Laws!" She answered He did not have no more religion then a possum He went to church regularly jus' to see the purty gals

"There weren't never no talk of him wearing his hair long or not eatin' meat them days," she went on. "Maybe his hair was a little longer than the boys here in Portsmouth wear it now, but it weren't long There weren't no barbers up in the mountains and all the boys had to have thar maw or someone cut thar hair.

But it was shorter on Benjamin than on most He always liked to look jus' so It made the purty girls look at him, like I looked at him that furst time in church, and that was what he liked It weren't long when he fust met Mary Stylard over on the Smokey Fork of the Little Tiger

"And eat meat! Paw used to say Benjamin had a bigger appetite than a Blue Grass mule I didn't recollect what we had for dinner that first time he come—side pork, I suppose—but I clar to gracious if Benjamin didn't eat his share! Weren't he always going out with the boys after squirrel and coon not because he liked tramping up and down them hills, but 'cause he liked the squirrel stew and roast coon meat?"

Mrs Stephens then explained the religious life of her community.

"All the folks back in that part of Greenup County went to what we called the Christian Church," she said. "That was the only church in them parts and if a man wanted to make a show of havin' any religion at all he took it the way Preacher Fife gave it to him. I don't recollect what Preacher Fife was. Methodist, I guess, but that's whar my paw went to church, that's whar Benjamin's brother went to church, that's whar I went to church and that's whar Benjamin went to church.

"It makes me laugh now when I hear it read in the papers that Benjamin teaches them folks he's got together to believe that a man lives forever if he's good and don't go to heaven at all if he dies. Law, dyin' was one of the fust things a man was supposed to be able to do back thar in Kentucky

"If a man was 'feared o' dyin' he didn't have no business 'round them parts at all He was worse off than a deer in fly time. Like as not if someone heard as how a man was feared o' dyin' he ups and shoots him just so he wouldn't be feared no more

"But Benjamin weren't feared, at least he didn't show it. He'd talk real sassy to my paw and my paw liked that and used to say, 'he's a smart one, that boy of your'n, Lina, you won't never have to do much hoein' in the bean patch if you marry him'

"But I guess paw didn't notice that summer Benjamin was courtin' me, that Benjamin didn't show no signs of likin' work And I'm sure I didn't notice it. I waren't the kind to like a boy who wouldn't work for his keep, and had I known I wouldn't married him no matter how much I liked him

"You see thar war always two things," Mrs. Stephens concluded, "that the mountain girls were brung up to hate in a man, one was being feared o' dyin' with your boots on and the other was laziness."

MAGNUS JOHNSON COMES HOME

(By Julian Sargent in the St Paul Pioneer Press, July 22, under the headline· "Senator-Elect Magnus Johnson Arrives in Home Town, an Unhailed Conqueror")

The wee town of Dassel, in Meeker county, nearest bus line point to the Magnus Johnson farm, sat aimlessly beside the hot, white highway Wednesday, and drooped its eyes like an introspective puppy under the blazing sun

That a United States senator, launched by a flood tide of votes on one of the most amazing political experiences of an amazing political epoch, was coming home to his haying, meant nothing in the roadside existence of Dassel.

The drug store man leaned no less listlessly against the door jamb because the bus, soon to appear over the hill, was bringing back to his farm a man who earned his first money blowing glass into the form of bottles in Sweden, and who was now picked up by a great commonwealth to make laws for the United States and to have a hand in the destiny of nations.

The press of the village newspaper, with jewelry in the front window, philosophically slapped down sheet after sheet with its iron fingers, while the editor leaned over the back of a chair and watched it with day-dreaming eyes. In the telephone exchange the flaxen haired operator sat patiently with her shins hooked about the legs of the stool, her white chalked shoes resting unoccupied and somewhat curled up in the toes, on the floor underneath, for greater coolness and comfort. On the window ledge a wandering Jew, a couple of geraniums and some other plants dozed in a lard pail, a tomato can, an Armour's mince meat bucket and a kitchen kettle, and thought of nothing but their thirst for water. Across the blistering road a small boy wrapped a giant

slice of watermelon around his ears, and with an unsmiling face popped the black seeds at his father, a citizen in overalls leaning against the grain elevator

Then the bus rolled over the hill and with a strong smell stopped in front of the ice cream parlor

Magnus Johnson, senator from Minnesota, got out.

Mrs Johnson, in a white dress, got out

A couple of suitcases came out

The bus blew out a worse smell than ever, and rolled on its way

The blood pressure of Dassel went up not a bit at the distinguished arrival Nothing whatever happened. The drug store man leaned, the newspaper press slapped, the editor gazed, the telephone girl wriggled her toes in her stocking feet, the plants thirsted, and the boy went on eating the watermelon.

Dassel didn't know the senator was coming, and when it found it out, it was too sunk in lethargy and soaked in sun to get up on its hind legs A city of skyscrapers would have been much less sophisticated over the momentous event.

Over at Kimball, three townships or so to the north, they thought the new senator was going to arrive on the morning train, and everybody thronged across the road to the station, together with the brass band But the senator didn't take the train, and therefore didn't get off at Kimball. As he said, when told of the disappointed celebration, "Well, you never know what a politician is going to do, do you?"

Thirty-one years had elapsed since Magnus Johnson first saw Dassel He was fresh from Sweden, then, except for two years in the sawmills and lumber camps of Wisconsin

The Johnson farm lies nine miles to the north from Dassel. On the way you pass through Kingston It doesn't take long to pass through Kingston, but Senator Johnson hailed its approach, as soon as the bridge came in sight, with an enthusiastic running fire of comment on the numerous industries represented there—its blacksmith shop, garage, bank and other appurtenances. And King-

ston recognized the face of its distinguished neighbor in the back seat of the car, and laid down its tools and yelled lusty greetings

"Hi, there's the buttermaker!" called the new senator, leaning out over the side toward the grinning groups along the edge of the road "There's the barber, too. Yea, we got a barber shop here Hello, boys!"

The home Mrs. Johnson's parents used to occupy was passed on the trip One of the hills was the hill she used to slide down on a sled when she was a girl With a happy smile she nudged her senator-husband and reminded him of it It was the hill just before you come to the river

"With a good sled you could carry clear onto the bridge," she said

Mr Johnson likewise pointed out places that had figured in his earlier life

"Look over there," he exclaimed, "that's the farm house where I spent my first night in Meeker county"

A little farther along the road he pointed out a farm on which he worked for three weeks "I worked there to get the man to help break my first nine acres the next year," he said. "I had a horse, and Charlie Peterson, he had a horse, so we put them together, and that made a team We had one grain drill together, one cow apiece, one wagon, and one wire around the pasture. Do you know what's the matter with that corn over there? It's planted too close."

Finally the Johnson farm was reached. Your first impression of it is a little white house brushed by trees, a very large and imposing barn, a glossy, glazed tile silo, and a lot of little girls' bare legs There are only two little girls with bare legs, but two little girls scampering out of a farmhouse give the impression of a lot of bare legs.

Senator and Mrs Johnson divided equally the task of carrying in the suitcases and some purchases made in Dassel A lame collie and a little black dog were in and out among the little girls' bare legs, adding to the general greeting Mrs Johnson went in a businesslike way directly to the "summer kitchen," which is a small, square

affair that was moved over from the "other place" a few years ago and shoved up against the little white house. The summer kitchen has an oil stove in it, and the regular kitchen has a regular range

In the summer kitchen was the oldest child of the Johnsons, Lillian, 25 years old. She was hard at work, knowing from long experience that the first thing that should happen when folks arrive at the farm is a good, square meal Victor, 21, Francis, 19, and Magnus, Jr. 14, were out in the field That accounts for the six children, except to give the names of the two little girls with brown legs They are Agnes, 10, who was eating cherries and had a very blue mouth, and Florence, 9 There was nothing about either to indicate that farm life is injurious to either health or blooming good looks.

The new senator was intent on showing his visitors the barn at once, and explaining why he put $1,200 into a glossy, glazed tile silo, when some fellows have wooden ones But the telephone was ringing furiously. Farm telephones being evidently much like other phones, it wasn't working well Mr Johnson bellowed lustily into it, until the bull, way over in the pasture rolled a red eye toward the house

"I can't hear a word!" the senator yelled "This thing must be out of order"

"No, it isn't, Father," said Lillian, setting a plate of honey on the table

"It must be," Mr Johnson again yelled, still glued to the transmitter "I can't hear a thing The batteries must be run down"

"No, they were looked at just a few days ago," said Lillian

"Something's wrong!" Mr. Johnson hollered.

"You talk too much," said Lillian, without cracking a smile. "No telephone can stand up when you talk so much"

Mr. Johnson turned around, grinned, and gave it up as a bad job.

Then he started with long strides for the barn and the silo. Evidently there was nothing about the house that

was worth showing. But the barn and silo are apples of his eye. The house was built twenty-eight years ago—the same length of time Senator and Mrs. Johnson have been married. The barn and silo are of recent vintage. The house has no "modern conveniences." The barn has them all. Even the hay loft has special ventilating contrivances, and its high cylindrical roof arches over the sweet-smelling hay without obstruction or inner truss of any kind

Senator Johnson poked his head into the opening leading to the loft, to see if the passage was clear. It wasn't, to any less optimistic soul, but the new senator said he guessed it was all right, and hove through, disappearing in a shower of hay and dust A steady flow of muffled explanation now seeped back, so the visitors pulled in their heads and shoved in after their host, to reunite the party When all had returned through the hay tunnel to the barn-proper, there was hay behind ears, in pockets, and down the neck A sprig had stuck in Senator Johnson's mouth, and remained there through the rest of the tour of inspection

"I've got lots of wood and lots of water," said the senator, pointing to a mountainous wood pile. "Now if I only had money I'd be all right"

At the pig pens the senator called "Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!" and they all came running, around corners, across wallowing holes, squealing lustily Even the big sow reported for roll call.

"We haven't had time to fix up much," said Mr. Johnson, glancing around at the usual farmyard litter of dented pails, stools with their legs in the air and buckets with a stave or two missing "I've been too busy, and the boys are out in the fields from morning till night"

Dinner was a gala occasion, served in two shifts, Lillian and Mrs. Johnson doing the serving

"Fourteen years ago, before I was ever in the House of Representatives, I was in favor of equal rights for women," the senator launched off, by way of conversation.

At this point Mrs. Johnson said something.

"Will you please keep still?" the senator said, with

mock fierceness. "I can't get a word in edgeways round here"

"I thought you were in favor of equal rights for women," Lillian remarked, holding a heaping platter of meat while her father speared a couple of pieces.

The senator chuckled "You know, when I married Mrs Johnson I wanted to teach her to talk Swede, but I was too busy all the time"

"So I had to teach you to talk English," said Mrs Johnson.

The senator laid down his fork for a good comeback "It's a mighty funny thing, though, that when I proposed to you, you understood every word I said"

"Maybe it would have been better if she hadn't understood so much," said Lillian, passing the pickles

The little white house has two brick chimneys and rain pipes sprawling down the sides Maple and spruce trees nestle close to it on two sides On the ground floor there are three rooms, all small. The first is the kitchen Its two chief items of furniture are the stove, and a large table with fat legs. The living room has a wood ceiling painted blue, and the doors are painted blue and white. A stove stands at one side, and next to it an old-fashioned desk, with books piled on the upper shelf, mostly copies of the legislative manual, journal of the house and journal of the senate. Next to the desk is a chiffonier, with a kerosene lamp on it, with red flowers painted on the globe and pedestal Then comes a couch, on which the two bare-legged little girls sleep.

The third room is Senator and Mrs Johnson's bedroom. Upstairs there are three bedrooms Victor, Francis and Magnus, Jr., occupy one and Lillian another.

After dinner, Lillian and Mrs Johnson cleared the table and washed the dishes, and Senator Johnson sized up the mass of letters and telegrams that had come in, and wondered who was going to answer them. Then more visitors began to arrive, including the buttermaker, the barber, the garage man, the blacksmith, photographers and a movie man. The phone had a relapse during which it "worked," and somebody called up and wanted Senator

Johnson to give an address somewhere. He yelled that he would, and came out with another joke

"What do you suppose?" he asked, "they want me to talk four minutes, and I can't even get started in four minutes, let alone stop."

THE STAGE REPORTER

BY FREDERICK B. EDWARDS IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

(May 6, under the headline "Why Is the Stage Reporter So Different?")

We have been recently engaged upon a work of research involving the questioning of numerous authorities and a personal adventure into an occupation foreign to our normal habit. In the course of this entanglement with the science of the question mark certain things befell which may be of interest, but the result attained is not entirely satisfactory Nevertheless, in the recitative of our questing there may be instructive material.

The question which has absorbed our activities is this Why are there no true-to-life reporters on the stage?

The answer, in so far as our probings have at this moment indicated it, is this There are, but you'll never convince any newspaper man that this is the case.

We may not truthfully claim to have evolved this view entirely of our own convictions. Largely it quotes Mr Channing Pollock, whose recent projection of the Dollar Theater and defiance of the Drama League have obtained for him some little notoriety in the public prints We did not seek out Mr Pollock because he was at the moment a resident in the wide open spaces of the front page, but because as a former newspaper man and the parent of newspaper people we thought he should know, if anybody does, why stage reporters are customarily so utterly unlike the real thing We were a little surprised to find that Mr Pollock does not agree with most newspaper folk on this; but after a while we began to see that he is probably right.

Then there was also Mr. Harrigan, of the "Polly Pre-

ferred" company. Mr. Harrigan does not play the reporter in "Polly Preferred," but he did play one of the reporters in Rita Weiman's play "The Acquittal," which had several male reporters and one female of the species in it. In "The Acquittal" the leading rôle, which was played by Mr. Harrigan, was that of a newspaper reporter and a darn smart one, too. Mr. Harrigan told us a lot about playing that part Incidentally, he said it was one of the hardest he ever tackled; and he, too, thought that there were occasionally written parts for reporters which rang at least 90 per cent true to the real thing.

Finally we joined the company of "Polly Preferred" for one night only and essayed the small part of the conniving newsgatherer which is ordinarily played by Frank McCoy By way of expressing his reciprocal sympathy for our feeble efforts Mr McCoy himself worked for the *Tribune* for an afternoon. The triumph for the stage was complete, almost to redundancy. There is no possible question that Mr McCoy was so much better a reporter than we were an actor that there can be no reasonable basis of comparison We conceive Mr. McCoy as walking past the Tribune Building with his head erect, his eyes flashing; but we cannot yet pass a stage entrance without blushing.

It seems that the situation as Mr Pollock and Mr Harrigan see it is that since it is impossible to convince newspaper men that any stage reporter accurately portrays the typical idiosyncracies of the craft, playwrights have abandoned the effort to make their reporter characters accurate, and are content to make them the sort of people that the public in the mass believes them to be.

"You can't write a reporter that reporters will accept as a true type of their profession," Mr Pollock said, a little sadly, we thought "Listen, and I will tell you a tale. I wrote a play once with a newspaper man as one of the chief characters. I took a lot of trouble with him. I was a newspaper man myself once . . . but that is another story. I made that reporter as true to life as I could make him, and then we went down town and got a man off a newspaper to come up and help us rehearse

the part. We let him direct the rehearsals, so far as this particular part was concerned. We let him write in the business and demonstrate exactly how a reporter would normally react to every set of circumstances And at last we got his final O K. on the character 'There,' he said to us, 'is a newspaper reporter as *is*.'

"Then we produced the play And for weeks and months afterward the mailmen on our route blistered their feet staggering under the load of letters sent to us by reporters and editors and rewrite men and copy readers and district men and columnists and critics and makeup men and copy boys and editorial writers and book reviewers The opinions were expressed in various phrases, but the consensus of their view was unanimous They said.

" 'Your reporter is rotten!'

"Trouble is," Mr Pollock explained, while we turned this strange and solemn experience over sadly in our mind, "trouble is that when one of you boys goes to see a play with a reporter in it he expects to see himself—and inevitably he is disappointed 'I don't walk like that, or look like that,' you say, and because you don't do it you say the performance is inaccurate or, more briefly, rotten."

It seemed to us that there might be something in this point of view

"What's more," said Mr. Pollock, "you might suppose that yours is the only profession which feels self-conscious and abnegated on this point, but that would be wrong They all feel alike Lawyers, physicians, district attorneys, college professors—all of them feel the same way about it. I had a play once with a doctor in it. The part was played by an actor who had taken his M D. degree and served two years as a hospital interne. The action called for this chap to bandage a broken leg—something that he had done in real life hundreds of times. He did as he had always done it, and we got hundreds of scathing letters from physicians who complained bitterly that that wasn't the way they would have bandaged the leg"

All of which does not excuse the part of Baker, a re-

porter, as written into "Polly Preferred." This completely delightful comedy is by Guy Bolton and Winchell Smith, who ought really to know better. The part as originally written by Mr. Bolton, was, we are told, much longer than it is now performed Perhaps it was better then. It couldn't have been much worse

Baker is employed by the *Gazette,* which is an evening newspaper obviously, since its first edition appears in the play at noon. Baker is a party to the game which Miss Genevieve Tobin, who plays Polly Pierpont, puts over on Rutherford, the wicked stockbroker, portrayed by Mr Thomas W Ross He knows that Polly's visit to the Rutherford bungalow alone and at midnight is merely a plant, and he knows, too, that the broker's wife shares the knowledge The whole scheme is designed to make Rutherford feel mean and penitent to the point of giving practical expression to his repentance Baker is called into the scene by Mrs Rutherford's lawyer after the man of the law and the injured wife have broken into the Rutherford den of iniquity He is called in, mark you, by the lawyer. No reporter in such circumstances would wait to be called in by anybody. He'd be up in the front of the rush for a ringside seat; he'd be the very apex of the flying wedge

"Here's a front page story for you, Baker," says the lawyer, and Baker looks as wise as possible in all the circumstances.

"Is this man a reporter?" demands the indignant Rutherford, and Baker says

"How do you do, Mr. Rutherford Baker, of the *Gazette*"

Not so good Baker wouldn't care how Mr. Rutherford did He'd be more likely to say. "You bet, Baker's the name, and the *Gazette's* the paper." Not necessarily just those words, but something more to that effect.

But there's worse to come. Rutherford and Polly and Mrs. Rutherford do a little stalling around, and then, right in the middle of these interesting developments, Baker cuts in with this line

"I must get on back to the office. It's too bad about

all this, but it's life, and life is the newspaper business."

There's a wow for you. The time is midnight and this night-prowling minion of an evening newspaper must get on back to his office! What for, beats us entirely, unless there was a poker game on in the library; and that isn't indicated in the play

And, "It's too bad about all this, but it's life, and life is the newspaper business." No reporter on earth ever talked like that Some editorial writers might, but we doubt even that

Not to mention this stuff about being so anxious to quit. No real reporter would leave that house unless he was sure there wasn't going to be any other development He'd be the first in, but when it came to going they'd have to drag him out with a derrick

There is more in the third act. The backers of Polly Pierpont are keen to keep the story of their star's escapade out of Mr. Baker's *Gazette*, and he obligingly, hearing that they were on his trail, calls at the Polly Pierpont offices to let them argue with him about it In the course of the argument they implore him to at least keep Miss Pierpont's name out of it. He says·

"I sympathize with Miss Pierpont, but my duty to my newspaper comes before everything"

"That's what Mr Bolton, or Mr Smith, or both of them make him say That was the line we were required to earnestly repeat on the night that we falteringly walked on in Mr. McCoy's place. And that's the line on which we bogged down completely, a circumstance of which we are rather proud than otherwise

We have gone into this thing at some length and the conclusion which we reach as to "Polly Preferred" is that the authors are kidding the newspaper game.

INTERVIEWS

LORD BIRKENHEAD

BY ROLLAND JACQUART IN THE KANSAS CITY STAR

(October 31, under the headline "The Earl Sets the Pace")

The noted Yankee sense of justice would deem "Galloper" Smith a much better moniker than the Earl of Birkenhead after it had considered the man himself and studied him at close range.

Lord Birkenhead, formerly lord chancellor of England, a position similar to the supreme court chief justice in this country, came to Kansas City today without his powdered wig and furbelows and without advice for the United States.

Dubbed by those who know him best as "Galloper" Smith, he is a sort of beau ideal of diplomacy He's a little either side of six feet in height and has about two hundred pounds of very fit flesh As he briskly walked up and down the cinders outside his private car and commented with a drawl upon the value of sunshine, he reminded one of a man who had just triumphed over the eighteenth hole and was resplendent after his shower Yet a mist of intellectuality hovers about his dark, deep eyes Undoubtedly Birkenhead, the outspoken, has an unfathomable depth of reserve power

The scintillating British statesman and barrister assured his visitors he was glad to meet them. Would they have one of his cigars he had matured twelve years? Then he proceeded to lead them a merry chase up and down the tracks

It was Lord Birkenhead who styled Lords Salisbury and Selbourne the "Dolly sisters" He took his title from the suburban town where he was born It was Lord Birkenhead who lubricated political tongues the other day at Williamstown, Mass., when he said the world was no-

ticeably unprepared for Wilsonian idealism. It was Lord Birkenhead who philosophized today:

"It is very difficult for a stranger to make predictions as to any man's chances for the presidency."

Then a wry smile lighted his ruddy face

"But I am quite confident if Mr. Ford sets his mind on the presidency, he would be found a most formidable competitor. No man who possesses such great organizing genius, tireless industry and amazing resource could be disregarded for any position in the world"

The Briton was steadfast in his diplomatic gospel of national individualism Each nation, he contended, must decide for itself with a deaf ear to supplications of other nations He suddenly wheeled to the rear, the maneuver somewhat upsetting his listeners, and said

"The present seems rather adverse to American participation in European affairs, doesn't it? I don't see why persons should come here to advise. Moreover, it is not very inviting. However, anyone can see the prestige and authority Amercia could give an international court You must decide for yourselves. Only five years ago I advised the New York Bar Association to make quite sure the country was in favor of the court before entering.

"The world court would be fine if the United States came in, but, again, you must decide for yourselves England doesn't enter alliances as the result of other nations' appeals. Personally, I hope you will decide to enter, for it would give authority and immense legal and moral guidance"

In Europe, he observed, it was felt the arms limitation conference in Washington had been an unqualified success, nations across the waters even had hoped to carry disarmament to the air, but that was unwise because of the impossibility of curtailing commercial flying, and commercial planes easily might be converted for war use.

Concerning reparations, he believed the hitch was because the allies had refused to tell Germany just what she had to pay. Without a concise statement no debtor was going to clean house, he reasoned

"On the other hand," he continued, "Germany is trying

to fail by putting its money abroad and by an unnatural deflation of the mark. The problem is how much money can we get out of Germany. There is no large amount of bullion in Germany and no increase of exports over imports. Therefore, Germany can't pay as France has demanded

"I don't believe there is any clear solution We never found it in the four years we were there. France is after mixed financial and political benefits Our principal interest is to see Europe restored"

Lord Birkenhead held Anglo-French relations must continue friendly. Their interests in many ways were identical and, he was certain, memories of the great conflict would count a great deal.

The ex-lord chancellor called a halt in his railroad track work-out He said he was "bored to death" about the wrangling over his Williamstown address There was no more to say about it; it had all been said

If Lord Birkenhead didn't empty cinders from his shoes when he got inside his car, he can laugh at his visitors· "I'm a better man than you are"

Yes, the Yankee sense of justice admires him best as "Galloper" Smith, who figures somewhat in the world.

REBECCA WEST PROVES DISCREET

BY MARY WATTS IN THE NEW YORK SUN AND GLOBE

(Oct. 30, under this headline.)

What are the American pagans going to do about it?

Here is Rebecca West, eminent British novelist, advertized by Lee Keedick, the lecture bureaucrat, as "modern to the point of ultra modernism," "one of the foremost exponents of a new age," one who "has stepped boldly forth with a challenge to every existent problem that faces civilization"—here is Miss West who ought to have been a comfort to all bold free spirits turning out to be so like a conservative that the pagans of Greenwich Village and Provincetown will be heartsick over it

Miss West is doing a lecture tour of this country, speaking on "Women and Such Things," as announced by the *Manchester Guardian*

Did the matronly and settled appearance of the Goddess of Liberty frighten Miss West as she came up the harbor?

However that may be, Miss West smilingly informed a reporter of the *Sun and the Globe*

First, that she believes a happy marriage is the happiest state for women—although she never expects to marry herself—she'll be surprised if she does, at least,

Second, she doesn't think it quite fair for an unmarried woman to have children,

Third, she thinks it is "nice" for a married pair to stay together to the end of their lives instead of getting a divorce, and

Fourth, she doesn't think that fifty votes and the entire removal of legal disabilities will save women from being exploited to some extent in the world of work.

"We English always think of everything in relation to its effect on children," said Miss West, looking very se-

date. "In regard to marriage, for example, we feel that men and women should put aside their own desires and remain together even when they no longer care for each other, if it is for the good of the children.

"As to childless marriages and one child marriages—we have not considered them very much until the last few years. Generally there have been large families The small family movement is very recent in England and has been brought about by economic conditions The middle classes are most unfortunately situated at present

"But I am quite sure that English women would prefer large families if they could take care of them They are not refusing to have children because they don't want them

"We have always had to think of the separation of married people, therefore, in connection with the children. How our views will be affected if the small family movement grows and there are more couples without children or with only one child no one can as yet determine.

"As to the child in relation to the unmarried mother—for a while during and immediately after the war we thought that would be a possible situation Old standards seemed to be swept aside But then people began to see that this is not fair to the child A child needs the presence of the father. It learns from the attitude of the father toward the mother and the mother toward the father It is important that a child should be brought up in a family One who is deprived of a father's presence and of family life misses something very valuable in his upbringing"

"You think then that the institution of marriage will continue as it is?" asked the reporter

Miss West did not answer this question. Her very beautiful, thoughtful dark eyes held hidden meanings which the reporter was unable to fathom

"English feminists have become opportunists," she said, changing the subject. "We watch our chance to make things a little better for women Here and there we find an opportunity. Suffrage has done a great deal for women but society always makes all its people work for

it and there is always the tendency to make women work particularly hard and in a particularly disadvantageous way."

Miss West will do some magazine work over here in addition to lecturing. She also means to settle down in this country for a while at least and work on a book—a very long book, she hopes it will be.

"Starting to write a very long book seems like getting married," she said. "Only, of course, with a book one is sure of a divorce in time."

"And yet I don't know," she added. "Conrad started a book twenty years ago and it is still with him."

Although Miss West is regarded as one of the best literary critics of the day her real ambitions are centered in producing literature of her own. She has done a great deal in her short life—she is only 30. She wrote poetry at 12, conducted a newspaper column at 18 and has published two novels, acknowledged to be among the best of our day. These are "The Return of the Soldier" and "The Judge," both warmly praised by leading critics of England and America.

Miss West, who slipped by the ship news reporters under her own name of Cicely Elizabeth Fairchild, is slight of build and looks like a school girl. She has a light, silvery voice and overflows at times with youthful good spirits, contrasting interestingly with her thoughtful moments. She is interested in American newspapers, but was surprised to learn that we have sporting pages.

"But you don't bet here, do you?" she queried. "And if you don't bet why do you have sporting pages?"

Which suggests that Miss West takes American Puritanism more seriously than Americans do.

Perhaps if Lee Keedick or the Goddess of Liberty had whispered in her ear that although we aren't permitted to bet we still have sporting pages she might have been more confiding to the reporter about her "views," and the American pagans might not have been so disappointed.

BAKST

BY WARREN WILMER BROWN IN THE BALTIMORE NEWS

(Jan. 24, under the headline "Bakst Sees America as Land of Golden Promise for Art")

A land of growing opportunity and of magnificent hope for art and artists!

That is the vision of America held by Leon Bakst, the world-famous Russian painter, whose work, notably his stage decoration, has created a tradition and a universally recognized school of its own

He expressed his views about the artistic accomplishments and potentialities of the United States with a reporter of the *News* at Evergreen, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Garrett, on Charles Street avenue.

Bakst has come to Baltimore as the guest of Mr and Mrs Garrett and has already begun sketches for the decorations he will paint for the Evergreen Playhouse, the remarkable little theatre Mrs. Garrett is to establish as her "work-shop" and for the entertainment of her friends. Details regarding this project, which is attracting wide-spread attention because of its exceptional features were published exclusively in the *News* a short time ago.

"There is great talent among the young people of America, great artistic talent," Bakst said in French.

"Not only is this a land of magnificent artistic prospects," he continued in that language, for he speaks no English at all when he can get out of it, "but the present achievement is big I have a great respect for what is being accomplished here and my admiration for some of your able artists is deep. I might mention particularly Gari Melchers I knew him in the old days when we were both studying in Paris."

Mr Melchers, incidentally, is very well known personally, as well as for his paintings, in the city, having married a Baltimore woman, Miss Corinne Mackall, a cousin of R McGill Mackall, one of the instructors of the Charcoal Club

"Do you think that art, generally speaking, is suffering a decadence, M Bakst?"

"Oh, no, not at all. It is suffering, as are so many things today, from the reactions of the war You see, there has been a complete breakage—a severing of bonds with the past The world is affected with a malady, but I feel certain that there will be a recovery and that afterward conditions will be more healthful than ever. You know, when one regains one's strength after a serious illness, one is in better health than before

"It is nature's impulse to rebound—to grow and grow and keep on growing"

"And how about Russia? Will there be a recovery there, too—and are you a Soviet?" M. Bakst was asked

"To your last question—mon Dieu, no! To the others, yes. The Russian people for years have been repressed, held down, and what has happened is what usually may be expected after a great revolution. Russia now is a broken thing. The terrible conditions demonstrate what communism can do It is a debacle—complete collapse But in every Russian child's heart, no matter what class, there is love for America!"

"What have you got personally from America as an artist? Has it given you another point of view?" This question did not cause Bakst a moment's hesitation.

"Your country has stimulated me," he replied. "Art here has the opportunity to flourish that belongs to a flower planted in rich soil There is wealth here, there is opportunity and there is appreciation In a poor country the first need is to eat. The American manner of looking at art is very interesting—it is broad and modern

"I do not hesitate to say that this country has given me more courage in myself than ever I am a great believer in the utility of beauty and in the theory that art should be made a factor of every-day life."

"Where do you get your extraordinary sense of color?" the artist was asked.

"I think it must come by inheritance," was the answer. "Then, too, in my childhood I was surrounded by beautiful objects and so the artist in me was always encouraged.

"Individuality is the trait the artist must guard closest. Always to be one's self—that is the best motto for the painter, the sculptor, the musician or the writer You will find in the history of art that the chefs-d'oeuvre were the work of men who were great individualists

"I admire American architecture a great deal, notably the adaptation of the classic style one finds here The adaptations of the Gothic are also excellent and I am stirred by, in fact, I live by, your skyscrapers.

"The practical sense should go along with the aesthetic sense, and necessity is a source from which much that is beautiful has sprung

"It seems to me that the art movement of this whole country is well balanced between the practical and the aesthetic You, as a people, must have conviction in its force—conviction, too, that this after-war malady will be cured"

Bakst is a man of broad general information and discusses international affairs, music and books as readily and as entertainingly as he does his own art

In speaking of Russian literature he expressed the opinion that Anton Tchekhov was the greatest of the contemporaries

"Tchekhov gives the most complete picture; he expresses all Russia," he said "Tolstoi was a wonderful genius, but Dostoyefsky was perhaps the biggest of them all. Shakespeare presents this side of Hamlet and that side. Dostoyefsky does that, too, but he goes further, for he registers the very heart beats."

When asked if he were going to stay permanently in the United States, Bakst said he had no such intention

"I came over to paint some portraits," he replied "Perhaps you know the one I painted of Mme. Garrett. To-morrow I hope to commence a portrait of her mother, Mme. Warder.

"The idea back of Mme. Garrett's little theatre is delicious, is it not? It is a veritable impulse, not merely a forced scheme as is so often the case. I shall take great pleasure in doing the decorations for it. What is the scheme? Well—it is going to be very Bakst."

The artist remarked that he was very glad the Art Theatre of Moscow had made such a deep impression in New York, as it represented the highest ideals of the Russian stage.

MRS. BELMONT ON MARRIAGE

BY HELEN RICH IN THE COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE.

(September 21)

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont arrived yesterday afternoon after constant travel. She arrived unfatigued and immediately plunged into the business of the National Woman's party, of which she is the president She has come for the express purpose of presiding at the Western States conference of the party, which is to begin tomorrow morning and to attend the Equal Rights Memorial pageant, which is to be given on the following day. Monday she will start on her journey back to New York where she must be again as soon as it is possible.

"And why shouldn't I?" she argued yesterday shortly after her arrival. "Why shouldn't I do everything in the world for this great movement in which I am so interested and which has honored me by making me its president? It is the greatest movement, the greatest reformation that the world has ever known. Every one must do her share and some more than their share For 20 centuries and more women have been in darkness They are just beginning to see the light."

And so this intrepid woman has made a trip that would weary most people simply to lend what aid she can to the occasion of Saturday and Sunday towards which the eyes of the entire West are turned. Nothing, it seems, is too difficult for her to do

Her resistance to the forces that tire was fully demonstrated yesterday when her interviewer met her at the station and apologized for coming when she was tired.

"Tired?" Mrs. Belmont answered "I am never tired."

All the way to the Broadmoor hotel where she is to be

a guest during her stay she talked vivaciously of the work of the party and of her own views, which in themselves have brought her prominence Among the various subjects on which she touched were marriage, smoking among girls and women, the attitude of men towards the Equal Rights movement and the attitude of women.

Contrary to rumors, Mrs Belmont is not as rabidly opposed to smoking as one would suppose She does not approve but she takes the broad-minded attitude that what people choose to do is their own affair

"No, I am not radically opposed to girls smoking," she said when questioned "I do not think it is a crime But I don't like to see it I especially don't like to see a girl smoking with a man

"In this day of competition," she went on, "men and women who want to get ahead cannot afford to do one thing which will drug their brains. That is one of the big reasons why I disapprove"

On the subject of marriage, Mrs. Belmont intimated that very few marriages were a success and that she herself would not recommend marriage for any girl

"Do you mean to say that you think marriage is a failure?" she was asked

"I don't say so in so many words," was the reply, "but it seems to me that statistics speak for themselves"

"Why isn't marriage a success?"

"Chiefly because marriage is a sort of slavery Too many girls these days have supported themselves before marriage and when they marry they feel that someone else is supporting them and they become discontented"

"Do you think there is a successful marriage?"

"Yes, a marriage can be successful when people marry sensibly, think what they are doing and go into it with their eyes open Marriage will be more successful when women are more independent"

"What sort of girls do you think men like?"

"The intelligent girl"

"But we always have been told that men like the cling-ing-vine type Doesn't that explode a theory?"

"Perhaps it does. But I don't believe men like the

clinging vine They like them for awhile, they are flattered to have someone ask them about every little detail, but they soon tire and then—it's all over."

Mrs. Belmont declares that intelligent men are heartily for the Equal Rights movement and that the most of the opposition from that sex comes from "small-town men and church organizations

"Intelligent men are with us They see that what we are working for is right and they are willing to give us what we want And, too, they know that we are going to get what we want and men of foresight treat the movement as a business proposition knowing that when the time comes when we have won everything they will want to be numbered among those who did not oppose us Our only opposition comes from the 'small-town man' and the church organizations afraid they will lose some of their hold on people"

"Do you find more opposition among the men or among the women?"

"Among the women There are still plenty of the clinging-vine type who think they must twine around their sturdy oak"

Mrs Belmont's chief interest, of course, lies with the Woman's party She is, however, keenly interested in other things, among them the working girl. In New York she devotes much of her time to their interests and they come to her for all manner of advice

She is a southerner, having been born in Mobile, Ala Her grandfather was General Deshon, member of congress from Kentucky. She was educated as a child in France and still lives in France several months of each year in her villa in southern France on the Mediterranean, at the foot of the Alps

Mrs Belmont's husband, Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, was, before his death a few years ago, a member of congress from New York

She has three children, William K. Vanderbilt and Harold S Vanderbilt, who are noted in the financial world, and a daughter, Consuela, who was formerly the Duchess of Marlborough. Mrs Belmont is the grandmother

of the present Marquis of Blandford in England She has a great-granddaughter a few months old, Lady Sara Spencer Churchill of England

This is Mrs Belmont's first trip to the Pike's Peak region. She was surprised because of the mild weather, was thrilled at the sight of the snow-capped mountains and delighted with her surroundings She went almost immediately to the Garden of the Gods to view the work of the pageant participants With her is Mrs John Winters Brannan, the wife of the president of Bellevue hospital, New York, and the daughter of Charles Dana, the founder of the New York *Sun*. Mrs. Brannan spent two years in Colorado Springs, coming here when a bride.

FORD FOR COOLIDGE

BY MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER IN THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

(December 19, under the headline "Henry Ford Declares He is for Coolidge")

Detroit, Mich, Dec. 19—Henry Ford has joined the Coolidge band wagon

The bizarre automobile manufacturer, on whom I called late yesterday at his Dearborn plant, said to me without any qualification.

"I'm for Coolidge" He added "He's a good man"

My talk with Mr Ford, the strangest mass of economic phenomena in American life, was primarily about business and the trade outlook for 1924

The man whose political intentions have loomed up as the great question mark in the forthcoming contest to choose a new Chief Executive suddenly switched from business to politics

This financial heretic, who is possibly the richest individual in the world, said that the outlook for business in the United States was "fine." He granted, of course, that next year was to be a Presidential year, and that that might cause some uncertainty among business men

"That can be eliminated, however," the man who did more than any other to place the average American in horseless vehicles explained, "if we come out for Coolidge, and line up sentiment" Mr Ford added, inquiringly, "The business men in your section like Coolidge, don't they?"

Before being taken into Mr Ford's simple offices I heard from W. J. Cameron, editor of the Dearborn *Independent* and unofficial publicity adviser to the famous Henry, that "Mr. Ford has no political plans." This

Ford representative in unmistakable language indicated to me that Mr Ford was not and had no intention of becoming a candidate for the Presidency On this question I can do no more than report what Mr. Ford and his spokesman said. I was of course able to make no psychiatric study of the Ford brain to ascertain whether it had been infected with "the Presidential" bug As a matter of fact, Mr Ford's business plans for 1924 indicate that he intends to concentrate on running his money-making enterprises After quizzing the mechanic who has become a leading national figure along commercial lines, I asked bluntly what ultimately he hoped to do with his life, his talents and his fortune He replied, significantly

"Your questions are petering out"

Explaining further that he had no grandiose ideas when he started business and has none now Inquiry as to when he would retire startled the lean individual with iron-gray hair and blue-gray eyes, who is just past sixty The idea seemingly had never entered his consciousness before

As a personality Henry Ford is an enigma He is a swarthy individual of dark tan-dry skin, with a marked degree of reservation in his manner He is five feet eleven inches tall He was, perhaps, a little colder to me, a stranger, than he is to those who have his friendship and confidence I do not claim to have solved the riddle of "is Ford a great man?" in forty minutes' conversation.

In spite of the peace ship episode and other impulsive actions, Mr Ford is a doer rather than an abstract thinker.

To this giant of production, who promises to be turning out 10,000 automobiles a day by the Spring, academic generalizations about business mean little or nothing To him business is simply a process of making what people want, cheaply and efficiently His revolutionary idea was to increase the quantity of production, and tremendously augment the demand for his product by cheapening the price His notion is the antithesis of profiteering, and, although some of his associates in the industry ques-

tioned the wisdom of his tactics fifteen years ago, his plan of procedure now, to a greater degree than ever before, dominates the entire automotive industry, and the sledding for the few who work along other lines, according to leaders here, is likely to be even more precarious in the future

Talking in short, highly condensed simple phrases, this master mechanic of destiny gave his views on the principal economic questions now before the American people

An avowed advocate of Calvin Coolidge for President —a fact which is here chronicled for the first time—Mr. Ford favors the Mellon plan for tax reductions, but would find some way for placing extra tax burdens on the landlord; flatly opposed a soldiers' bonus, believes that those who made money out of the war should pay reparations; thinks that no artificial political remedies will help the farmer, who must completely reorganize his business practice; opposes cancellation of the debt of the Allies to the United States Treasury, says wages are not too high, and expects continued prosperity

After discussing politics and business, I raised the delicate question of Ford's attitude toward the Jews. Especially some months ago, his weekly, the Dearborn *Independent,* published material disparaging to Jews.

At the end of our discussion I said

"Mr. Ford, are you planning any further anti-Jewish campaign?"

"We conducted no anti-Jewish campaigns," he replied "We are not against the Jewish people We simply told some facts."

A rather subtle distinction, which may have eluded some of the leaders of the *Independent,* whose sales now exceed 600,000 a week, being sold in connection with Ford car agencies.

In order to achieve his goal of 10,000 cars a day (he said present production approximates 7,000 a day) Mr Ford revealed that he is at present expanding all his plant facilities. One of his men said the cost of the programme would be $110,000,000, and Mr Ford, asserting that the company was not borrowing a dollar, explained that im-

provements would be made solely out of earnings. Mr. Ford will not have an accounting record of the year's business for a month He told me, however, that during 1923, as is well known, his sales were unprecedentedly large, but that profits will not prove to be as large as in some past years.

I asked whether the bringing of production up to 10,000 cars a day would effect further economies and make possible new price reductions for the public

"Possibly a little," said the quiet, mild-mannered manufacturing genius, "but certainly not much, as our margins are very narrow at present."

"Do you favor Mellon's tax cut plan?" was asked

"Yes, but I'd find some way of getting some back from the landlords Rents are too high We are going to start to build one-family houses for our workers, just as we build automobiles, in quantity, near our plants and to sell them to our workers."

Pursuing the tax problem further, a question as to Mr. Ford's attitude on the soldiers' bonus was raised.

Mr Ford said that he was opposed to a soldier bonus, and believed no one wanted one except those who wished to buy the bonds and those who wanted to sell the ex-soldiers something with the money they would get. He said dogmatically that the former soldiers themselves don't want a bonus.

"Are wages too high?" was asked.

"I should say not," was the answer. "High wages make prosperity The way to reduce costs is not through cutting wages, but through efficient operation of plants."

Queried as to what could be done to lift the farmer from his troubled status, Mr Ford indicated nothing. He gave me the impression that he thought it would be a good thing to rub the farmers with salt to inspirit them and teach them something of the spirit of modern methods of business organization and of unremitting labor. He seemingly favors none of the artificial remedies for tapping the public revenues to make the tiller of the soil happy. As for price-fixing, he said incredulously, "Just try to do it."

"The old farmer is done," said the father of the flivver and the exponent of the tractor.

"I foresee larger scale farms, greater co-operative efforts at central points, increased use of machinery, which will increase production, and further diversification, particularly the addition of dairying to tilling the soil"

He thought it unreasonable for the farmer to expect a good living out of only a few months' work a year

On some of these issues Mr Ford was as much a conformist as the most reactionary of the President's political supporters in Wall Street, but he avoided classification as a believer in orthodox economics by reiterating that he does not believe in the payment of interest, that freight rates are too high, that he does not think that any business would have to borrow money if it was not expanding too fast and that stockholders are parasites

In reply to an inquiry Mr Ford indicated his confidence that mass production methods, based on the plan of widening the market through cheapening the cost, can and would eventually have to be applied to most other industries, and said that business in other lines was being retarded by lack of such methods. For example, he suggested that shoe manufacturers concentrate on the making of a single size of shoes, cutting out everything else.

Explaining to Mr. Ford that the *Evening Journal* had recently presented statistics showing that thirteen automotive groups were doing nearly ninety-five per cent of the business of the industry in units, I asked Mr. Ford whether he expected such concentration.

He replied in the affirmative, saying·

"If I could not make cars efficiently and cheaply I would not find it interesting to be in business"

Asked whether he eventually expected to make everything that goes into his car in his own plants, Mr Ford said that the company was now buying about half the parts and accessories, such as tires He said he had not thought much about the question as to whether the independent parts maker had a permanent place in the industry, but said that he supposed he had. A spokesman for Mr. Ford said that he would make his own units only

when unable to buy them in adequate supply cheaply.

Urged to explain the reasons behind the unprecedented demand for cars which resulted in the production this year of about 4,000,000 vehicles, Mr. Ford had no theories to offer

Asked whether the effective demand was an expression of the greater purchasing power of labor, the manufacturer who pays a minimum wage of $6 to all his automobile, railway, steel and glass workers said, with his characteristic simplicity:

"The thing behind the demand for cars is the great desire of the people for them Hardly anyone can perform his business nowadays without a car. The people want them, and find some way to get them"

As in New York, the streets of the Middle West are congested with cars Some leaders of the industry fear that the saturation point will come not from a lack of new purchasing power but from lack of room on the streets.

Mr Ford's remedy for the situation is indeed odd

"Keep putting cars into the streets," he said, "then the people who use the cars will find a better way of meeting the crowded conditions"

The stark simplicity, matter of factness and the casual manner of Mr Ford were revealed further in his comment on the railroads

As president of the Detriot, Toledo and Ironton Railroad he does the expected—that is, he talks differently from other railroad men In all things Mr. Ford plays a lone hand, sedulously avoiding chambers of commerce and business men's associations, which might in some way impair his complete freedom of action. Mr. Ford's impulsive nature chafes under restraints of any kind and this was expressed in his eagerness to get rid of his partners in the Ford Motor Company, which he succeeded in doing. Edsel, his son, is now his only associate. He brooks no opposition.

He visualizes railroading in elementary, mechanical terms.

Questioned as to his railroad policies, Mr. Ford summed them up nonchalantly in a phrase:

"The main thing is to get rid of leaks in the boilers, which is the chief source of waste We try to keep up repairs all the time, never postponing them and letting the properties go bad"

Business men here talk profusely about Ford's novel ideas of using shorter freight trains and lighter engines in order to increase the quickness of movement. As to this, he said·

"When we took over the road it had light equipment, and we are still using it"

The Ford method is one of perpetual experiment. He is now trying out wireless as a means of communication among his various plants Mr Cameron said that the reports that the Dearborn station was for political campaigning purposes were baseless

One new idea is the trying out of small rural plants near Dearborn for the making of parts Mr Ford thinks that in the future industrial plants may be decentralized in this way, so that working men can more readily have their homes in the country.

Reports of forthcoming automobile mergers are the stuff out of which current gossip in Detriot is made One rumor had it that Ford would take over a company which makes middle grade cars between the Ford and the Lincoln. Henry Ford said he had no intention of changing the character of his business, and did not intend to build up a company modelled after General Motors, which has a product for every price group On foreign financial topics Mr. Ford said, in response to questions

"Make them (the Allies) pay every cent they owe, with interest, too, although I don't believe in interest. When they got the money they said they were going to pay it back, didn't they?"

Asked whether his sneer at interest rates indicated that he was opposed to the Federal Reserve system and the present monetary basis in the United States, he said:

"Ask Mr. Cameron, he knows more about that."

Mr. Cameron was a silent participant at the interview

As we chatted Mr Ford answered questions quickly and courteously, though with great brevity. His facial

expression seemed to indicate amusement that one should be interested in broad questions about business, for to him it all seems very simple, merely a question of meeting little problems as they bob up

What Mr Ford will eventually do with his business interests no one seems to know—perhaps not even himself. He just keeps busy, and may turn everything over to Edsel. Apparently he plans no ambitious philanthropic enterprises such as the Rockefellers support. Asked whether he ever contemplated selling stock in his company to the public, he said.

"I should say not Stockholders are parasites."

Fanciful, you may say When Mr Ford talks history and economics the rest of the world may be little impressed But when he initiates business practices the automobile industry and business generally watch him with the utmost respect.

Dearborn's leading citizen is ostensibly as modest a man as one meets, and yet in a crisis he is said to have more respect for his own opinion than for that of any other man.

OBITUARIES

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING

BY LAWRENCE MARTIN FOR THE UNITED PRESS

(August 3)

Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Aug 3.—The President is dead

Death, apparently balked by medical science, struck suddenly and with no warning at 7 20 last night

The president was definitely on the road to recovery from ptomaine poisoning, acute indigestion and a pneumonic infection which followed them

But death found a way through the armor—it struck into the brain with apoplexy, and without struggle or word, and only a shudder of his weakened frame, and the raising of one hand, the nation's head passed beyond.

Tonight they will take Warren G Harding's body home—back to the White House where he lived and worked as the chief magistrate of the people who today, shocked beyond expression by his death, mourn for him and with his wife After the simplest private funeral services in the presidential suite at the Palace Hotel where he took to his bed on Sunday morning, the president's remains will be placed aboard a special train which will leave San Francisco at 7 P M. for Washington

He will be laid to rest in his old home town, Marion, Ohio—the country village which he raised from rural obscurity into national prominence. Before the final obsequies there, which will mark his burial, the president's body probably will lie in state in Washington

Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts, the vice-president, today wore upon his shoulders the mantle of authority and tremendous responsibility which slipped last night from Mr. Harding when he passed beyond the ken and power of mortal things.

The President passed with the sunset. The last rays of California's golden sunshine were pouring into his room, where Mrs. Harding, the wife who has been by his side since he was stricken seriously last Saturday, sat reading to him from a magazine. Dr. Sawyer, his old friend and physician, sat nearby

The President was lying very still, listening to Mrs Harding read. He seemed to be resting quite comfortably. To the watchful eyes of his two nurses, Miss Ruth Powderly and Miss Sue Dausser, he seemed just as he had been all day—comfortable and in better physical condition than at any time since he became ill

There was no apprehension of impending tragedy in the minds of any there Mrs. Harding and the nurses had every reason to feel easier about the condition of the distinguished patient than at any moment since illness overtook him. They were looking forward without fear or anxiety to the night—another night, they believed, when the restorative power of sleep would add a little more to the slowly growing strength of the president.

It was a scene of peaceful quiet and contentment. Mrs Harding read on She came to the end of a paragraph and paused She turned to look at her husband

"That sounds good, go ahead," said Mr Harding.

Mrs Harding turned again to the magazine and read She had not finished a sentence when, as though some one had struck him a sudden and crushing blow, the President threw up one hand over his head convulsively It was as though he sought to ward off the blow which Death, in that peaceful unguarded moment, had aimed with unerring directness at a vital spot

Then like a man struck by a bolt of lightning, the President stiffened and as suddenly dropped back limply In that brief second, the drawing of a breath, his spirit winged away from the wearied body There was no time for a word of farewell to his dearly loved wife; no struggle or fight or futile effort to cling to life.

Just in an instant, like the dropping of the sun behind the hills, his life went out. He, who a moment before had been the President of the United States, the object of

the solicitude and sympathetic concern of 110,000,000 people, became a bit of clay, and the millions who through the days of his illness had swung with his wife and his close friends through the cycle of alarm, deepening fear, and back up to hope, relief and then practical certainty of recovery, became mourners

Mrs Harding had sensed rather than seen that something was wrong. She turned quickly, and with a gasp half rose from her chair, crying "Warren!" But he could not hear She knew it, too, but stumbling and running she went to the door, flung it open and cried into the corridor "Send Dr Boone"

A moment before, Dr Sawyer, noticing with practiced eye that his patient seemed to be in the same condition as had continued all day, passed towards his own room. Mrs Harding's cry brought him back—but it was too late then for science or affection or any mortal help to bring back that which had gone winging into the sunset

Dr Boone, associated with Dr. Sawyer in the fight in defense of the President's life, came in The three other doctors were summoned They came—Dr Hubert Work, secretary of the interior in the dead President's cabinet, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, eminent head of the American Medical Association and president of Leland Stanford University, and Dr Charles M. Cooper, a heart specialist

Their combined medical talent and training was useless now. A glance at the still form on the bed told them that. They turned anxious eyes to the slight woman at the bedside, but she read their thoughts and with that indomitable bravery which has marked her whole life, particularly in the face of calamity or emergency, she said:

"I am not going to break down"

She looked down again at that strongly marked face and then a nurse led her to her own room.

By this time an electric current of alarm had run through the corridors adjacent to the President's suite Secret service men, their faces set stonily, hurried as messengers to find members of the President's official family and set in motion the sad plans which must be made.

City detectives and policemen, pressed into like service, passed rapidly to and fro.

"Something has happened" passed the word An ever growing group gathered at the screen in the corridor which barred entrance to the precincts of the presidential suite.

Messengers hurried into the Palace dining room and in whispers passed to Cabinet members, their wives and to other members of the presidential party the fateful word. Men stood up suddenly from half-eaten dinners, indescribable horror and unbelief blended on their faces Women gasped

Telephone calls were put in for members of the official party, some of whom tonight, for the first time since reaching San Francisco had accepted dinner invitations, believing the President virtually out of danger In a few moments they began arriving, their faces blanched at the news The throngs in the corridors surrounding the presidential suite opened silently to let them pass, and they went with bowed heads into the chamber of death

In a few minutes Judson C Welliver, President Harding's friend and general chief of White House publicity, came out with a short type sheet of paper It was snapped up by waiting newspaper men, and in a moment the wires were carrying to a shocked country this official announcement

"The President died instantaneously and without warning and while conversing with members of his family at 7 20 P M Death was apparently due to some brain envolvement, probably an apoplexy During the day he had been free from discomfort, and there was every justification for anticipating a prompt recovery Signed, C E. Sawyer, Ray Lyman Wilbur, C M Cooper, J. T. Boone, Hubert Work"

A few minutes later a second statement was issued, telling in brief the circumstances surrounding the deathbed scene. It read

"The President died at 7 20 P M. Mrs Harding and the two nurses, Miss Ruth Powderly and Miss Sue Dausser, were in the room at the time Mrs Harding was reading to the President, when utterly without warning a

slight shudder passed through his frame, he collapsed and all recognized that the end had come. A stroke of apoplexy was the cause of his death Within a few moments all of the President's official party had been summoned."

In the death chamber there gathered quickly Attorney General Daugherty, summoned from the dinner table at the St Francis Hotel, Secretary of the Interior Work, also called from dinner, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and Secretary of Commerce Hoover. They turned from the bedside, in grief they crushed back, for they, as members of the Cabinet, must at once take steps to transfer to another the majesty and authority that Warren Harding had so quietly laid down.

After a brief consultation, they signed a telegram to Vice-President Calvin Coolidge, who was at Plymouth, Vermont

"The President died at 7 20 P. M from a stroke of cerebral apoplexy The end came peaceably and without warning Signed, Daugherty, Work, Wallace, Hoover"

A little later Attorney General Daugherty, the chief law officer of the government, supplemented this with the following message to Coolidge

"I respectfully suggest that if you have not already done so, you immediately take the oath of office"

Coolidge at once complied, and within a few hours of Mr Harding's death took up the burdens of the presidency

The five doctors, meanwhile, stunned at their sudden and wholly unexpected defeat just when they deemed victory over death safe in their grasp, united in seeking the exact cause of death, and at midnight issued the following statement covering the history of Mr Harding's illness and their belief as to the cause of death

"Last spring following a long period of overwork and great strain, President Harding was confined to his bed with an attack of influenza which was followed by a few nocturnal attacks of labored breathing His recovery was slow and he had not fully regained his normal strength and health when he started out on the trip to Alaska. He

had also had some attacks of abdominal pain and indigestion and at times he had some pain associated with a feeling of oppression in the chest For some years his systolic blood pressure had ranged around 180 and there was evidence of some arterial sclerosis, enlargement of the heart and defective action of the kidneys. Except for fatigue and the fact that his heart and blood vessels were some years older than the rest of his body, he was in reasonably good health.

"On the return trip from Alaska he had an acute gastro-intestinal attack associated with abdominal pain and fever In spite of his illness he insisted on putting through his program of speaking in Vancouver and Seattle He had considerable difficulty in completing his addresses in Seattle because of weakness and pain. Because of this he was persuaded to come directly to San Francisco and arrived at the Palace Hotel Sunday morning, July 28. He dressed and walked to the automobile from the train Sunday evening a consultation was called because his temperature had risen to 102 and his pulse and respiration were abnormally rapid The abdominal difficulty had by this time become localized in the gall bladder region, but there was a general toxemia with fever and leucocytosis A central broncho-pneumonia soon developed on the left side It was accompanied by short circulatory collapses with cold sweats and an irregular pulse. Most disturbing of all was the rapid and irregular breathing suggestive of arteriosclerosis of the brain vessels in the region of the respiratory center.

"Under treatment marked improvement in the pneumonia and circulatory disturbances took place, and Thursday, August 2nd, he was free from fever and pain; the acute lung congestion was practically gone. He was resting comfortably in bed and conversing with Mrs. Harding and General Sawyer when he died instantaneously without a word or groan

"We all believe he died from apoplexy or a rupture of blood vessel in the axis of the brain near the respiratory center. His death came after recovery from the acute ill-

ness was in process. It might have occurred at any time. One of his sisters died suddenly in the same manner.

(Signed)
C E. Sawyer, M D.
Ray Lyman Wilbur, M.D.
C M Cooper, M D.
J T. Boone, M D.
Hubert Work, M D."

Mr. Harding's sister, Mrs E E Remsberg, of Santa Ana, Cal, who during the day had spent a few minutes chatting with him, joined the official party and with Mrs Harding and the members of the cabinet helped frame funeral plans

It was decided to have only the simplest and shortest private funeral services in the hotel today and then take the remains directly to the funeral train which will convey them to the national capital

General Pershing, who arrived here Wednesday night, Attorney General Daugherty, who also came Thursday, Mrs Remsberg, her husband and two daughters will join the remainder of the official party on the funeral train which will leave here at 7 P M Friday, according to a statement issued from the presidential suite

A military and naval guard of honor of sixteen enlisted men and two officers representing the army and a similar representation from the navy will accompany the body. The only stops will be those necessary to change engines

The funeral train will go by way of Reno (Nevada), Ogden (Utah), Cheyenne (Wyoming), Omaha (Nebraska), Chicago, and thence to Washington Details of the route beyond Chicago will be announced later

The President's coffin will be in the last car of the crepe-shrouded train Two soldiers and two sailors representing the Army and the Navy which he commanded, will stand at attention at all times. At night, the car will be lighted.

San Franciscans, who had made elaborate plans to receive and entertain the President and his party, and who

showed the utmost solicitude and desire to serve in his illness, crowded by thousands about the hotel when newspaper extras announced the President's death It was finally necessary for Chief of Police O'Brien to order the corridors and lobbies cleared, so many men and women crowded in There were many openly in tears in the crowd, and the hush of death pervaded the throngs. Even the noisy roar of Market Street seemed to grow quieter.

The President's four-starred flag, which has flown constantly from a staff over the presidential suite, was hauled down, and in its place the stars and stripes were run to half mast All over the city the flags which yesterday flew at full staff were half-masted in mourning, and the hotel and public buildings, as well as many private structures, bore entwined the red, white and blue put there in honor of Mr Harding's coming, and the deep black of mourning

FRANK IRVING COBB

BY LINDSAY DENISON IN THE NEW YORK EVENING WORLD

(December 21)

"Frank Irving Cobb," said Henry Watterson in his autobiography, "is, as I have often said, the strongest writer of the New York press since Horace Greeley. But he can hardly be called a sentimentalist, as Greeley was . . ."

Mr Watterson's estimate was made in attacking one of the policies to which Frank Cobb gave all that was in him—that of the League of Nations The impression left by Frank Cobb is to be found most firmly marked among people who disagreed with him while respecting and loving him. No man better enjoyed being loved, and no man would have less pardoned a sacrifice of honest opinion to that affection

The meagre biographical data printed elsewhere is no mere summary of what is available. It is the aggregate record Frank Cobb was an inveterate conversationalist He liked to be where others were talking; he was at his best when talking himself, whether with one listener, two or a hall full. But his enthusiasm for narrative and controversy and homily was for ideas, his own or those of others, and not at all for Frank Cobb the individual What those close to him knew of his life came as offhand recollections of experiences or persons which he told to illustrate a situation or a character or to point a moral.

It was part of his nature to accumulate the attributes of culture as a forest tree draws stature from the air and from its native soil He did not learn French or German in the district school or the normal school But he had a facility in both, enabling him to amuse himself with the

lighter fiction of both France and Germany long before the English translations appeared. His love of classical music was critical and not a mere sense satisfaction in harmony His scientific insight and his keeping pace with modern research were such that he was safe from the humiliation of finding he had blindly followed the glamorous lure of crackpot genius or sordid charlatan.

It was not in Frank Cobb to "talk down" to any man. The university bred intellectual met him on ground which Cobb had reached by another path, but the old crony from the lumber camp was no more conscious of the grasp of affairs and the arts which had come to his newspaper friend than was the editor himself Frank Cobb's human philosophy was sound, he had to set up no artificial transmission lines for a mutual understanding with another man, whether friendly or unfriendly.

No man better enjoyed being friendly. His healthy good nature was such that unless he spoke in righteous anger—which could not be mistaken by the thickest-hided offender who ever lived—the boisterous exaggerations of his play of humor could not sting Words which from another would have drawn an angry retort or a fight were accepted as affectionate demonstrations to be answered with a grin—or did the object of them dare a contest bound to be unequal, an essay to make reply in the same spirit

His visits to the *Evening World* gave a zest to the day's work; he might be in his shirt-sleeves, hurrying to snatch a bit of information needed in a half-written editorial; he may have been running tumultuously to be the first to tell a story to one who would best appreciate it; he might have come upon what he believed to be an overpowering rejoinder to one with whom he had an argumentative difference, he might pass through to shout (for the edification of an executive) appreciation of good work done by the least considered of the staff; or it might be to express sympathy in misfortune by pausing to press a comforting hand upon a friend's shoulder. Wherever

he moved, he radiated his warmth of friendship and cheer.

Was a precise and notably abstemious veteran out of sorts and testy? Frank Cobb would openly charge him with paying the penalty of a night of riotous living. Had the most emphatic advocate of immediate and universal recognition of Irish freedom, national and individual, appeared in new raiment? Frank Cobb would proclaim that the new clothes had been "bought with British gold" Saturday afternoons have not seemed to end the week's work properly—since his illness kept him from the office—because he no longer appeared, in hat and overcoat, to make sure at the last moment nothing in the news had happened to interfere with his week-end trip to the farm and also to assure all present of his contempt for "poor wage-slave worms" who could not go out and play—quite obvious to the contradiction exhibited by the worn traveling bag in which he took the material for his own labor to the country with him

The energy generated by his enthusiasms exerted, sometimes, astonishing power for overcoming obstacles A reporter, sent to Washington when a national railroad strike threatened in 1916, heard Woodrow Wilson read his message to Congress on the emergency It was after the "dead-line" hour, too late for any but a surprisingly novel and important despatch to be written, telegraphed, edited, headed and placed in type to catch the last edition of the *Evening World*

The reporter, thinking to aid Mr Cobb in the preparation of his morning editorial by earlier information than that arriving late at night in the deliberately written despatches to the morning edition, jotted down his observation of the manner in which the assembled Congress received each paragraph of the message and sent it to Mr. Cobb by telegraph

In that evening's last issue, the reporter was astonished to find those notes in print, leading the strike situation news of the day. All rules, all mechanical difficulties, the consideration that he was least of all charged with the

supervision of the evening edition's news service, had been swept away before the rush of his conviction that Woodrow Wilson's counsel and its impression upon Congress were the vital news of the moment and should be published instantly.

Something has been said of his fearlessness of authority derived from title or other worldly man-made associations His intellectual and affectionate absorption in Woodrow Wilson amounted almost to an obsession, but he had the reputation of speaking his mind to Mr. Wilson as no one else dared who was not discarded from Mr Wilson's counsel

With Theodore Roosevelt, as might be assumed, he was ever in joyous antagonism Mr Cobb probably thought better of Mr Roosevelt than Mr Roosevelt thought of Mr Cobb It was not in President Roosevelt to dismiss a suspicion that there must be a trace of criminality in one who so frankly and continually fought him—he never quite forgave the *World* editorials on the failure of the Panama Canal libel prosecutions

Yet Mr. Cobb attributed to Mr. Roosevelt no small share in his selection to be Joseph Pulitzer's editoral chief of staff When Theodore Roosevelt passed through Detroit, campaigning as Republican candidate for Vice-President, there was drawn to his attention on the ferry taking him from Windsor to Detroit a highly displeasing editoral in the *Free Press* on a historical analogy cited by himself in the course of a recent speech. Mr Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, summoned the reporter of the *Free Press* and gave him a verbal vicarious castigation He challenged Cobb's accuracy of statement and his sanity of reasoning He demanded that Cobb be brought before him or that he at least make public acknowledgment of error

The reply, published in the next day's *Free Press,* quoted dates and texts and authoritative opinions and was almost jeeringly defiant in triumph There was no Roosevelt counter-demand or rebuttal, Mr Roosevelt sought out the young editor as a friend And with the highest ideals of Americanism and humanity in common

they battled over the expression of them until Roosevelt's death

It was the report of this clash, gained from a staff assistant sent to Detroit by Mr Pulitzer to make a first hand estimate of the editor of the *Free Press* which—Mr. Cobb was afterward told—first excited Mr Pulitzer's active interest in him

But though he feared nothing else on earth, Frank Cobb feared a bore as he hated a sneak He knew how to rid himself of the company of a sneak, but before a bore he fled with an abject dismay like that of the Kansas farmers of his father's generation who retreated from the grasshoppers to the woods of Michigan

One of his happiest anecdotes was the incident described to him by a President—the story of an elderly Chief of Staff of the army, summoned to the White House for an epochal conference, who placidly went to sleep in his chair when Senators and Cabinet members and other statesmen began a competition in profound and diffusive oratory behind which they sought to conceal their utter incapacity to understand the elements of the military problems under consideration.

Mr Cobb was no more in awe of a party than of the men who led parties In 1909 he stirred the political conscience of a Nation by the direct and indirect influence of an editorial, "The Twilight of the Gods." After reviewing the tumultuous interruptions to constructive statesmanship effected by the failure of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act because of the distraction caused by the necessity for aborting the false doctrines of the free silver agitation, he continued:

"There are thousands of Republicans who are really Democrats and thousands of Democrats who are really Republicans; but they are held to their ancient party allegiance by habit, sentiment, tradition and prejudice. Instead of seeking a party that better expresses their views they are seeking to mould their own party over to their changing principles, and the growing spirit of independence makes the issue only the more confusing

"The old battle cries fall on deaf ears. The old stand-

ards arouse little enthusiasm. The old prophecies excite no reverence. A new order is seeking to establish itself politically. This is the Twilight of the Gods"

Freedom from the tyranny of that tradition which is merely undisturbed sediment rather than crystallization; freedom from the tyranny of plausible phrase tags like "100 per cent Americanism", freedom from the domination of the fanatic and the intolerant of all creeds and any creed; a passion for the rights of the minority—these roused in Frank Cobb something of the fervor of the prophets of old. He bristled against the least suggestion of control of freedom of utterance Before the Women's City Club, Dec. 11, 1919, he said:

"For five years there has been no free play of public opinion in the world Confronted by the inexorable necessities of war, governments conscripted public opinion as they conscripted men and money and materials Having conscripted it they dealt with it as they dealt with other raw recruits. They mobilized it They put it in charge of drill sergeants. They goose-stepped it. They taught it to stand at attention and salute."

In discussing the right of newspapers to be untrammeled in doing their duty as they see it, Mr Cobb told the Ascension Church Forum, May 10, 1920: "I have never known a first class newspaper man who would not print the news if he knew it was true. In the long run, the newspaper cannot be much better than the community in which it circulates."

On the day when Woodrow Wilson left the White House to President Harding, March 4, 1921, the editorial page of the *World* was devoted to Mr. Cobb's expression of the critical tests which applied to the Wilson Administration and its head There was not a trace in it of his individual affection and near-idolatry of the personality and mind of Mr. Wilson The spirit of it is the index of Mr. Cobb's standards for editorial aloofness for personal considerations One or two brief passages illustrate:

"No man ever sat in the President's chair who was more genuinely a democrat or held more tenaciously to his faith

in democracy than Woodrow Wilson, but no other man ever sat in the President's chair who was so contemptuous of all intellect that was inferior to his own or so impatient with its laggard processes."

"Wilson as a War President—Mistakes there were in plenty, both in methods and the choice of men, and errors of judgment and the short-comings which always result from a lack of experience, but the impartial verdict of history must be that, when everything is set forth on the debit side of the balance sheet which can be set forth, Mr. Wilson must remain the most vigorous of the war Presidents Yet it is also true that history will concern itself far less with Mr Wilson as a war President than with Mr Wilson as a peace-making President It is around him as a peace-making President that all the passions and prejudices and disappointments of the world still rage"

"That war is not yet won and the Commander-in-Chief is crippled by the wounds that he received on the field of action. But the responsibility for the future does not rest with him. It rests with the self-governing peoples for whom he has blazed the trail. All the complicated issues of this titanic struggle reduce themselves to these prophetic words of Maxamilian Harden 'Only one conqueror's work will endure—Wilson's thought'"

"While military experts are acrimoniously discussing the lessons of the war," Mr. Cobb wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for August, 1921, "the most important lesson attracts practically no attention on their part. It was the lesson that was demonstrated in its most dramatic form by the American intervention—that is, that economic resources can be easily and quickly translated into military resources and that a sound economic system is the essential element in any extensive military undertaking But these resources are not interchangeable. Economic energy can be speedily converted into military energy, but military energy is not reconvertible into economic energy. Like the radiated heat of the sun, it is lost It can never be reassembled and welded into another sun"

To an assemblage of women voters in January, 1923, he contributed this opinion as to the working out of women's suffrage:

"To double majorities, minorities, the intelligent vote, the ignorant vote, the idealistic votes and all the other votes; to bring into the political situation an element corresponding in some respects to the leisure class that has been one of the best influences in English politics; and probably to make no worse a mess of things than men alone have made I think the average American never had so little trust in government as he has now There are 27,000,000 of you women. We men have made a muddle of government. Go to it, and God help you."

OBITUARY OF A NOBODY

BY ALFRED SEGAL IN THE CINCINNATI POST

(April 14, under the headline "The Eulogy of a Pauper")

This was the funeral day of "Old Jim" Smith, 72, who killed himself at the City Infirmary where he had lived 18 years No sermon was preached for "Old Jim", no silk-hatted pallbearers carried him, no ornamental hearse drove him away in fine style; no organ played a processional for him, no floral tributes were piled at his feet, no silken pillow rested his head

Having been a pauper in a poorhouse, "Old Jim" had never expected these things, anyhow

So we thought it would be a good joke on "Old Jim" to give him, in the columns of this paper, what he didn't expect—a funeral sermon such as rich men get, even when they do not deserve it

And here is our sermon for "Old Jim" in full

"Friends This man was James Smith. He was called 'Old Jim' He was born in our city 72 years ago. Work was his portion from earliest youth By trade he was a gardener. He knew every tree and flower by name He knew how, with the pollen of two roses, to create a new rose more beautiful and fragrant than either.

"So he created beauty in the world He made gardens to bloom in barren places. The work of his hands was like a benediction.

"He toiled a lifetime

"'I shall plant the seed well,' he said, 'and in my old age I shall gather the harvest In the sunset of my life I shall sit in my own garden and be content. My labor shall have earned for me a fair competence for my support to the end of my days.'

"He conducted a small florist's business in one of the

suburbs His wife died, and also his children, but, unbeaten, he went about creating new life and new beauty in the gardens.

"When he was 54 he had already gathered in a modest harvest.

"'A few years more,' he said, 'and then the sunset and rest and contentment in my garden'

"And then a false friend took from him all he had gathered"

"He went to the poorhouse and became 'Old Jim' And, though hope and courage had gone from his heart, his hand still reached out for beauty to create, and he worked in the gardens of the poorhouse, and new flowers sprang up at his touch

"And when a mortal disease seized him he bore the agony of it without complaint, when he could endure it no longer, he went out into the night and drowned himself in a pond

"So he who had contributed much loveliness to the world died unloved and friendless

"But, friends, who shall say that he was not a success, even though he died a pauper? He gave much more than he received—and, in the final balancing of the ledger, he who has given much is to be accounted much richer than he who has only received

"So we honor today not 'Old Jim,' A Failure, but 'Old Jim,' A Success"

And this is the end of our sermon.

There were no coffin, no hearse, nor flowers at "Old Jim's" funeral His body was lifted to an undertaker's wagon and carried to the medical college, as the law requires be done with those in the infirmary who die friendless

So his body was dedicated to the study of disease.

Thus James Smith will continue to do good in the world

PERSONALITY STORIES

A GLIMPSE OF HARDING

BY BOYDEN SPARKES IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

(August 3, under the headline "President Retained Geniality of His Days in Old Home Town")

It was always difficult to think of him as the President of the United States. He looked the part more than any of his immediate predecessors. He behaved with a nicely adjusted dignity befitting the office. His written speeches had the ring of authority. His extemporaneous phrases were worth remembering. And yet—

One always had the feeling that when the blinds of the White House were down he would be smiling to himself at the thought of Dick Crissinger, barefooted Dick, with whom he used to steal watermelons, as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, of Doc Sawyer's thin shoulders supporting the epaulettes of a brigadier general; of big, loud-voiced Ed Scobie as Director of the Mint.

The American schools are only partly responsible for the inability of Americans to comprehend their presidents, to think of them as human beings. The bulk of the blame belongs to the people, because they insist that the President shall be a denatured creature who must never be seen having a real good time.

Here was a man who loved and understood dogs, forced at the height of his powers to maintain a balance between hordes of politicians, to weigh every word he uttered, to concern himself twenty-four hours a day with doing the becoming thing. Let no one nurse the belief that he was contemptuous toward politicians. He believed it was every American's duty to be something of a politician. Between Mark Hanna and William McKinley I am sure his admiration was all for Mark Hanna. He liked politicians for the same reason that he loved

dogs, because they usually are loyal to their friends, and if he was ever disloyal to a friend I am sure the action never ceased to trouble his conscience.

Because there is an Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States the impression probably prevails, in foreign countries at least, that the President of the United States necessarily should regard liquor as a curse I feel sure that he regarded prohibition as national hypocrisy. If he had remained merely the editor of The Marion *Star* he might have said so. When he became a Senator, and a Republican Senator, and after that President, speaking his mind would have entailed complications.

He was a corking bridge player and his skill at poker is a tradition of the Marion Club and of the Elks Lodge there I should like to wager that every President of the United States ever has had or ever shall have played or will play cards, but the people refuse to believe this, so it generally is not mentioned It is difficult to see how he would have been a better President if he had not enjoyed cards, but White House tradition is against it

One time when he was discussing his life in the White House he complained of one of the customs that tradition fastens on the place "I never could feel otherwise than guilty when I am served first at meals, instead of Mrs Harding," he said Probably he weighed that custom as carefully as any problem of statecraft before he became reconciled to it, if he ever did

His respect for the office he held was tremendous and was reflected in the care with when he expressed his criticism of Woodrow Wilson during the campaign and afterwards, but there must have been many times when he railed at the limitations it placed on his own activities, on the opportunties for him to talk things over with his wife. When Mrs. Harding was convalescing from her serious illness in the late fall of 1922 she spoke of this, saying,

"In one way this illness has been a blessing We have had more time with each other than at any period since the beginning of the campaign. Before I had to go to bed there was not a minute of the day that either of us

was free. There was never a meal when we were alone

"I can tell you it was a treat to be able to take advantage of my condition and sit upstairs here in the evening and talk to my husband"

Neither of them ever appeared to be thoroughly comfortable when they were separated from each other by much distance They were full partners in the enterprise that brought them into the White House. They relied on each other and continued to be interested in each other. Harry Daugherty was as much the friend of Florence Harding as he was of Warren Harding. That was one of the noteworthy things about them their faculty was developing strong friendships for the same people—and the same dogs

"I haven't any ambitions for myself," she confided one time "I'm perfectly content to trail along with Warren Harding. He has the warmest human sympathy of any man I've ever known and if this country doesn't appreciate him, well"—she closed her lips tightly and it seemed a dire threat for the country

"Those newsboys down at the *Star* office were always just as crazy about him as his dogs were. You know I was at the *Star* for fourteen years.

"Mr Harding was taken ill not long after we were married, and then the circulation manager quit I had always told Warren that he wasn't getting the money out of his circulation that he should get The papers were just sold over the counter in the business office There was no delivery.

"I went down there intending to help out for a few days, and I stayed fourteen years. I started the carrier system and the boys we had there have surely grown up to be splendid men There was one red-headed youngster that we took an especial fancy to That was Orrie Baldinger When Mr. Harding went to Columbus to the State Senate we took Orrie with us and Mr Harding had him made a page. Those boys got $5 a day during the sessions. Orrie's father was dead, and his mother had to make her own way He sent her his wages She saved them for him, and when he was a little older sent him to

Staunton, the Virginia military academy. He had a natural bent for military things."

That red-headed youngster became Major Baldinger, an officer of the Air Service and later a White House Aid.

When the Hardings returned to Marion in July, 1922, after they had been in the White House a few months more than a year, Major Baldinger was with them They returned to town late one night and comparatively few had seen them prior to their appearance the following day at the fair grounds The grand stand was a solid, sweltering mass of humanity. A section of the racetrack had been roped off

Around at the first quarter the fence had been taken down and along about 2 o'clock in the afternoon the band was almost worn out from its efforts to keep the crowd quiet Motor cars containing old Doctor Harding, the President's father; General Sawyer (who will never be other than Doc Sawyer in Marion) George B Christian, Jr, and other members of the party had been cheered with what seemed to be tophole steam, and then a White House automobile swung through the opening in the fence.

There were the President and the President's wife. Except for the silk hat worn by Mr Harding the crowd would have admitted they were as natural as life They whooped and yelled in vain efforts to express their pride in this couple until it was asking too much to expect more noise from them, but when they saw sitting opposite to the President a glittering figure in blue and gold, whose white gloved hands were primly folded on the hilt of a shining saber and whom they recognized as the redheaded former newsboy of the Marion *Star*, their enthusiasm became hysterical. They had a picture of democracy that the rest of the world seldom sees It had been as carefully prepared for them as one of those sound editorials that the editor of the Marion *Star* used to write

A less discerning man than Warren Harding might have thought it wise to appear before his home folks that afternoon in simple fashion, perhaps with his trousers almost as baggy as they used to be before a troup of moving

picture photographers began to earn a living stalking him. But he had edited a paper for them too many years not to know what they expected, and he gave them a picture of the President of the United States that satisfied their imaginations and revealed something of the magic of the office They were delighted, but when they had their fill of the picture he began to talk to them, and they were soon assured that the President was no whit different than the man who had grown up among them

His acid test for everything that was proposed to him, that is, involving his participation, was to ask himself if it would be becoming His heart must have had equal authority with his head in the making of many decisions For example, on that trip to his home town it was proposed that he stay at Dr Sawyer's farm, which is also a sanatorium Other splendid homes were suggested, since a fairly imposing staff had accompanied him to Marion But he vetoed all of these propositions and said that he would stay at the home of his father

It is a frame house, ornamented with the wooden lace of scroll saws, crowded with an assortment of furniture, none of which was designed to serve a President of the United States There were bamboo whatnots, horsehair sofas, creaky-springed morris chairs, but it was the home of Warren Harding's father and he went there, slapped his straw hat on one of the pegs of the hall tree, swung himself out of his coat and announced that he was glad to be "home"

It was dark in the hall, but the few friends who still hovered on the lawn fancied they could see the immeasurable pride of the white-haired old man who possessed the sole right to call the President of the United States "son."

From whatever angle one viewed his character his deep loyalty to his friends was always apparent If you enjoyed his faith his eyes never encountered yours without warming.

After each biweekly Cabinet meeting from fifty to a hundred or more newspapermen of Washington would be ushered into the circular green room that served as his office. Standing behind his desk he would shuffle a hand-

ful of slips of paper upon which questions had been written He would read aloud such as he was prepared to discuss or answer Some he turned down on the table without a word, although his mobile features might tighten significantly. Then, when all of the questions had been disposed of and the correspondents were beginning to move slowly from the room, he might see in this throng one of the correspondents who had kept at his coattails throughout the campaign

"Why, hello, there" To hear him say it the least credulous person in the world might feel that he had been longing for just such an encounter.

"Now, tell me— How are the children?"

He had a habit of clinging to the hand of the person he greeted as if he sought to avoid the appearance of being in a hurry It must have been his own strong disappointment at not having children that caused him to be genuinely interested in those that were around him But there can be small doubt that he endowed at least one person with the affection that he might have lavished on a son and that was his secretary, Christian

Before the President entered politics actively Mr Christian worked as a cub reporter on the Marion *Star*, and he is one of the first to confess that he was not a very good cub When Mr Christian married he moved into a house next door to the one that the Hardings had built for themselves The babies of the Christians were equally at home in the house of the Hardings and the tall, straight young West Pointer, who is now First Lieutenant Warren Harding Christian—according to his father, was actually confused, as a baby, as to which house was his home.

When Mr Harding went to Washington as Senator from Ohio he invited George Christian to go along as his secretary. Christian protested that he didn't equal to the job.

"Well, I want you to come and that settles it, doesn't it?"

During the Presidential campaign several men managed to accumulate authority around campaign headquarters to a degree that caused their names to be mentioned in the

speculation concerning the identity of the man who would be named secretary to the President—a post of responsibility almost equal to that of a Cabinet member

"I know nothing of politics" predicted one of Marion's substantial citizens after overhearing some of this speculation one night, "but I can assure you of one thing. George Christian has been Senator Harding's secretary and he will be President Harding's secretary Warren never goes back on his friends"

One may understand much about Warren Harding by knowing how he felt toward dogs and there is no better way to achieve that understanding than by reading a yellowed and crumbling column of print in a file of the Marion *Star* of eighteen years ago. It was an obituary of his dog and it was written with as much feeling as any Presidential message to Congress

"Jumbo, the *Star* office dog," it began, "died Sunday, not from old age but from somebody's cruel poisoning or from extreme heat

"Jumbo was probably known to more people in Marion than any dog in the city. He had been making acquaintances at the *Star* office for eight years He had romped with hundreds of newsboys and found canine joy in their familiar greetings Yet there was a serious side to this playful, good-natured dog He had a watchful eye for the suspicious looking and would guard a trust with a faithfulness that men might well imitate He was over zealous, perhaps, in exercising the responsibility he felt in keeping watch at the home which sheltered him, but he never harmed anyone without cause He was only a dumb brute, but had proved his intelligence, made himself understood with his great, tender eyes, and possessed a rare combination of intelligence and docility. The *Star* workers, from press room to business office, felt Jumbo to be part of the force, and it would be false to the feelings of all to allow his passing without notice and tribute.

"Dear old Jumbo! Your eight years of devotion and faithfulness have emphasized the realization that a good dog's life is all too short—and you were a good dog! You taught us anew how a fine, noble dog like you can

win his way to human hearts and grow attachments most painful to have severed"

On Christmas, following the election in 1920, in the late afternoon Mr Harding was striding toward the home of one of his friends He was following an old custom of making a round of informal calls A stoop-shouldered man slouched past the group the President-elect was leading.

"Merry Christmas," said the man He spoke uncertainly

A full second passed Then Mr Harding returned the greeting But he did not put his heart in it Half a dozen steps further on he exclaimed "That blanked-de-blank poisoned my dog."

Laddie Boy, entering the White House, inherited an entailed estate of love generated by all those other dogs that had preceded him in the affections of the President In two years Laddie Boy has probably learned more about his master than any mere human could hope to know If he could write his obituary of this man it would be literature

Warren Harding smoked cigarettes and chewed tobacco and wore suspenders Sometimes he swore, and when he swore the oaths were nine fathoms deep If he rode on anything he wanted to go fast His idea of a comfortable pace in an automobile was fifty miles an hour, and if that was not his habitual rate of travel in an automobile, forty-five miles was Anything less annoyed him

Frank Blacksten became his chauffeur at least six years before he ever could have thought of himself as a possible President of the United States

"Don't let anybody tell you the boss is slow," boasted Frank one time.

"Say, one night we were coming back from Columbus and a fellow was hogging the road in front of us. I kept blowing the horn and blowing the horn and he wouldn't get over and he wouldn't go faster Finally the boss says, 'Here, gimme that wheel,' and he gave a blast of the horn and stepped on the gas and we went by that fellow and took one of his fenders with us"

No one resented more than the President himself in

those days when he was merely the candidate that an impression should exist that he was merely the creature of a group of powerful Senators

"If you should think I'm a stuffed shirt in this campaign," he said one time, "don't utter the thought around the Marion Club Those men know me"

Their faith in him was and is inspiring It never wavered His selection at Chicago in 1920 was, to their way of thinking, an operation of Divine Providence If he was criticized the critic was wise who uttered the criticism elsewhere than in Marion

But it was really difficult in Marion to get a picture of him as an American statesman although some one was always ready to buttonhole any one who would listen to tell about the time when Warren played poker and lost the money with which he should have bought news print; or the time when he joined an almost stranded company of actors and played in a nearby town, or how he calmly went ahead and built a house and was married to Mrs Harding in the parlor of this new dwelling in spite of the outspoken objections of her father, then the richest man in town; or about the time the Marion Silver Band, in which he played a French horn, went to Portsmouth—or perhaps it was Xenia—and won the first prize, a silver loving cup

He was sentimental beyond words and celebrated anniversaries with enthusiasm It was his birthday and Election Night as well. On the table of the Harding home, in 380 Mount Vernon Avenue, was a cake covered with candles and decorated with pink icing A small group of people straggled up the front walk and onto the porch. One of the women in the party stepped over to the bell, hesitated a moment and then rang it There was a brief exchange of words with the negro who opened the door and then Mr Harding appeared, his table napkin still in his hand

One of the group stumbled through a carefully prepared presentation speech and then—it was old Luther Miller, a long-bearded printer, oldest employee of the Marion *Star*—fairly poked a gift into the editor's hand. It was

a golden printer's rule Then the old printer delivered the last line of his speech. He said that everybody on the *Star* knew that the country was going to have a good President.

It was the editor of the *Star* who tried to speak then. His face twitched The lines beside his nose and mouth deepened and then tears streamed from his eyes. He tried again to make some kind of reply and then he just began to shake hands with all of them When he had done that he did talk But his real speech that night was in the tears and the handshake

Those of us who were fortunate enough to cover the campaign as a newspaper assignment decided to give him a dinner as an acknowledgment of his courteous treatment. As a jest we termed it the first meeting of the Elephant Club and declared Warren Harding to be Chief Mahout He accepted the office and then announced that the next meeting would be in the White House That was gracefully said and we dismissed it as a light remark, but within a little more than a month after his inauguration each reporter received a telegram from George B Christian declaring that a meeting of the Elephant Club had been called, that we were to present ourselves at the White House for dinner

It was an evening to remember. He turned on all the lights, used all the servants, the state dining room, had a flashlight photograph taken for the first time in the existence of that historic room, and then led us about the place with as much interest as if he was an invader He showed us what used to be Abraham Lincoln's bedroom and there were Warren Harding's bedroom slippers placed before a chair on which his bathrobe was carefully laid and on the bed itself were the Presidential pajamas His manner indicated that the President was out for the evening and that through some magic Warren Harding of the Marion *Star* had obtained possession of the keys of the White House and was determined to show a few friends a thoroughly good time And that is only one of the reasons why I say it was always difficult to think of him as the President of the United States.

THE BOY TROTZKY OF HARLEM

BY ISHBEL ROSS IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

(November 28, under the headline "Boy Trotzky of Harlem, 11, Arrested By Bomb Squad")

Leo Granoff, the Boy Trotzky, whose dark doings in Harlem have suddenly been uncovered by the police, is not so much of a terror to meet To begin with, he's only eleven years old, a little shaver with snapping brown eyes and unkempt black hair that blows in a communistic wave over his head.

It wouldn't be true to form if it blew any other way, for Leo's a Communist from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet—and not in theory alone Didn't he organize the Harlem branch of the Young Workers' League? And didn't the cops pick him up at the corner of 107th Street and Lexington Avenue after midnight yesterday and find a sheaf of pamphlets in his pocket with the Internationale, the Red Flag and other songs of "anarchistic tendencies?"

"Gee! I was only waiting for my mother to come back from the Moscow Art Theater. I was afraid to be home alone and the wind was blowing and I stood in the druggist's door to get shelter and the cops got me and searched me," said Leo, in explaining how he happened to fall into the hands of the law

Told like this it sounds simple, but he knows very well that the bomb squad is after him In fact, Lieutenant J. Gegan and Detective Louis Herman, both of the aforementioned squad, are making a serious investigation of the activities of Leo, who is declared to be rapidly converting the youth of Harlem into red-hot communists It is further reported that many mothers handed out spankings in the same part of town after Detective Herman had called

around to say that young Sadie, Emmanuel et al. were on the accredited list of members of the league

The youngest was seven and the oldest was fourteen, but eleven-year-old Leo unquestionably is the youngest person who has ever engaged the attention of the bomb squad in this city. When he came before Judge Hoyt in the Children's Court and was charged with juvenile delinquency he was put on probation until December 15. In the meantime his Red activities will be investigated

Leo is rated A No 1 in his school Public School 171, 19 East 106th Street Both Myron T Wilson, principal, and Miss Nancy Kirkman, his assistant, say his conduct is impeccable As for Leo, he thinks the way they teach grammar, spelling and arithmetic is all right, but history—! Gee! it's nothing but patriotism. And when Leo thinks of patriotism he tugs at his green sweater and grows inarticulate But Leo has naïve ideas on many subjects He is a vegetarian, scorns candy, gave up Nick Carter years ago and reads only Russian Communistic literature, prances around the halls of his tenement without the gross encumbrance of his clothing and is only staying in this country because he thinks they need him a little more here than they do in Russia.

Mention Russia and Leo's eyes blaze with enthusiasm. He is frank to admit that all his knowledge of that country comes from letters received by a friend of his from "a fellow out there" But Russia certainly is the place to be if one were not so badly needed here! He is of Russian parentage His father died about two years ago Leo was born in this country and grudgingly admits to being an American There are two other children in the family and they are in a home. Mrs. Granoff is a shirt maker Leo runs his life according to his own ideas.

He took to his roller skates and fled when reporters and photographers called yesterday at his home, 114 East 108th Street. Finally, induced into his own kitchen, it was necessary to remind him that many of his worthy prototypes in the communistic world had submitted to being photographed before he would pull a cloth away from his face and look at the camera.

He explained at length that he had organized the Junior Harlem branch of the Young Workers' League, which had headquarters at 1008 North State Street, Chicago As far as Leo knows, there are three of these branches in greater New York, and they meet for athletic purposes.

One is in Williamsburg, one in "Chinatown" and the third is his own The pamphlets he had in his pocket came from headquarters, he said He alone took responsibility, however, for roping in the young Harlemites Indeed, the youngest member, who came recently from southern Virginia, was given the "Internationale" set to music to take home and play on her violin Her mother was shocked and tore it up There was a spanking in this house

The membership cards are a violent red, symbolical of the purpose of the club. The children pay 10 cents a month, one nickel going to the league, the other for the social purposes of the club Harry Fox is the director and the last meeting was held at 143 East 103rd Street last Saturday

No one knows how the police came to learn that Leo was a Red It may have been the accident of finding the pamphlets in his pocket Every one in his block knew all about him, however In fact, he was counsellor and friend to the fat, the lovelorn and the sick. He knows all about protein and calories and has frequently advised the fat ladies of his block to eschew—here is his own list—milk, cheese, potatoes, cream, candy and most kinds of bread

"This is no political club," he explained "We're an athletic club, but I'll tell you one thing—we don't allow no bourgeoisie into it We won't have any paraseets (parasites) like the Rockefellers in it—no, or less richer men than him. We wouldn't have the rich man's children"

Leo was sure he would rather see a Soviet in this country than the present form of government, but it took him several minutes' meditation to tell why. He rubbed his hair, crinkled his brows in deep thought and finally gave a series of disjointed reasons.

"You know this country is supposed to be a free country for free speech and free assemblage," he said. "But there's only free speech and free assemblage for such things as I call the bourgeoisie My mother works in a shop Other men, women and children work in shops. They don't get enough pay The workers don't get any chance at free assemblage"

It was to help the cause he could only vaguely define that Leo organized the league, he said. It seems to him that patriotism must be done away with He will never sing "America" in school and it is told of him that one day when the preamble to the Constitution was being recited he put up his hand and asked his teacher why they should talk about justice when children were employed in the Pennsylvania mines It appears that Leo once visited some of the mines and has made the employment of the young in mines one of the many planks in his elastic platform

Having airily dismissed America's national figures Leo went on to give his views on al fresco living, little clothing, less food and free love People don't live naturally, he thinks

Although he is all for free love he doesn't believe it is practical with the way the world is now.

Asked if he'd like to go to the Russia he admires so much, Leo became a little firebrand With arms outspread and blazing eyes he said "In Russia they don't need me so much They need me more here than in Russia, for conditions are worse here than in Russia"

And Leo was so serious that no one laughed

Next minute he owned up to the commonplace ambition of wanting to be a civil engineer

"But what about helping the cause of communism?" he was reminded

"Oh," rather vaguely, "I'll do that, too"

The truth was Leo was getting tired of answering questions, although he has the reputation of being able to talk sustainedly for hours on his favorite subject. He repeats like a parrot all the favorite communistic theories. He burns with fervor as he goes along. Even Herman, of

the bomb squad, was impressed He is the man specially delegated to look into the activities of the league. They have been meeting in a hall owned by the Workingmen's Circle.

Leo's mother lets him talk. She is away all day and, according to Miss Kirkman, has been responsible for Leo being late many mornings She came to the school to announce that she would not get up at any set time in order to have Leo there promptly. There was no other complaint against him in school He is the brightest boy in 6-B Patrolman Thomas J Donegan arrested him when he found him in the street after midnight.

AN ARTIST AND AN ARTIST

BY STANLEY MITCHELL IN THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

(August 23, under above headline)

Meet Pete

He needs a shave. His face is grimy. His hands are black.

It wouldn't do to shake hands with Pete. It would soil those white kid gloves madam is wearing to the reception to the great Signor Bozo, who sculps so delightfully in his sculping clay.

Besides, Pete is busy

Pete shovels black sand into a box He makes a few passes over the sand and behold, it lies as flat and smooth as the top of a polished table. Then he makes more swift motions with his thumb and in the sand there appears an oblong depression, with the corners square to a "T."

Quite square? Well, perhaps not quite, for Pete squints at it shrewdly, puts his rule on it and then skillfully scoops out about half a teaspoonful of black sand

Now it is square Molten metal is run into the mold The result is a door for the heating apparatus. It must fit to the thirty-second of an inch or the work is wasted

With Signor Bozo it is different He sculps for an ornament to go on the mantel over the fireplace If his thumb slips and Hercules gets a concave note, the Signor can rename his Hercules "Jack Dempsey" and get away with it

Yet Signor Bozo and all Greenwich Village back of him cannot do in a week what Pete does in ten minutes and repeats all day long He works as accurately and swiftly as Michelangelo is said to have drawn his freehand circles.

Nevertheless, Pete works in a foundry, not a studio Stroll down Fremont street a couple of blocks from Market, gaze in at the open door just as Longfellow's children used to look at the village blacksmith and you will see Pete at work

They call him a molder He works every day, on Saturday signs the payroll and eats regularly Signor Bozo drinks afternoon tea I don't know what Pete drinks

If you called him an artist he'd probably heave a bar of iron at you.

BILL LOVETT'S FINISH

BY WALTER DAVENPORT IN THE NEW YORK HERALD

(November 2, under the headline · "Gang Chief Lovett Killed on a Drunk.")

The reformation of Bill Lovett ended yesterday morning.

Bill, a ganster whose reputation compared favorably for ferocity with that of any of the famed bad men of Manhattan, was killed in his back room hangout, 25 Bridge street, Brooklyn—three shots through the head at close range and then a bashing that broke his skull

The way they killed him was a great tribute to his prowess. The three shots would have killed an elephant, the bashing must have been just to make sure

Capt. John Sullivan, in charge of detectives investigating the killing, believes Bill was killed by a man who had posed as his friend, and who thus had got into the back room where Bill and his gang were wont to foregather. One look at the room indicates the captain may be correct.

It was high time that such a setting be used for doing murder. All the properties of the cheap thriller, even to the black bottle, the candle, the smoke blacked lamp, the pot bellied stove, the greasy pine table and the rat holes in the floor were there.

And it's altogether likely that whoever killed Bill would not have got away with it had Bill been sober Lovett was drunk—dead drunk—when he and Joe Flynn of 72 South Elliot street, Brooklyn, and Peg-leg John Rafferty entered the Bridge street place Wednesday afternoon to sleep it off. Bill was backsliding, perhaps only temporarily, for he had been sober and, according to Anna Lonergan Lovett, his frail, blond wife, he was a dutiful husband and a fine provider

Reform, being alien to Bill's nature, had palled a little, and Bill was back in his old haunts under the Manhattan Bridge having a fling Probably he had meant to sober up yesterday and go to the home of his mother, 1462 Seventy-second street, Bay Ridge, it being her sixtieth birthday, and then return to Anna, his wife, in his two and a half story home in Little Ferry, N J., where he was undergoing the reformation

The police arrested Flynn last night. They admitted they had very little evidence against him, but they questioned him for several hours and held him rather than take chances The charge is murder.

Bill was a little fellow, mild and cold and treacherous He had one bad lung from gas breathed at the front while he was a machine gunner in the Seventy-seventh Division Also he had a bullet in his hip to keep him reminded of the war This one added to the three pumped into him yesterday morning brought the total of Bill's pistol wounds to eight. The other four had been accumulated in Brooklyn gang fights No wonder the boys looked on Bill as invulnerable!

Lovett was to have reported to the foreman in a Paterson silk mill yesterday for work at $35 a week, that's how far his reformation had taken him It was to have been probably the first prosaic workaday job Bill ever had taken

The police, who cannot help being cynical, were a trifle suspicious of all this new life that Bill had taken up. It wasn't Bill Lovett's way, never saw it work out right yet But they admit they were breathing more regularly with Bill over in the trees and grass of Jersey and last night they said that a great load had been lifted off their minds by the knowledge that all that remains of Bill Lovett lies stiff on a slab in the Kings County Morgue

Bill's gang had no picturesque name He learned the ways of the mob as a gun toting lieutenant of Dinny Meehan, boss of the White Hand gang which held forth in Baltic street in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. The police got tired of the White Hand boys and made their lives so miserable that they almost disbanded. Dinny

Meehan moved over to Bridge street, where he organized a nice little mob at No. 25. Bill Lovett moved over too, but he and Dinny disagreed.

The war absorbed Bill. He was demobilized on July 26, 1919, and at once hurried back to Bridge street to challenge the leadership of Dinny. Bill's lung needed attention and he went to the hospital. He was discharged early in 1920 and the doctors told him that they'd give him six months to live and no more. But Bill hastened back to Bridge street. Dinny Meehan was shot to death in Sackett street, Brooklyn, soon after and Bill was arrested. It seemed certain that Bill must have done it, but the witnesses were lacking. Witnesses are always lacking in a gang murder.

Bill had been arrested for the killing of Garry Barry before the war. Garry, a ferocious young man, who was held in high esteem by Dinny because of his loyalty and his ability to fight, was shot to death in a house in Dean street. Bill was arrested for that. The witnesses weren't available.

With Garry Barry and Dinny Meehan out of the way, Bill had nothing to do but walk into 25 Bridge street, take Dinny's chair and issue orders. Bill, at last, was boss. But as every usurper has his enemies, so had Bill. One of them was Eddie Hughes, a dock walloper, who loved Dinny and hated his foes. Eddie died in a club in Nassau street, Brooklyn, last June. The Coroner found seven bullets in Eddie's body. Bill was suspected, but the witnesses couldn't be found.

Nineteen times in the last thirteen years Bill had been arrested. The charges ran the whole gamut—murder, assault (felonious and otherwise), burglary, highway robbery, larceny and plain disorderly conduct. The only conviction against him was on the disorderly conduct charge. That was back in September, 1910. Bill served six months in the workhouse for that—calling a policeman bad names or something of the sort. When he died Bill was only 31.

Yesterday morning about 8:30 Patrolman James Ryan strolled into Bill's hangout in Bridge street pursuant to

his orders to keep an eye on the place. It is a four story brick structure surrounded by factories and gas tanks and is only a block from the river Bill's outfit held forth in the back room on the ground floor

They called it the Loader's Club because it was from that room that freight handlers were dispatched in gangs to work on the docks and in warehouses Bill and his men were the bosses of the loaders The latter would report at 25 Bridge street every morning looking for work

They paid for jobs according to the wages they got The loader getting as much as $6 a day paid Bill and his boys as high as $2. If the day fetched the loader only $4 Bill was compassionate and took only $1 The loader knew better than to hold out, nobody paid much attention or raised much of a fuss if a loader disappeared

Usually they had no families or relatives to raise the fuss The bodies found floating in the river just went to the morgue, and after a few days were buried by the police Besides, Bill and his mob were useful in times of strike For so much a week they saw to it that scabs lost their enthusiasm, if not more

The police had made it a standing order that the Loaders' Club should be visited every morning, and that's why Patrolman Ryan went in yesterday It's a dark hole You can't tell whether the walls are painted brown or just dirty On one side of the room there hangs a framed lithograph of the ultimate hope of the poker player—a royal flush Across from it, elegantly oiled on Japanned tin, is a picture of the frozen Neva, with what was St. Petersburg in the background

Awkwardly, as a slain man lies, lay Bill, with his arms doubled under him, one leg under the potbellied stove and the other out at a wide angle, one shoe on and the other off Bill probably had tried to rise the moment he was killed Whatever they had used to smash Bill's head was missing Ryan turned in an alarm The one window in the room was open Under Bill's head was Joe Flynn's coat. Joe admitted it was his when Capt Sullivan questioned him, but he said that he had left the club at 7

o'clock Wednesday night when aroused by Peg Leg Rafferty, who says he lives in the Prospect lodging house, which offers rooms to "Gents Only" at 50 cents a night.

Peg Leg says that he left soon after Joe did because he, like Joe, had a good job to go to in the morning They say they left Bill to sleep off his whisky They had bought a large soda bottle of the stuff for 50 cents They had finished that and a part of a second Peg Leg said that he tried to arouse Bill, but that Bill was too far gone Anybody might have entered after Joe and Peg Leg left

Bill married Anna Lonergan July 26 last It was on the anniversary of his discharge from the army and Bill made much of this fact at the time to prove that he had the normal allotment of sentiment and was as other men in all natural emotions Anna's mother just had been acquitted of murdering her husband, a sanguinary animal named John Lonergan, who had a bicycle store at 261 Bridge street and who used to beat the mother and most of the numerous children whenever he was a bit out of sorts The jury in Mrs Lonergan's case found itself unable to censure her for killing the man

Anna Lonergan is one of those frail, tired and hard working women who are not completely satisfied unless they have something like Bill to worry about They were married amid much newspaper publicity and neighborhood excitement Bill promised to reform, and Anna, wisely deciding that reform did not flourish in Bridge street, took his money and rented a little house in Little Ferry, N J She furnished it, hired a man to dig a garden, which she planted with her own fingers, and mapped out a comeback program for her Bill

Bill called her "The Sheriff" and she did everything but call Bill "Willie" That probably would have been fatal But Bill, who had weighed but 110 pounds when the doctors discharged him from the hospital and told him that he'd be dead in six months, was in love, and when a guy's in love—

One of the things on Bill's comeback schedule was hiking Every Saturday morning Bill and Anna packed lunch, took a trolley up to some place above Fort Lee and

hiked the Palisades Bill never talked about it. It would never do a gang leader's reputation any good to have it known that a skirt was leading him on hikes like a Boy Scout or something But Bill did it and it was the salvaging of Bill He weighed 154 pounds when he died.

Bill and Anna left the Little Ferry home on Monday, she says, and came to the city to call on friends Bill wasn't drinking, hadn't had a drink for a long time The evening was most circumspect They returned to Little Ferry before midnight

On Tuesday Bill said that he had to come to New York on business He wasn't very definite about the nature of the business and, woman like, Anna was a bit suspicious It was all right, he assured her No, he wouldn't set foot in Brooklyn He'd see none of the gang Just a little business matter He'd be home early

Bill didn't come home Tuesday night Anna telephoned here and there, but heard nothing of him On Wednesday the telephone failed her again and she came in She found tidings of Bill in several places along the water front in Brooklyn and then she knew that Bill had slipped a little and needed her Her course was clear She'd roam around the old neighborhood asking questions Eventually she would find Bill and take him home and Bill would be contrite

On Wednesday afternoon she telephoned to Rice's saloon at York and Jay street and asked for Tom Shands, who was barkeep there when Bill used to frequent it She had heard that Bill had been there Shands hasn't been in Rice's employ for some time, but the new barkeep told her that Bill wasn't there either She tried another saloon Bill was there He told her to meet him near the place, but although she waited there an hour Bill failed to appear Too drunk to probably

FROM STICK-UP MAN TO SQUIRE

BY GEORGE P STONE IN THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

(November 27, under the headline "Terry Druggan Takes Weeghman's Estate")

Terry Druggan, daredevil chief of the "valley gang," is buying Charles Weeghman's country estate at Lake Zurich out of a fortune made in beer running

He has put down $5,000 of an agreed $150,000 On Dec 1 (if he finds the place up to expectations) he will move from his newly acquired town apartment in Lake Shore drive to become a country squire, with a retinue recruited in the bad lands of his start in life, around West 18th street and Blue Island avenue

Some of Squire Druggan's lads are on the place already, chivvying the blooded stock about with "gats" and scandalizing the old-fashioned neighborhood with their "west side" ways

They almost queered the whole deal the other day, neighbors say, by driving Weeghman and some friends off the place with guns Weeghman had gone out to get some personal belongings, unaware that Terry had put some of the gang on guard

"Nix!" they told him, according to a story told in the neighborhood "Nix on the moving racket You don't take nothing off this farm unless Terry Druggan gives the word"

Whatever the difficulties, they must have been adjusted, because Weeghman—restaurant man, sportsman, former owner of the Cubs—admitted today that he expects the deal to be completed on Dec 1.

"Why not?" he said "Druggan seems like a decent sort. I've met him just once, up in Clarence Darrow's law office, but he behaved himself perfectly And he has the money Dough is dough, you know"

The hesitancy is all on Squire Terry's side This is Druggan's first experience with country places, for it wasn't long ago that he was "knocking off" beer trucks, sticking up bootleggers and dealing in other small change. He wants to make sure that he's getting $150,000 worth He has surveyors out checking up the boundary lines, abstractors looking into the title, mechanics going over the water system, the barns, the livestock pens—all under the eyes of his loyal gangsters

Druggan's rise from humble beginnings, out in the dismal "valley," to his present wealth and eminence, makes a dramatic story—a 1923 Alger yarn. "From Stickup Man to Squire"

Terry's still young It was just a few years ago that he and Frankie Lake, his closest buddy, were graduating from alley fights to the manly dignity of "hi-jacking" Prohibition had revolutionized gang life Pedestrians had become poor pickings, with outlaw breweries running truckloads of beer over the streets by night and bootleggers sneaking in with their stuff Such caravans were legitimate prey, no chance of a squawk, outlaws against outlaws

Under the leadership of Druggan and Lake the "valley gang" became the most notorious of all "hi-jackers," in the days when the game was young Reckless, tough, quick on the trigger, they made themselves feared on the highways as Capt Kidd was feared on the Spanish Main They cleaned up fast

But Terry and Frankie weren't ordinary hoodlums They had brains They realized soon that they were on the wrong side of the game "Knock 'em off" as they would, the beer-runners were making money faster than they could

They formed an alliance, after some dickering, with Joe and Ed Stenson, brewers, and went definitely into the beer-running game They had an advantage over all competitors—they didn't "hi-jack" themselves

How the beer-running industry developed from the status of a hazardous graft to industrial importance and industry is well known. With purchased police protec-

tion and a friendly blindness at the city hall, the undercover beer trade became one of Chicago's biggest businesses The "valley gang" rode on the crest of the tide.

With profits made in "hi-jacking" and in running beer for the Stensons, Druggan and Lake bought the Pfeiffer brewery, at North Leavitt street and West North avenue The purchase price was $60,000. Repairs cost another $15,000

Faster profits Then the Standard brewery, 1225 South Campbell avenue, was bought for $610,000, of which $400,000 was paid in cash

Millionaires now, with an investment which bankers respected, the pair rapidly expanded The business was booming, the market unlimited They added in quick succession the following plants

Stege brewery, West 15th street and South Ashland avenue, $125,000

Hoffman brewery, 2606 West Monroe street, $150,000

Gambrinus brewery, West Fillmore street and South Albany avenue, $150,000

An investment altogether of $1,110,000, not including trucks and other equipment

Mayor Dever's dry crusade found them past worrying, with bushels of "jack" They were rich men They could afford a shutdown

Since he was a kid, scrapping and stealing down in Blue Island avenue, Terry Druggan's kindliest sentiment has been for his mother He's always stood loyally by her When he began cleaning up, he resolved to take his mother out of the "valley" and set her up in style

His choice was an old mansion at 4912 Washington boulevard, in the heart of the west side's most expensive district He even talked Lake into buying in the same neighborhood

Lake tried first to buy the home of Virtus Rohm, that favorite son who was known as Fred Lundin's nephew Rohm was mixed up in the school graft scandal at the time, however, and he didn't want to take on any additional disrepute. He bucked at Lake's generous offer

of $65,000 for his home, across the street from Terry's. Lake finally bought next door, instead.

The gansters brought a queer note into the staid old neighborhood Late parties, strange callers with queer bulges on their hips and uncouth talk, lots of liquor, tough-looking followers Capt James Geason of the Fillmore street station, whose house was next door to Terry's, had to sell out eventually The neighborhood seemed to be going down hill. Others complained and talked of moving

Terry was conscious of this feeling He was aware, too, that his eminence made him a clearer target for rival gangsters So when he returned home late one night to find the hall light turned out, though he had left it turned on, he about-faced in a hurry He didn't even alight from his car It looked like a trap Canny as a wolf, Druggan stayed away—for good.

He took up quarters for his mother and himself in the Morrison hotel temporarily There he startled the night manager, B J Bowman, by bringing in great lots of money every night for safekeeping until morning Sometimes there was as much as $300,000 Frequently there was more than $100,000 It was Druggan's daily cash acount—the fund out of which he did business

Bowman, when he couldn't stand it any longer, is said to have hit Terry for a job The hotel business looked pretty dull Bowman is now manager of the Standard brewery

Terry tired of the Morrison Too noisy, too crowded for a rising gentleman of means After a bit he moved to a suite at a lake shore hotel, which struck him as being more in his line Recently he has moved from there to an apartment in Lake Shore Drive

Now he's dickering with Weegham for the restaurant man's famous estate, near Lake Zurich—the huge country place, where the Ku Klux Klan held its first famous Chicago initiation a couple of years ago

His ambition, he has told his friends, is to become a breeder of cattle He prefers Holsteins, he says. If he

finds the place to his liking, he's going to buy a lot of blooded Holstein stock and go after some show prizes

Gangsters will be his grooms His house servants will come from the "valley," it is understood Squire Druggan is going to show them that a "valley boy" can be as good a gentleman as any.